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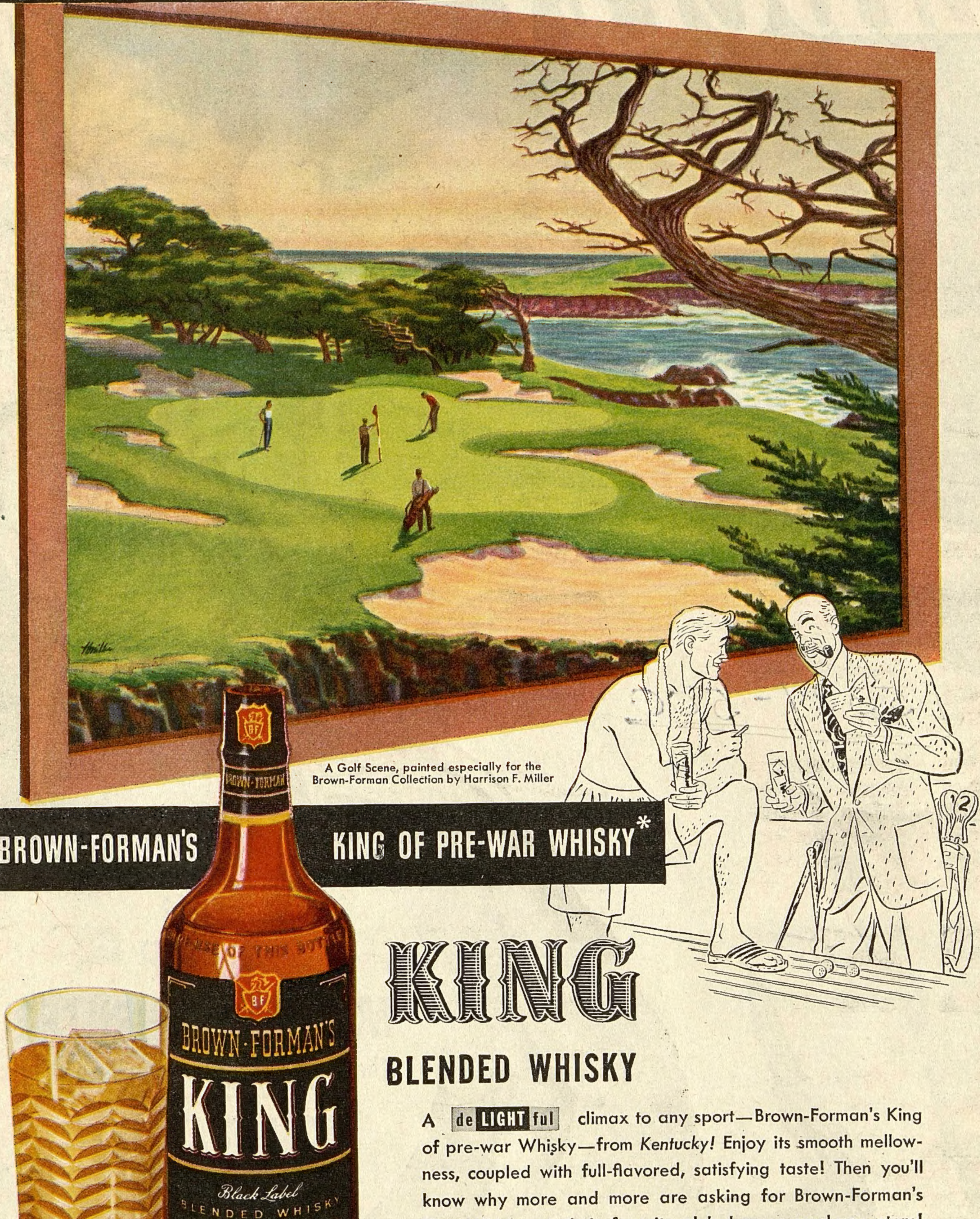
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Black Label
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A Golf Scene, painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Harrison F. Miller

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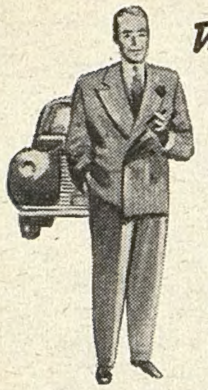
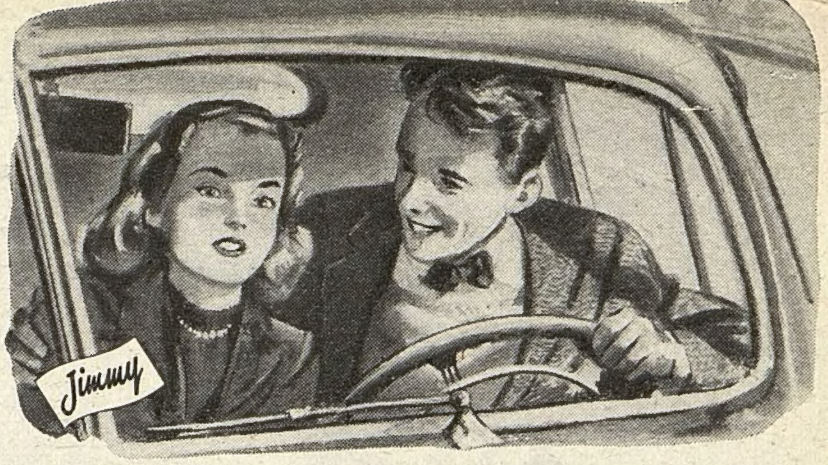
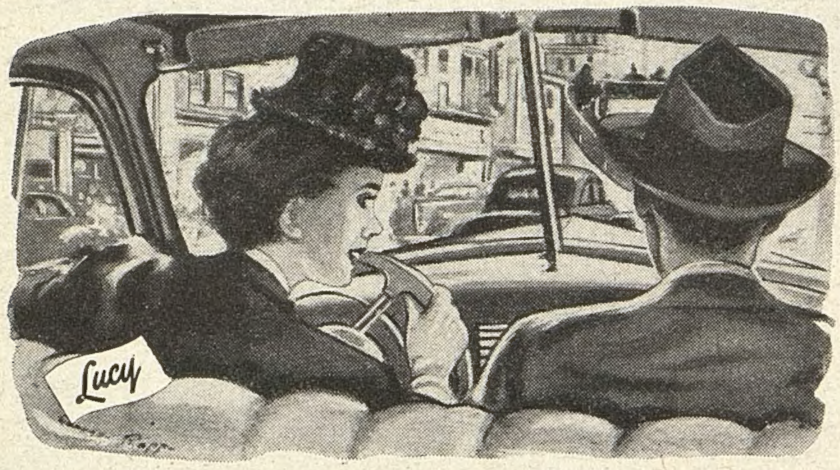
Which of these people

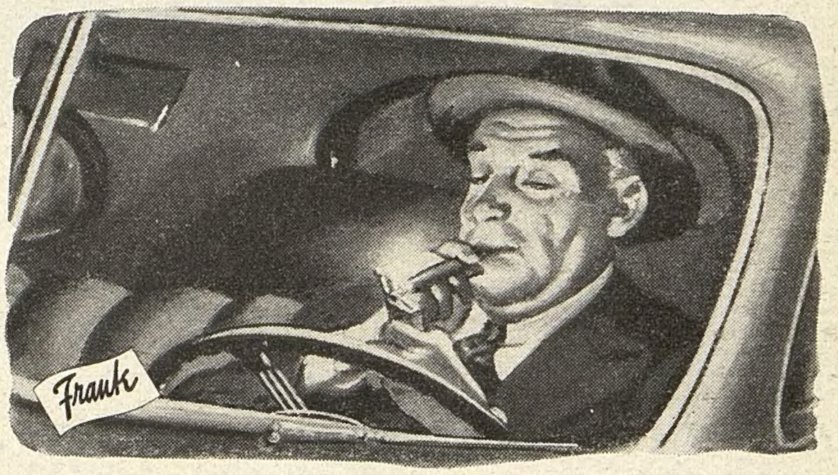
would you let drive your new car?

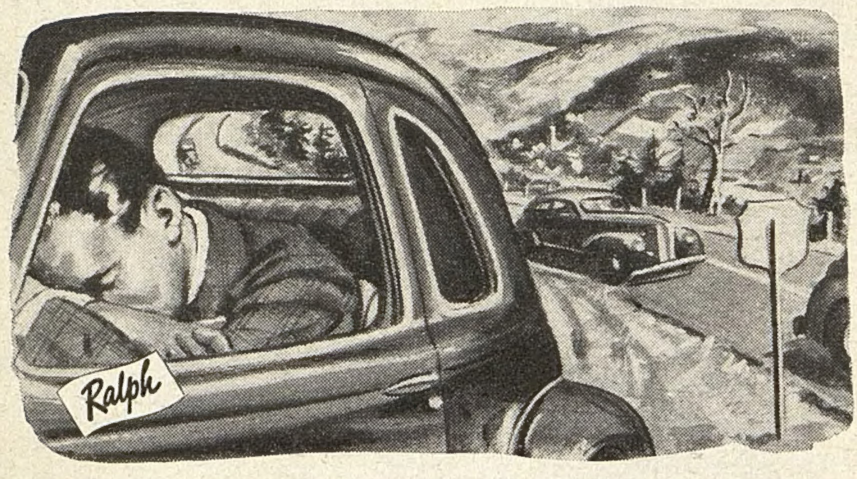


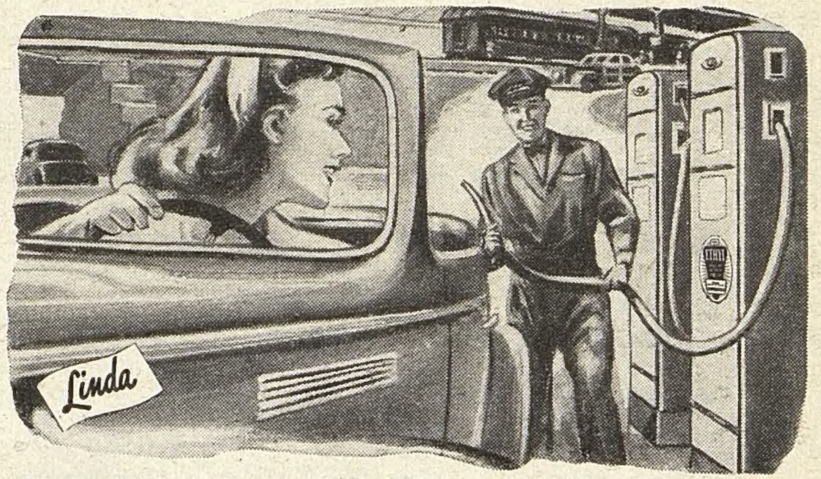
They might be your best friends, but you wouldn't want people to drive your car who were likely to get you into trouble. Three of the five drivers pictured are doing things that stamp them as poor driving risks . . . two are showing extremely good driving sense. As an experienced driver yourself, you shouldn't have much difficulty in picking out the good drivers. Put a check after their names.











DON'T let Jimmy, Lucy or Frank drive. Here's why:

Jimmy is a nice lad, but a bit too romantic when he's driving. That one-arm technique at the wheel is bad business on today's busy highways . . . and might even rate a summons in many states.

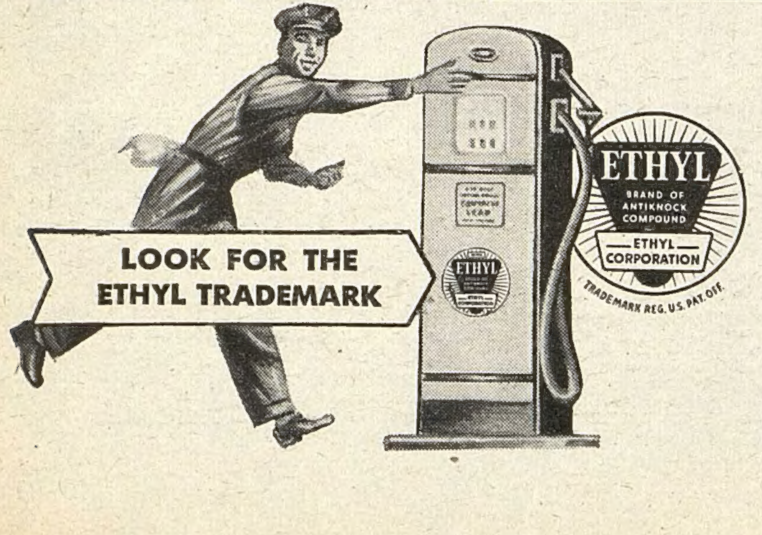
Lucy has the unhappy habit of turning her head and taking her eyes off the road when she has something to say. Even if she were going only 30 miles an hour, she'd travel 225 feet in the five seconds her head is turned.

Frank shouldn't use a flame when the car is in motion. The glare will temporarily blind him. He'd be much safer using an electric or flameless lighter to light his "smoke" . . . and he certainly should keep one hand on the wheel.

IT'S OKAY to let Ralph or Linda drive, Here's why:

Ralph has stopped at the side of the road for a little cat-nap to rest his eyes and avoid fatigue. That's one of the smartest things anybody can do on a long drive, both for the sake of safety and for the enjoyment of the trip.

Linda shows a lot of good driving sense, too. Note that she's getting her gasoline from the pump with the Ethyl emblem. Millions of experienced drivers look for the Ethyl emblem wherever they drive. They know that high-quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive car and therefore a safer car. It's the mark of a good driver to *ask for Ethyl.*



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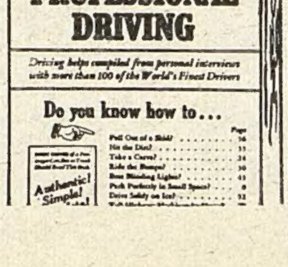

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Cover: The Merry-Go-Round
Painted by Frances Tipton Hunter

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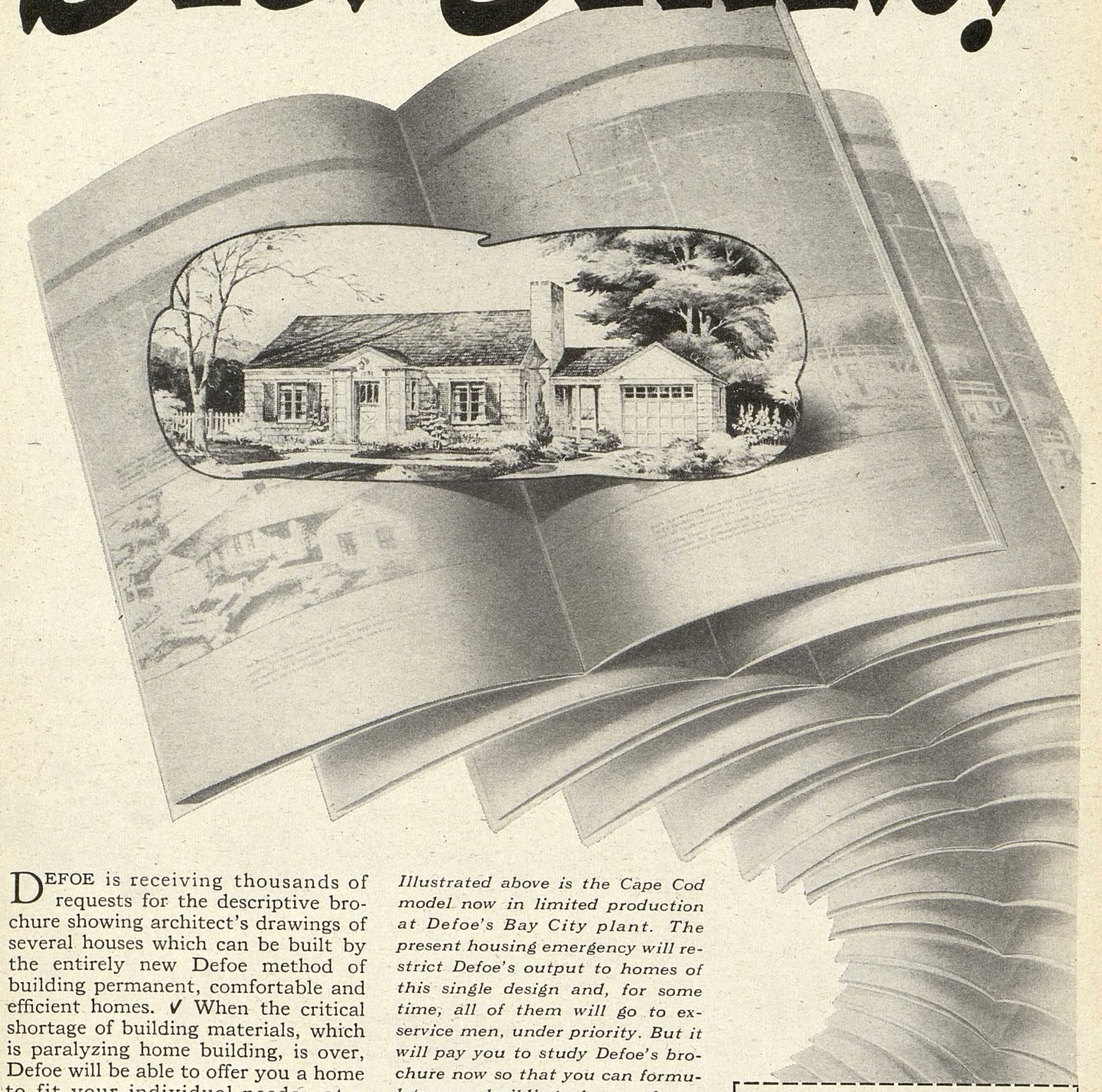

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★ VOX POP ★

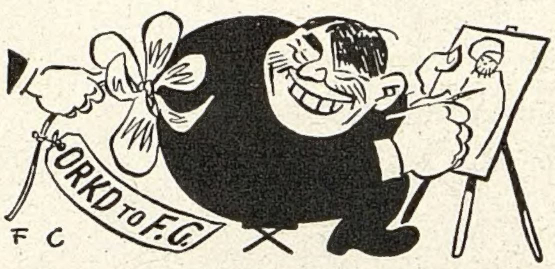
"The Voice of the People"

CONTENTED AUTHOR

York Harbor, Me.—I have just seen your condensation of my book, The Messenger (July 6).

I want to say immediately how well it has been done. The Messenger is a long book and filled with facts, but your condenser has made an admirable selection of the salient points in my story.

I want also, to congratulate the illustrator of the condensation, Frank Godwin. I am usually filled with pain and grief when I see pictures of Arabs, but Mr. Godwin causes me no such emotions. I do not know if he has ever been to Arabia, but he certainly knows how to portray the followers of Mohammed. He also understands the anatomy of camels.



Many thanks for such a well-done job.—*R. V. C. Bodley.*

FACT OR FICTION?

El Paso, Texas—Sam Taylor's two-part story, Strange Stowaway (June 29 and July 6) was swell and so realistic that it made me wonder. Is any part of it true—like the War Department report, the wire recording, and the depositions?—*Mrs. Hobart Normand.*

Pure fiction, so far as we know.—Vox Pop Editor.

Shiloh, Fla.—Strange Stowaway makes interesting reading and is more accurate than most Air Force stories.

But the repeated inference that "bucking a head wind" means added strain on airplanes and engines is a typical layman's error. Actually the wind affects ground speed—that's all. —*Robert C. Pattillo.*

UNDISCOVERED

Des Moines, Iowa—I have been sitting hear on my porch writing short stories and I know that sum of them are plenty better than any of the material you publish in your magazine. But all you do when I send them to you is send them back to me and go rite on publishing the stories that aren't so good. What should I do?—*Jean R.*

We recommend McGuffey's Speller.—Vox Pop Editor.

DOWN WITH FRATERNIZATION

Ottawa, Ohio—I am surprised that Liberty would print such a story as Conqueror's Girl, by Pearl S. Buck (June 29). We all realize that fraternization occurs, but must it be glamorized and glorified? Pearl Buck makes the Japanese girl and her family lovable and pitiful, but much smarter and wiser than the G.I. with a fiancée at home. Is this fair to the American girls who have husbands and sweethearts in Japan?—*Kathryn Q. Labadie.*

A fair question for any fraternizing G. I.—Vox Pop Editor.

REBUTTAL À LA RUSSE

Little Rock, Ark.—I have just read Paul Hunter's editorial, Why the Russians Act That Way (June 22). Maybe the Russians don't trust our Atlantic Charter and Four Freedoms talk, because they can look back on our history and say, "Your actions speak so loud I can't hear what you say." And, on the other hand, they still might not trust us because they judge us by themselves. —*Mrs. Inez M. Kasiah.*

ATLANTIC CHARTER
F C

VETS AT COLLEGE

Los Angeles, Calif.—I have a sneaking suspicion that some of the veterans who are filling up the colleges under the G.I. Bill of Rights are doing it for the cheaper food, the better housing, and pleasant cloistered surroundings. But they're just postponing the day of reckoning, and we're helping them to postpone it instead of guiding them to the independence and sense of responsibility they need. As for those who really want higher education, whatever became of the old-fashioned idea of working one's way through college?—*Carl Y.*

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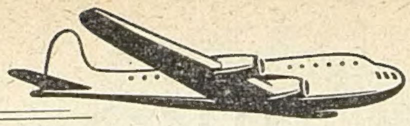


ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Here's another outstanding new personal plane, in the $5,000 class and evidently well worth the money: Stinson Voyager 150

CONTINUING our descriptions of 1946 personal airplanes, the Stinson Voyager 150 is certainly worthy of top attention.

It's in the $5,000 class, it seats four persons, including the pilot, and it cruises at 125 m.p.h.

Stinson's earlier model, the Reliant, was a common sight at airports and air meetings. A few years before the war, after Stinson became a division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, the Model 105 was produced to fill a need in a lower-priced bracket. The 105 had a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. and was somewhat underpowered.

Stinson's postwar entry into the personal plane field, however, provides an additional seat and more power. Your On the Beam editor had a flight in the Voyager a few months back and can testify to its unusually good take-off and climbing ability.

The Voyager 150 is a high-wing monoplane and was the first single-engine airplane certificated under the government's postwar standards. It has a wing span of 34 feet, an over-all length of 24½ feet, height of 7 feet, wing area of 155 square feet. Empty weight is 1,206 pounds, gross weight 2,150 pounds. Wing loading is 13.8 pounds per square foot. Maximum speed is 135 m.p.h., cruising speed 125. Fuel capacity is 40 gallons.

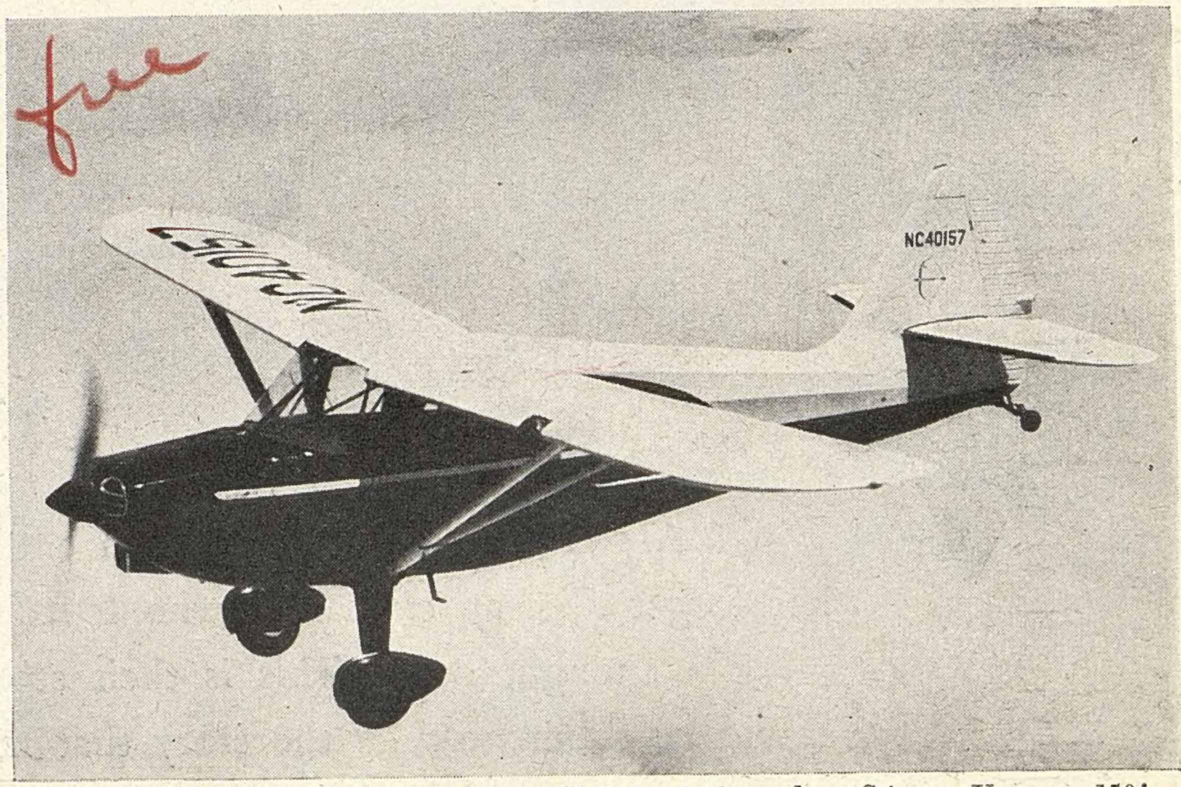
Take-off at sea level is 550 feet, which is quite good. The Voyager will climb at 770 feet a minute, also quite good. Landing run at sea level is given as 230 feet, and service ceiling is 14,000 feet. A range of 500 miles assures good cross-country flying. Landing speed is 51 m.p.h.

A Franklin six-cylinder, horizontally opposed, direct drive, 150-h.p. engine provides the power. Fuselage is welded tube, fabric covered; the wing is an all-metal frame, fabric covered. Flaps are of metal construction, slotted type.

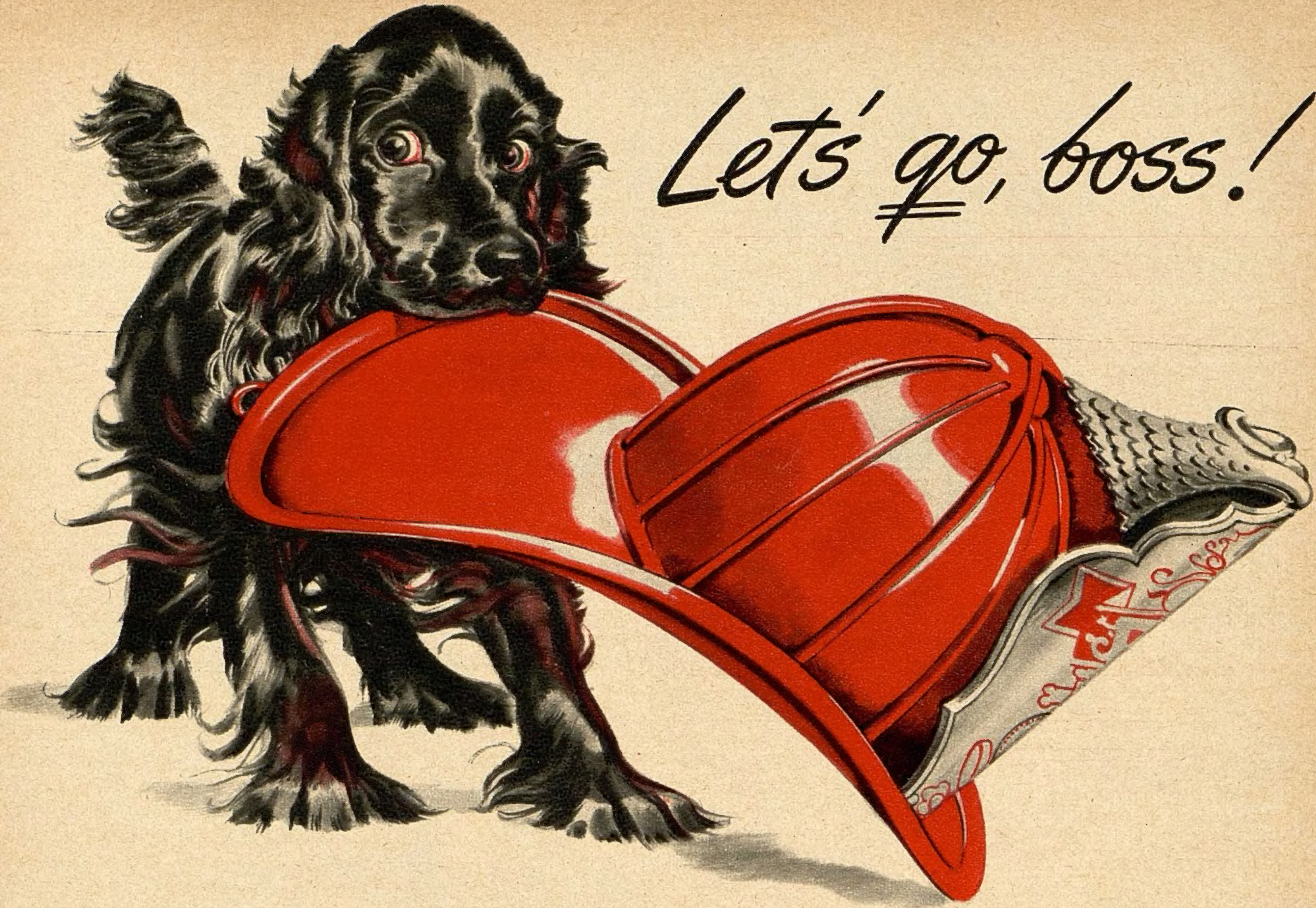
One of the several popular innovations is the cabin dome loudspeaker which all the passengers, as well as the pilot, may hear. This does away with headphones. Interior furnishings are modest but quite adequate.

Flights to Continental Capitals

Pan American World Airways has begun twice-weekly flights from New York to Brussels, Prague, and Vienna, the first time American commercial planes have served those capitals. Fares are $399, $499 and $463. At Brussels, the PAA planes land at Melsbroek Airport, the former German fighter and bomber base. At Vienna the airport is Tullin, a small U.S.-controlled area in the Russian zone of Austria.



Get a load of it in flight—Consolidated Vultee's four-place Stinson Voyager 150!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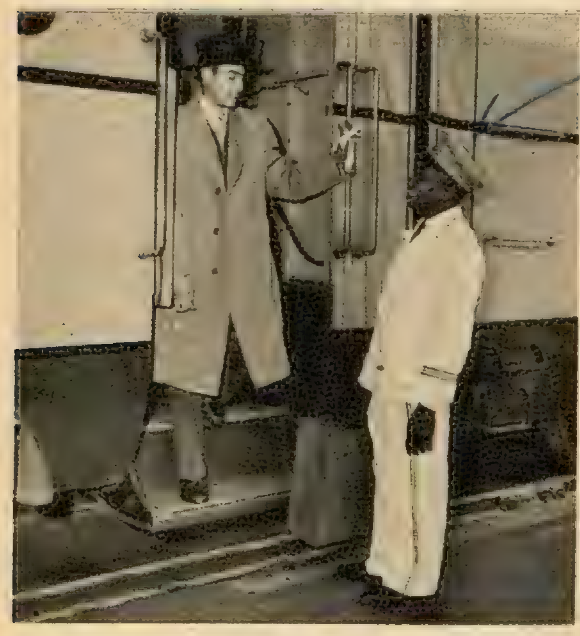
FASHION

Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

BACK TO SCHOOL

THIS fall G.I. Joe becomes Joe College again. Joe was the best-dressed serviceman in the world and he'll want to keep up his sartorial reputation. Are you, too—or someone in your family—college bound? Then take a look at Joe's selection of a basic campus wardrobe. It'll do the trick.



Joe takes off in a fly-front tan gabardine topcoat. He'll also want a fleece or tweed overcoat, or a two-seasons-in-one coat.

The basic suit should be one of three —tweed, covert, or flannel. This fellow is wearing tweed with a pork-pie hat.

Norwegian ski styles and bright Argyle plaids are the popular sweater choices for both Joe and Jane, worn, in Joe's case, with a pair of flannel or covert slacks.

A raincoat is a must, of course. This water-repellent matched gabardine coat and rain hat will keep Joe dry behind the ears and elsewhere through the year.

A corduroy jacket with leather-reinforced elbows is the perfect knockabout costume for campus wear. Those shoes are brown moccasin; the sox, wool Argyle.

Add tux or tails for big dates; oxford button-down shirts, wool and foulard ties, underwear, and handkerchiefs, and Joe's all set for a B.A. (Better Appearance).

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Speaking of Citations

Next time you call or visit a telephone office, see if you don't think the young women working there deserve a citation for competence and courtesy. They are doing a fine job.

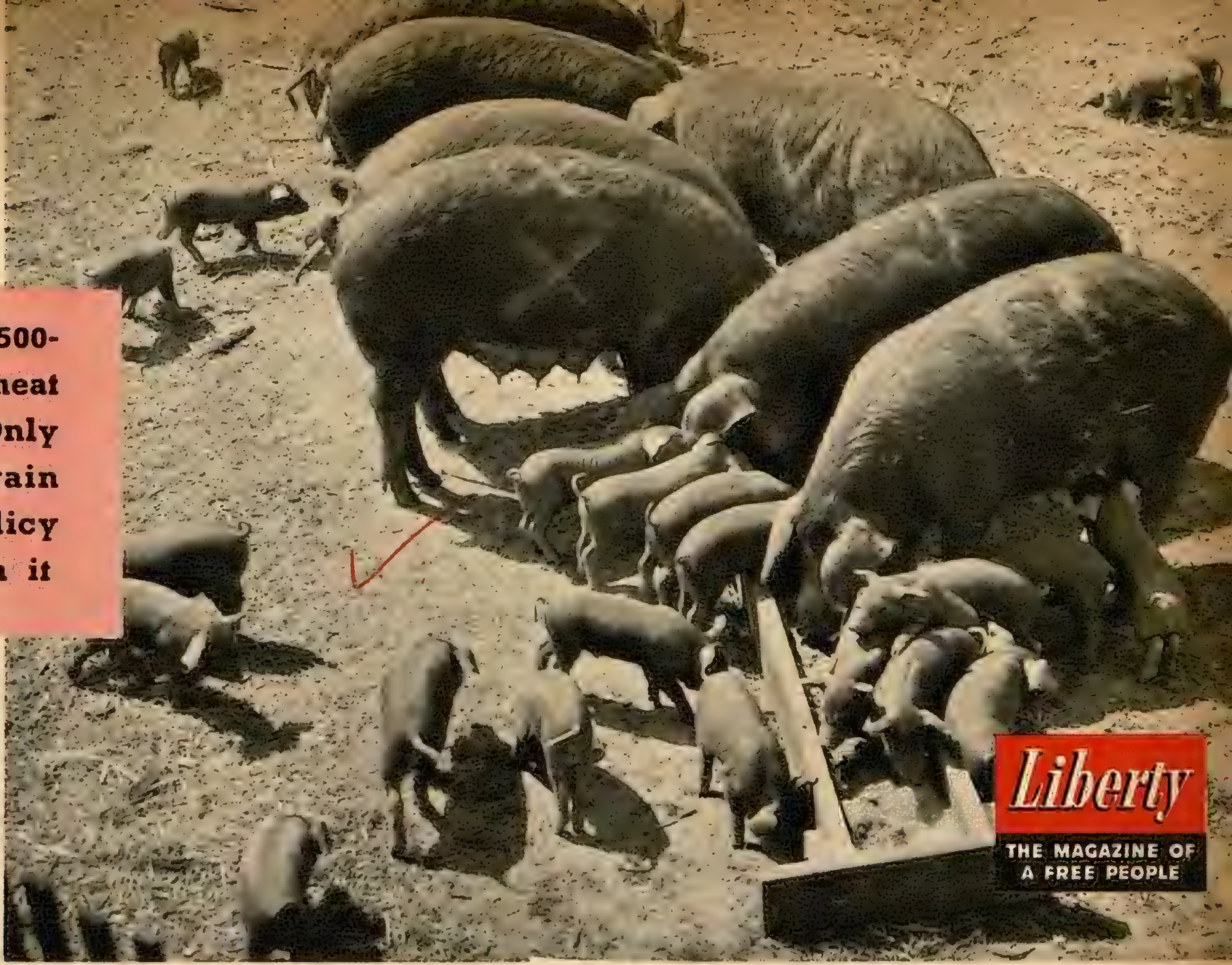
Demand for telephone service is at an all-time high. That means more calls to put through—more telephones to install—more bills to prepare and send out—more people to talk with in the business office . . . and more equipment needed to do the job the way we would like to do it.

We're building and adding just as fast as we can get materials and make equipment. In the meanwhile, telephone people who serve you will keep right on doing their best.

And doing it with a friendly smile.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

There's an extra 500,000,000 pounds of meat a year to be had. Only our unrealistic grain "conservation" policy is keeping us from it



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

More Meat – If We Want It

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

L5905-12.24

AMERICA is short of many things. Some are vital. Some are not. But among those we need desperately are meat and grain, butter and other dairy products. There is another shortage which bears upon all of these. The average consumer never comes into contact with it or even realizes its existence, but he feels it, nevertheless, every day. This is the shortage of high-protein-content animal feed. Without this necessary supplement to their diet, steers go to market shy an important percentage of the meat which should be on their bones. What they do carry has not the quality of nutritive value it should have. Without this vitamin-rich feed, sows produce far fewer piglets than they could and mortality among the baby squealers is at a high rate. Those which grow to maturity weigh appreciably less than they should. Moreover, according to one dairy expert, given ample supplies of protein feed, milk and butterfat production could be increased 25 per cent from present dairy herds.

War-improved techniques for scientific feeding of cattle, hogs, and poultry are capable of adding more than 500,000,000 pounds of beef and pork alone to the world supply in the next twelve months—enough to fill the annual meat needs of 2,000,000 Americans or more than twice that many Europeans. This desperately needed, high-protein livestock food is available through a single source. The source is our distilleries, which, in the processing of grain for war alcohol, perfected methods for recovering an enriched stock feed much more valuable for this purpose than the original grain itself.

Now, because of government orders drastically curtailing distillery production to as little as three days of operation a month, these invaluable and urgently needed feedstuffs will not be produced. No one has told the public this, or told of the new scientific data which may cause a revolution in distilling and which prompted one Department of Agriculture official to predict that distilleries may one day find high-protein livestock feed their principal product! "Undoubtedly," he said, "some of them [distillery by-products] will become important as human food."

Whatever their eventual place on the breakfast table, it has been fully demonstrated that distillery by-products are an invaluable source of one of the nation's most urgent needs: livestock-feed supplements rich in proteins and vitamins. These essential-to-life substances are normally supplied fattening livestock through balanced rations containing certain feeds such as soybean-oil meal and cottonseed meal. These vital special feeds are now almost non-existent, so scarce that hundreds of thousands of cattle—possibly many millions—will be marketed in the next year with their nutritive value seriously diminished and with each of them weighing up to several hundred pounds less than they might have if given the proper feed.

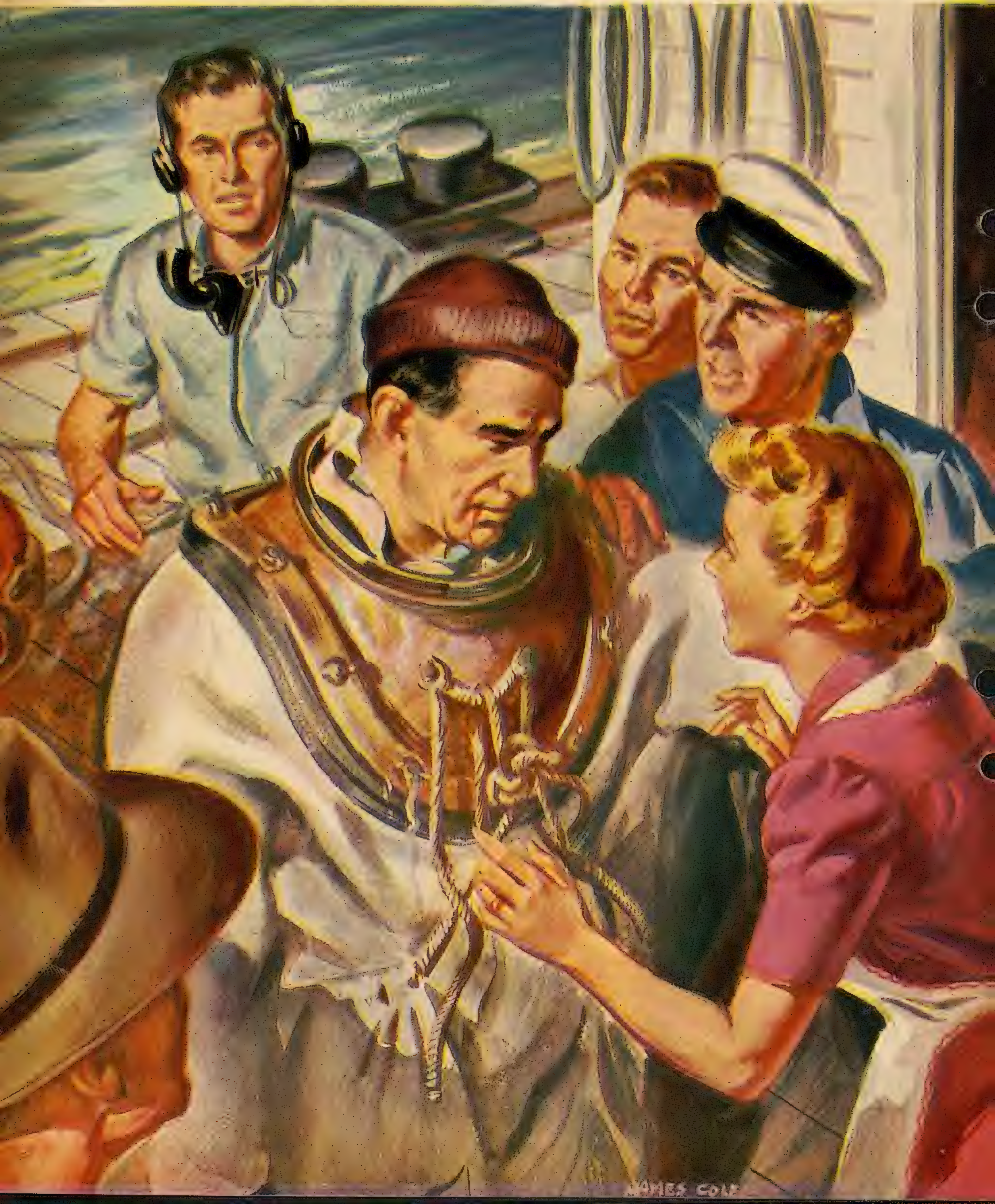
Farmers are demanding that something be done at once to alleviate the feed shortage. Agricultural Department representatives in the Northeast states declared in May that the feed shortage in their section was "the gravest threat yet" to the supply of fresh milk, eggs, and poultry for millions of people in nine states. With the livestock population high and local feed shortages

(*Continued on page 74*)

To give his child a name seemed like a good enough reason for marriage; but after what happened to his father, Joe had an even better reason

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

Big Joe shoved away the mechanics who wanted to rush him into the recompression tank. "Take me home, Alice," he said to Mom.



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The LITTLE WOMAN

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

THE day we almost lost the old man was the same day that a lot of questions were answered. You think you know all the answers when you're twenty and have been fighting a war for three and a half years. You don't ask questions any more, and then, all of a sudden, you're right back where you started. That's the way it happened with me.

That day was going to be an important date on the calendar anyway, only in a different direction. Toni and I had everything all planned. She still didn't like the idea, but she always kept her word and I knew she would not back out. We already had the license, so I would simply knock off work at three and meet her at the City Hall. That, I thought, would fix everything. Toni would be Mrs. Joseph Moore, Jr., and little Michael would be Master Moore, instead of a nameless something. Sure, that would fix it, all right.

It was all simple and clear cut to me, but not to Toni. She had changed; but the only way I could think of her was the way I used to know her, big brown eyes and long black hair and creamy skin. She had a warm kind of smile that made me tingle right down in my toes, and a way of holding onto my arm with her small hand that seemed to say, "I love you, Joe. You figure things out for the two of us." That's the way Toni had been. Where I went—that's where she went, too.

Toni wasn't that way any more. She had her own ideas, she was independent, and she had me all balled up in her mind with the picture of a guy who no longer existed. I was the guy who captained the high-school football team and yet graduated at fifteen and was halfway through college at seventeen, well on my way toward that goal of being a great surgeon. No one doubted that, including myself.

But being a pharmacist's mate on three successive destroyers, a carrier, and a cruiser had changed that pretty picture. I was big and plenty tough and couldn't see myself in a classroom again, especially with a wife supporting me. Of course the G.I. Bill of Rights would take care of my schooling, with an extra allowance in case I got married, but I would still be the weak sister in the picture. Toni would be taking care of the apartment, the boy, and a thousand other things. The old man was big and tough and made a blamed good living at deep-sea diving. O.K. That was for me, too.

I'm six-two myself and weigh a hundred and eighty pounds, but everyone calls me Little Joe, so that should give you an idea what Big Joe is like. He outweighs me by forty pounds of iron muscle, is not afraid of anything, and has a laugh that rocks the house. When I got out he was the one steady rock in an unsteady world. It was only natural, in my confused state, to pin my faith on the old man. But I guess I have always been nuts about Big Joe.

I like Mom, too, but in a different way. She's soft, you see, and a golden blonde and all womanlike and dainty. She even cries in movies and collects sick dogs and cats and all that sort of thing. Big Joe laughs himself sick at some of the things she does.

BUT the big thing was the wrong idea I had about the two of them. He teases her a lot, and sometimes she tells him off and it never bothers him at all. He's so big he just sits there and grins at her. So I got the idea that his toughness went all the way through him, even where Mom or any other woman was concerned. Big Joe was big enough to take them or leave them alone.

And if that's the way he was, then that was for me, too.

When I got up that morning, everything was all settled. I felt pretty good. Mom was frying eggs and trying to blow a wisp of hair out of her eyes, and the old man was at the kitchen table reading the morning paper. He glanced up.

He winked at me and said, "Today's the day?"

"Yep."

"Well, good luck."

"Thanks."

Mom turned around and gave me that puzzled, hurt look she had been wearing ever since I got out. "Joey," she said, "I still don't understand any of it. To just go down to the City Hall this way, like a couple of guilty animals—"

"Wait a minute, Mom." I put an arm around her shoulders and explained matters. "Look! We don't feel guilty. You know how the whole thing happened my last leave, the night before shoving off, emotionally upset—you know. It just happened, that's all."

"Toni is one of the sweetest girls I've ever known."

"I agree with you. Only she's nuts, too. Cripes, I thought she'd be tickled silly to get married the day I returned. After all, the little guy is my son and I think he's wonderful. But no, she wanted to turn the clock back. When I explained about being a diver, like Dad, she thought that was because of the boy and wouldn't marry me. She wants me to go back to the university, the old status quo. I can't make her see that that's definitely out. I'm standing on my own feet from here on."

Mom sighed. "But you were doing so wonderfully and you really could go back." She patted my cheek. "But why get married in the City Hall, and why don't you want us present?"

I shrugged. I hadn't the heart to tell Mom that after it was over we would part at the steps and go our separate ways. Mom wouldn't understand that. I hardly understood it myself.

After breakfast we pulled on our leather jackets and the old man hugged Mom and told her, "We'll be working at the wharf all day. Piling job."

She pulled up the zipper of his jacket and smoothed the collar. Then she stood on tiptoe to kiss him good-by. He walked out chuckling to himself and telling me, "You certainly have an unusual mother." I couldn't see she'd done anything unusual.

WE got the car out and I did the driving. We would be on the job a little ahead of time, so I told the old man I would stop by Toni's for a minute, and he nodded O.K.

Toni's apartment was a small two-and-a-half-room affair, but clean and cute, with a view of the bay from one window. She had been living there ever since Michael's birth and leaving him days in a nursery while she worked in an attorney's office downtown.

She let me in, and I sat in the big chair by the radio and watched Toni drop into a chair on the other side of the room. She was wearing a businesslike tailored suit, but it failed to hide her soft warm beauty. I looked away and stared at the rug. Whenever I looked directly at

(Continued on page 50)

L5906-12.24 L5907-12.24

Star-Spangled Sucker Traps

PORTRAITS

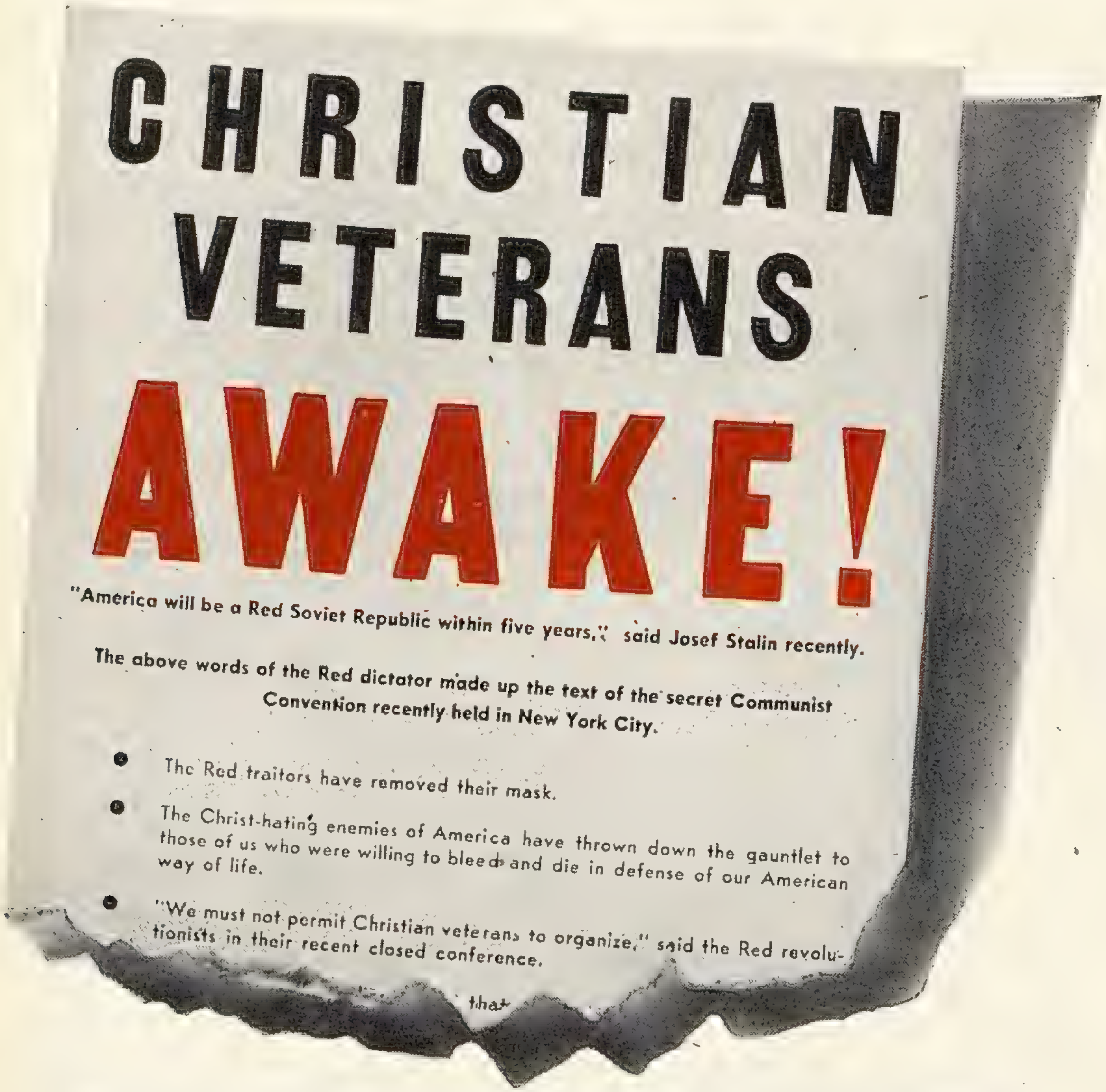
The author of Under Cover unmasks the phony patriots who have one hand on the veteran's shoulder and the other in his pocket

BY JOHN ROY CARLSON

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Disciples of disunity: America Firster Gerald L. K. Smith; the Rev. A. W. Terminiello, suspended by his church; and Fred Kister, who blames the Jews for everything.

THE phony patriotic groups are getting into high gear to take the former servicemen. They are baiting their booby traps with the home-front gripes of the ex-G.I. in order to beat their way to his pocketbook. And they are pulling out all the stops for a complete rendering of all the themes and variations in the hate-mongering racket.



CHRISTIAN VETERANS AWAKE!

"America will be a Red Soviet Republic within five years," said Josef Stalin recently.

The above words of the Red dictator made up the text of the secret Communist Convention recently held in New York City.

- The Red traitors have removed their mask.
- The Christ-hating enemies of America have thrown down the gauntlet to those of us who were willing to bleed and die in defense of our American way of life.
- "We must not permit Christian veterans to organize," said the Red revolutionists in their recent closed conference.

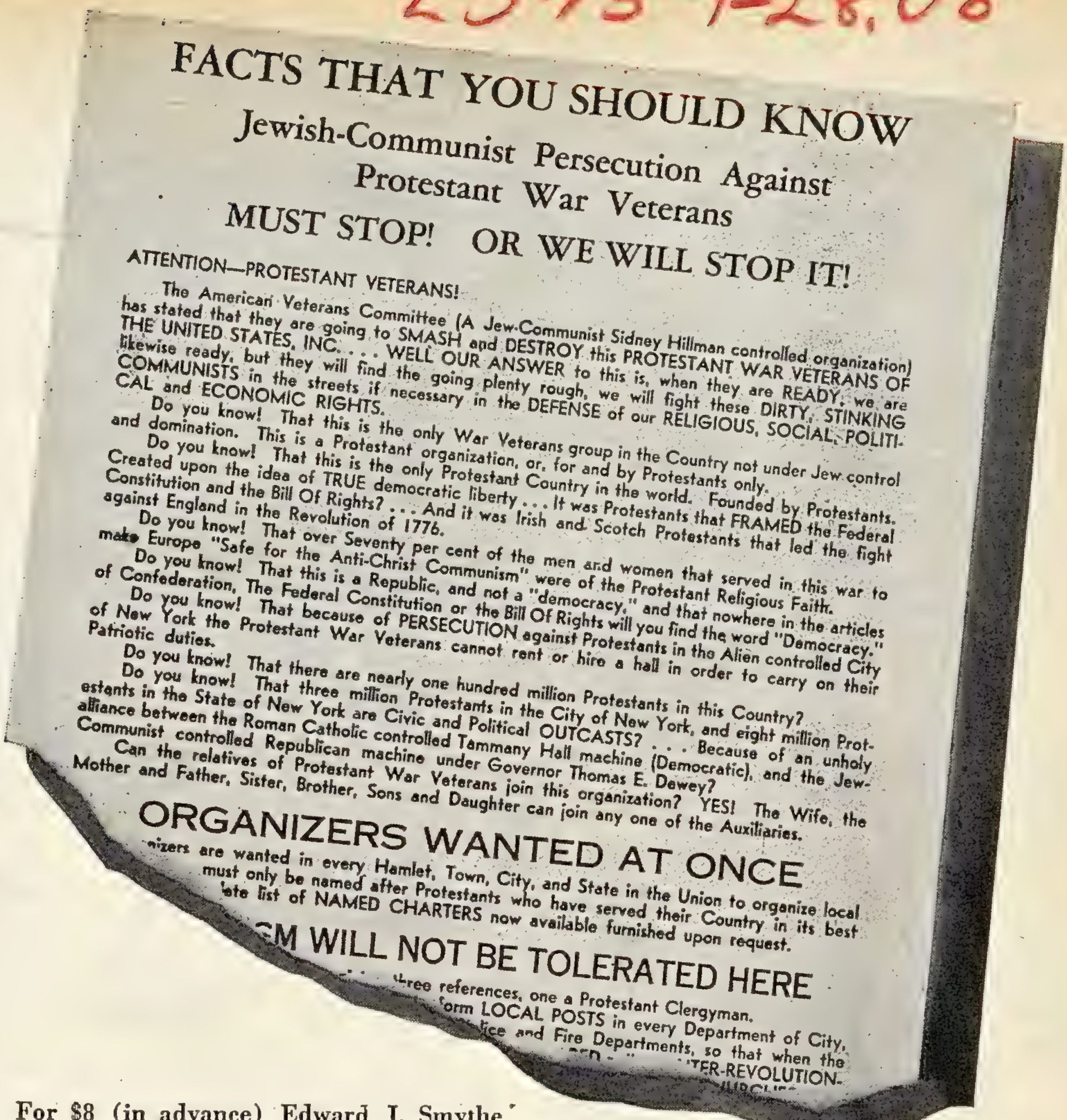
that

This leaflet is some of the venom distributed by the Christian Veterans of America. It quotes Stalin as making America a Soviet republic in five years. Kister got it—he says—from a "secret" Communist convention.

They count heavily on the dislocations in personal and economic life that have cropped up since the war. In their speeches and literature the *Führers* play up the strikes, the atom bomb, the housing shortage, high prices—anything that may have helped embitter the former G.I. who, having sweated it out overseas, feels he is entitled to a better deal at home than he is getting.

Right now, most of the phony organizations are concerned principally with getting the vets' dough, but many of them could be potentially dangerous to the democratic way of life if they succeeded in getting enough support for their crackpot ideologies. And there are many such groups. Some estimates run as high as 200. Some are money rackets alone and involve no politics; others are patriotic hate rackets; some are a combination. In whatever category, the veteran not only loses his money, but he may get an injection of something he never bargained for: the virus of hate pumped into him by an unregenerate crew of ex-Bundists, jailbirds, hatemongers, followers of numerous "front" and "shirt" movements, America Firsters, and others of an unholy crew who are coming out from hiding to carry on from where they left off on Pearl Harbor eve.

From Boston, where an ex-Christian Front leader discharged from the Army is reviving a group of goons whose greatest pleasure was derived from beating Jewish old men and school kids, all the way to Los Angeles, where the Ku Klux Klan is making a comeback, aided by henchmen of Gerald L. K. Smith, L545 9-28.08



FACTS THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Jewish-Communist Persecution Against
Protestant War Veterans

MUST STOP! OR WE WILL STOP IT!

ATTENTION—PROTESTANT VETERANS!

The American Veterans Committee (A Jew-Communist Sidney Hillman controlled organization) has stated that they are going to SMASH and DESTROY this PROTESTANT WAR VETERANS OF THE UNITED STATES, INC. . . . WELL OUR ANSWER to this is, when they are READY, we are likewise ready, but they will find the going plenty rough, we will fight these DIRTY, STINKING COMMUNISTS in the streets if necessary in the DEFENSE of our RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, POLITICAL and ECONOMIC RIGHTS.

Do you know! That this is the only War Veterans group in the Country not under Jew control and domination. This is a Protestant organization, or, for and by Protestants only.

Do you know! That this is the only Protestant Country in the world. Founded by Protestants. Created upon the idea of TRUE democratic liberty . . . It was Protestants that FRAMED the Federal Constitution and the Bill Of Rights? . . . And it was Irish and Scotch Protestants that led the fight against England in the Revolution of 1776.

Do you know! That over Seventy per cent of the men and women that served in this war to make Europe "Safe for the Anti-Christ Communism" were of the Protestant Religious Faith.

Do you know! That this is a Republic, and not a "democracy," and that nowhere in the articles of Confederation, The Federal Constitution or the Bill Of Rights will you find the word "Democracy."

Do you know! That because of PERSECUTION against Protestants in the Alien controlled City of New York the Protestant War Veterans cannot rent or hire a hall in order to carry on their Patriotic duties.

Do you know! That there are nearly one hundred million Protestants in this Country?

Do you know! That three million Protestants in the City of New York, and eight million Protestants in the State of New York are Civic and Political OUTCASTS? . . . Because of an unholy alliance between the Roman Catholic controlled Tammany Hall machine (Democratic), and the Jew-Communist controlled Republican machine under Governor Thomas E. Dewey?

Can the relatives of Protestant War Veterans join this organization? YES! The Wife, the Mother and Father, Sister, Brother, Sons and Daughter can join any one of the Auxiliaries.

ORGANIZERS WANTED AT ONCE

nizers are wanted in every Hamlet, Town, City, and State in the Union to organize local
must only be named after Protestants who have served their Country in its best
ete list of NAMED CHARTERS now available furnished upon request.

M WILL NOT BE TOLERATED HERE

three references, one a Protestant Clergyman.
form LOCAL POSTS in every Department of City,
ice and Fire Departments, so that when the
TER-REVOLUTION-

For $8 (in advance) Edward J. Smythe lets you share hating rights with his Protestant War Veterans of the U. S.

they are parading under the banner of star-spangled 100-per-cent Americanism.

With wartime restraints lifted, they are again holding mass meetings and circulating their hate-inciting literature freely. The mass sedition trial in Washington has bogged down. There is little to hold back the mob of alleged seditionists, and there's *nothing* to curb those who were too smart to be caught in the dragnet.

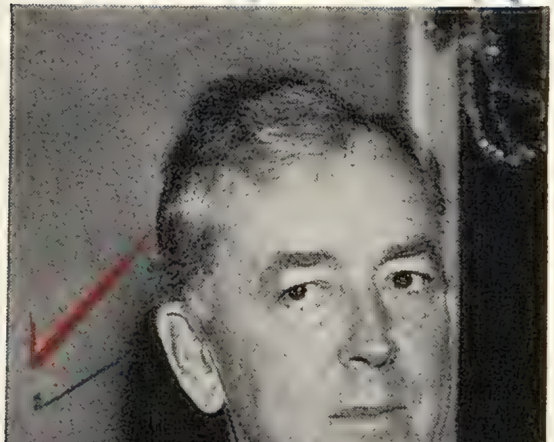
THE United American Veterans is one of many booby traps being set for unsuspecting G.I.s who want to join a World War II organization.

In my mail recently was a four-page newspaper called the Commentator, organ of the United American Veterans. It pledged "to foster and preserve the ideals of Americanism; to aid and assist all veterans in securing employment; to strive for a better understanding between nations, that peace and good will may prevail." It also promised "to aid worthy veterans, their widows, their orphans, and their dependents, regardless of race, color, or creed."

At first glance it read like a worthwhile paper. Its shrill cry against "Communism," however, and its labor-baiting references which demanded the charter revocation of striking unions made one suspicious. The phrase, "immediate action in destroying all foreignisms on American soil" was one I had read many times in my investigations of subversive activity. The masthead listed Thomas Dixon as editor. On the opposite page was an article by Chief New Moon.

These names let the cat out of the bag, for Dixon and the Chief are the same person. Dixon is the legal name of a Cherokee Indian who was a familiar figure in the Bund and Christian Front circles. With a flair for rabble-rousing, he was known in the Nazi underworld as Chief New Moon. Dixon spoke for the Bund. He was a friend of Fritz Kuhn and in the summer of 1939 accompanied *der Bundesführer* on a trip to Chicago. After that he spoke for the American Destiny Party, a native Fascist hate clan engineered by Joseph McWilliams. McWilliams also spoke with Kuhn at Bund meetings and is now under indictment for sedition. At one Destiny Party meeting, New Moon threatened: "Give me a machine gun and I will personally shoot ninety per cent of the Jew stooges and run the government."

PORTRAIT R



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Rep. John E. Rankin is Editor Hoeppel's candidate for President, one of the few non-zombies in Congress. National Defense enthused, "Men of his stature will rally . . . other *real* Americans."

His training with guns may have come during World War I. Dixon claims he fought for Uncle Sam, was disabled, and is a charter member of the American Legion.

I investigated him last in August, 1939, in a bar. Disheveled and surly, Chief New Moon was down and out and on the warpath. Even the Bund had turned against him. "Ten or twelve dollars a week isn't much," he wailed, "but it's enough to keep a fellow going. When I see Fritz, he tells me, 'Tomorrow—come tomorrow.'" New Moon was organizing the Union of Patriotic Americans and he wanted me in on it. The prospectus he showed was the epitome of 100-per-cent Americanism. It started with the Preamble to the Constitution and urged "courageous Americans" to unite to help "save America." A "To Whom It May Concern" letter he carried certified that Chief New Moon was authorized to collect funds. It was signed, "Thomas N. M. Dixon."

"Who do you expect will join?" I asked.

"The idea was given to me by the Bund," New Moon answered. "They'll be the first to join. They've promised."

WHICH brings me back to Dixon's United American Veterans, currently functioning in Washington. The Chief is urging the expenditure of $10,000,000,000 on a public works project to benefit veterans. He sends around copies of Senator Walter F. George's letter expressing interest in the Chief's grandiose ideas. "We get results," he boasts to prospective servicemen. Though Dixon's background hardly qualifies him to run a democratic veterans' organization, he's in the business and he's hustling members at five dollars a clip.

Then there's the Protestant War Veterans of the United States, Inc. That's a high-sounding name for a small but persistent American Fascist group fathered by Edward James Smythe. He is an ex-Bundist, Klansman, Christian Fronter, Catholic-, Jew-, and Negro-baiter, and once arranged a joint meeting of the Bund

(*Continued on page 65*)

RADIO STAFF PHOTOS

This A Date with Judy cast is typical of radio's little-known actors who lack fame but not money. Most average $300 a week.

Actors Anonymous

BY TED SHANE

THEY were auditioning for some lesser parts in the super-soap opera, Lone Journey, at Radio City. Actors and actresses trooped to the microphone in what seemed like a never-ending stream. But only two were finally chosen. However, you need not feel sorry for the others. They're doing all right.

The show's director, David Magner, pointed out a girl in a mink coat.

"She's struggling along on fifty thousand a year," he said. "And see that actor with the red hair? He is on three soap operas right now, and opening soon in a Broadway show. And the one in the sports model? He is now making only seven hundred or so a week, playing villains on radio. . . ."

One by one Magner ticked off a list of high-bracketed income-tax payers of the entertainment world, few of whom were earning less than $300 a week, and not one of whom you would be likely to recognize. He spoke of others, not present, whose yearly take came to a mere $75,000.

Who, then, are these mink-coated nonentities of radio?

They are Actors Anonymous—Radio's Little-Known Personalities. You know them as Stella Dallas; as Portia Blake who so bravely faces life; as Farrell of Front-Page Farrell; or as Superman—but never by their real names: Ann Elstner, Lucille Wall, Staats Cotsworth, and Clayton (Bud) Collyer. For years you have heard them hissing, sobbing, and fighting the floodwaters of evil without ever knowing what they look like.

They're real flesh-and-blood folks all right, and many of them are very lovely. And most of them are more successful than their stage and screen brethren. In 1945, four of the thirty million dollars that sponsors spent for soap operas, plus two or more millions spent for half-hour dramatic shows, was split among the performers. There's plenty of radio work for all, and if you have the talent and energy to work hours that would floor the forty-hour-a-week union man, you can make your $1,000 a week, year after year. But your name won't dance in bright lights. As one young radio actress mourned: "All we get out of it is a fortune!"

Not that there is complete nonrecognition. Once Ann Elstner, who has been Stella Dallas for so many years, made a personal appearance in Texas. The newspapers front-paged it and Texans called her Miss Dallas. The neighbors in her home town of Stockton, New Jersey, have called her Mrs. Dallas so long, she once seriously considered changing her name to that. The sound of her real name often startles her.

Most of these artistic soap vendors prefer anonymity. Not that they're ashamed of acting in the washboard weepers, soapers, or cliff-hangers, as soap opera is often known. Publicity might cut seriously into their earnings. Broadway actors can appear in but one play at a time, and

Hollywood types its help. But by simply changing her voice and pitch, a versatile radio actress like Joan Alexander can be Lynn Alexander on Lone Journey, the first Mrs. Burton on the Second Mrs. Burton, Mary Clark on Pepper Young's Family, and Lois on Superman—and fill in the spaces between with minor soaper parts of adolescents, crones, and lady nasties, and devote the evening to romantic leads on half-hour shows—all in one day. Should she care to squeeze it into her present eighteen-hour day, seven-day week, Joan can be on Broadway too. That is, she can if she wants to do eight times the work for about one eighth the money.

There are other considerations. Unlike her sisters of the stage and screen, Joan doesn't have to pose for leg art, maintain the public interest with a sarong, swimming pools, autographs, and divorces, or buy the critics with free-loading cocktail parties. She can have her baby (as she now is) without Winchell's help, or have an argument with her capable surgeon husband, Dr. Crowley, without Louella Parsons telling 50,000,000 folks.

She can live upstairs in an apartment like the plain folks she so often plays; and go to the studio in any old thing. The day I met her she wore a dress that had that $39.95 look, loafers, no nylons, and carried an ordinary wild-mink coat draped carelessly over an arm. Later, however, when we dropped into Toots Shor's for lunch, she had to stand and wait for a table, while the visiting Paulette Goddard from Hollywood was recognized and seated immediately. I pointed this out to her. "When I'm eighty-one," she replied, "I'll still be able to play eighteen-year-old parts. Can Paulette say as much?"

She admitted, however, that television had a lot of her pals worried. Right now a radio actress can be cockeyed, spavined, and three-headed and still make her fortune. All she needs is glamorous tonsils. Miss Alexander isn't losing much sleep over television, however. She's a stage veteran at twenty-four. She might have been a dark-eyed and dark-haired movie queen today but for a motor smash-up in Hollywood that smashed her nose temporarily and made her a soaper queen.

Radio's soap-opera stars don't see their names in lights, and press agents rarely hover over them, yet many a Broadway headliner would happily swap places — and bank accounts — with them

Hollywood, incidentally, is crazy for radio talent. Recently a talent scout was lunching with a young radio actress.

"Come to Hollywood," he urged. "I'll make you famous." He offered $150 a week, with millions ahead.

"But," demurred the sweet young unknown, "I couldn't possibly afford to go for that! Right now I'm making over a thousand a week. I average about seven hundred a week, month after month. If one of my shows ends or flops, I get another. It can go on for years like this."

But to stay in the big money, radio actors must keep voice to grindstone. Take, for example, the thirtyish handsome Staats Cotsworth, a Clark Gable of the air waves. In his twelve years on radio, Staats has done about 7,500 broadcasts. You've heard him thousands of times as Farrell on Front-Page Farrell; as Alex Delevan on Right to Happiness; as Edward, husband of Amanda of Honeymoon Hill; as Casey on the cliff-hanger, Crime Photographer; as hero, heavy, detective, corpse (there's no caste system on radio; an actor will play any part, any size); as narrator and actor in the soap commercial.

Cotsworth, who is descended from U. S. Surgeon General Staats, comes from Oak Park, Illinois, and went into radio from the stage back in the days when actors tried to keep such things quiet. He's married to the Broadway star, Muriel Kirkland. He found that most of the twenty-three plays he'd been in had flopped, but radio had a way of going on and on. His stage activities—and his leisure—ended the day he closed as Banquo in Maurice Evans' Macbeth. Here's a typical day in his schedule:

Seven thirty A.M., gets up; 8.30 to 10.15 A.M., rehearses and performs as Wolfe Bennett on Lone Journey at NBC studios; 10.20 to

(*Continued on page 63*)

RADIO

Staats Cotsworth, busiest actor in radio, has made 7,500 broadcasts in 12 years.

Lucille Wall as radio's famous Portia Blake bravely faces life—for $57,000 a year.

ALL PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Arthur Vinton stars on the Norths, Mystery Theater, and Mr. District Attorney.

original returned to J.C. Martin 8/22/46

STEADY, FELLER

L5579-350

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

This was one of the times a dog's bark could have been worse than his bite

BY MAL SHUMARD

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

"IF it hadn't been for that dog I wouldn't be here today. Last night there wasn't a life-insurance company in the United States that would have taken a chance on me ever seein' the sun come up ag'in.

"Course I was scared. There I was, afoot, right before dark and drivin' a span of mules down the Smith lane. Wasn't thinkin' wrong of nobody, just lookin' forward to gettin' cleaned up from the community threshin'. Then, all of a sudden, a nice-dressed feller stepped out of the woods right in front of me and offered his hand, with a gun in it.

"'Keep quiet!' he snarled. 'Do as you're told and you won't get hurt.'

"'I got no money on me,' I gulped, swallerin' hard, I was so surprised and upset. 'And these mules ain't worth—'

"'I don't want anything of yours,' he cut me short, smilin' in a mean sarcastic way. 'All you have to do is act as my guide for a few minutes and help out with a dog. After that you can come on back to your mules.'

"'What dog?' I asked him, doubtin' pretty much if I'd ever see the mules ag'in.

"'It belongs to a man named Jim Edgar. He owns one of these farms around here.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I can't help you none there. I don't happen to be goin' towards the Edgar place. Besides, it's gettin' late and these mules has got to be fed and watered.' I spoke right out, thinkin' he might let me go on my way.

"'We can worry over you and the mules later,' he answered me, in a voice that sure wasn't jokin'. 'I happen to have some important business with this man Edgar and I don't want to be bothered with his dog when I get there.'

"I almost groaned when he said that, for I seen right off what he was after. And I thought to myself that it was mighty foolish for a man to let the county paper write up how he inherited twenty thousand dollars from his old dead uncle, and let folks know that he kept the money at home because of distrustin' banks and such businesses. It was foolish even if the paper did say he had a mean dog on the place.

"'You've had time enough to figure it out,' the feller says, 'and you know why I've got this gun. Now where does Edgar live?'

"'About a mile back up the lane, the way you're headed.' I said, seein' it wasn't no use to lie, since he knowed he was near the place.

"'Then turn around and lead the way to his house.'

"'What about Buck?' I managed to get out. 'That dog you're talkin' about? He's knowed all over this county for bein' mighty unpredictable.'

"'Listen, you dumb joker!' he halfway hissed at me, 'I'll explain it to you once and for all. You know where Jim Edgar lives. You've seen his dog. The dog must know you. And, last of all, you country people know how to handle animals. You can show me the way to Edgar's place and you can keep his dog quiet when we get there. Now *move!*'

"I tied the mules to a bush alongside the lane. It was gettin' late, but I could still see good enough to notice the tracks where he'd driven his car into the woods. 'I ain't guaranteein' you nothin',' I said. 'Dogs will bark sometimes and this one might do worse than that.'

"The feller only give a little short laugh at my remark. 'You'd better promise me you can take care of that dog. Otherwise I can guarantee *you* something. The undertaker will take care of you, *tonight!*'

"'Yes sir,' I said, and stumbled along in the twilight. Back from the lane, on both sides, there was lights from farmhouses showin', and we could hear people goin' about their evenin' chores. None of 'em come out to help me, though.

"'SLOW down,' I finally whispered. 'Ain't fur to go and the dog will most likely be around outside somewhere. I better get up about twenty feet ahead of you and mebbe keep him from barkin'.'

"'All right,' he said. 'Just don't forget that twenty feet is the same as twenty inches to this gun.'

"But I had more than the gun to worry about by then. 'Where's that dog?' I kept sayin' to myself, my throat dry.

"Then I seen the dog asettin' on his haunches out by the main gate.

"He didn't bark. I walked straight to him, keepin' my eyes right on his, and I patted his head. 'Quiet, boy,' I said, shakin' like I was the one needed the advice and help. 'Steady, feller. Now, there,' and I took hold of his collar.

"The stranger come up beside me then and sort of started back when he seen the dog. That Buck was sure enough to make anybody stop and think. Half bull terrier, with mebbe a little hound, and the balance somethin' else that's bigger, he sure didn't look like no house dog.

"I patted his head some more though, and took my belt off to fasten to his collar for a lead rope. 'Quiet,' I said, and 'Steady.'

"The dog got plumb uneasy right away. He whined around some and licked my hand, but stayed quiet. If I'd had a chance I would have kissed his ugly old head right then, I was that grateful for his co-operation.

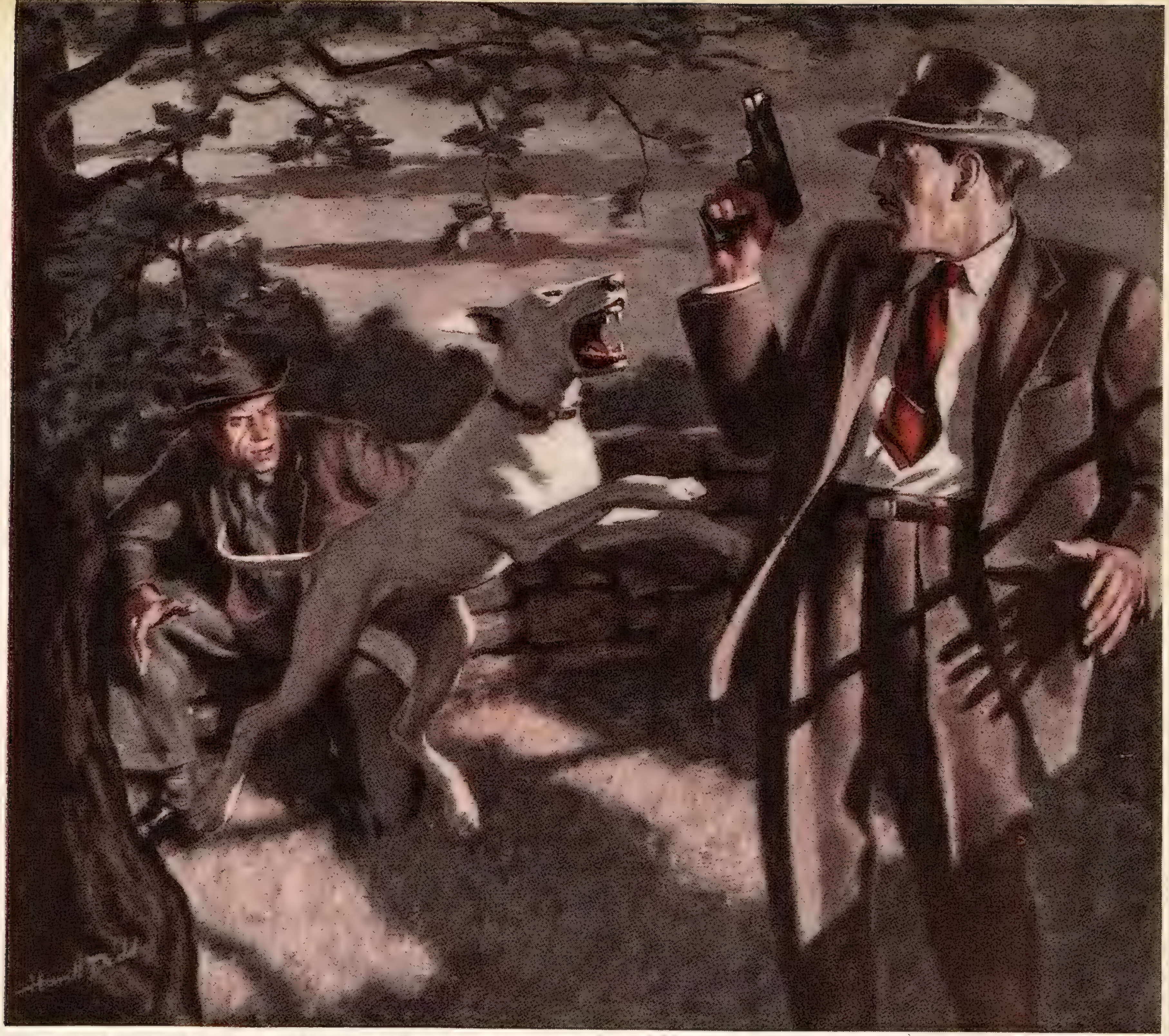
"'Don't make a quick move,' I said to the stranger, 'and don't speak up sudden or loud. Even if you was to try to brain him, he'd give us away before it was done. Big dogs is hard to kill 'less you shoot 'em.'

"'LET'S go,' he ordered, all reassured because the dog was mindin' me.

"So I did as he said, hangin' onto the dog as best I could. The dog couldn't understand what it was all about, and I had no chance to ease him. You can talk confidential to a dog sometimes and they'll get the drift without decipherin' the words; but when you can't do that, they just get more suspicious, although, God bless 'em, I'm the last one to complain of that, especially since Buck's suspicions was all directed towards the stranger.

"By the time we got to the house, me and the dog was nervous as guinea hens. 'Go up and have a look,' the stranger said, motionin' me along with his gun toward the front window where there was a light.

"I sneaked up to the window, half draggin' the dog, to where I could look in. There I seen Mrs. Edgar workin' around the supper table, but I had to duck away quick on account of that bulldog hound. He had got hisself worked up like a bird dog that has held a point too long. Near a explosion he was, doin' as I wanted but lookin' at the stranger in a way



"The dog shot up off the ground like he was gonna drag down a horse and I seen the stranger's face turn white as fresh milk."

that sent chills up and down my back.

"The stranger, though, wasn't too much concerned. He was satisfied, close up to all the money he was goin' to get. I whispered to him that there looked to be only a defenseless woman in the house. His eyes was rovin' all around, lookin' now at the window, then out towards the barns, and then ag'in back at the house, as careful as if he was buyin' the place. For a crook, I thought, he sure looks like he knows his business.

" 'Here,' he whispered. 'I'll have a look. You and the dog get over against the wall, across from me. Keep quiet and hold the dog.'

"I was plumb liftin' the dog off his front feet to keep him from jumpin'. 'Whatever is goin' to happen,' I told myself, 'it's got to happen quick. Even if it kills me I can't stand this much longer.'

"I wasn't aimin' to stand it much longer either. I got myself ready while the stranger looked in at the window. He held his gun by his shoulder, pointin' up in the air so it would be handy if trouble come from inside the house. I was more scared than ever, but I seen my chance and, quiet as could be, I reached down and took my belt off the dog's collar. Then I held the dog by his shoulders, like you do in varmint huntin' so he will jump in when things is just right.

"I held him till the stranger started to look back at me. Then I said to myself, 'This is the time, for Buck will get him before he can point his gun inside the house.' And I let the dog go.

"I just turned loose seventy-five pounds of dog that was hankerin' to do his duty. That dog shot up off the ground like he was gonna drag down a horse, and I seen the stranger's face turn white as fresh milk.

"Pow-ee! The gun went off, straight up in the air. He didn't have time to hardly lower his arm and he wasn't good for another try. The dog knocked him clear over backwards and had hold of him.

"I stood right in front of 'em, limp and weak all of a sudden and sweatin' like I'd had a fever. Inside the house my wife come runnin' to the door and throwed it open.

" 'Jim! Jim!' she called. 'Is that you? What happened? I thought you were taking John Bailey's mules back to him.'

" 'It's me all right, honey,' I said. 'Fetch a bucket of water, quick, so I can try to drown old Buck off this man that come for our money.'

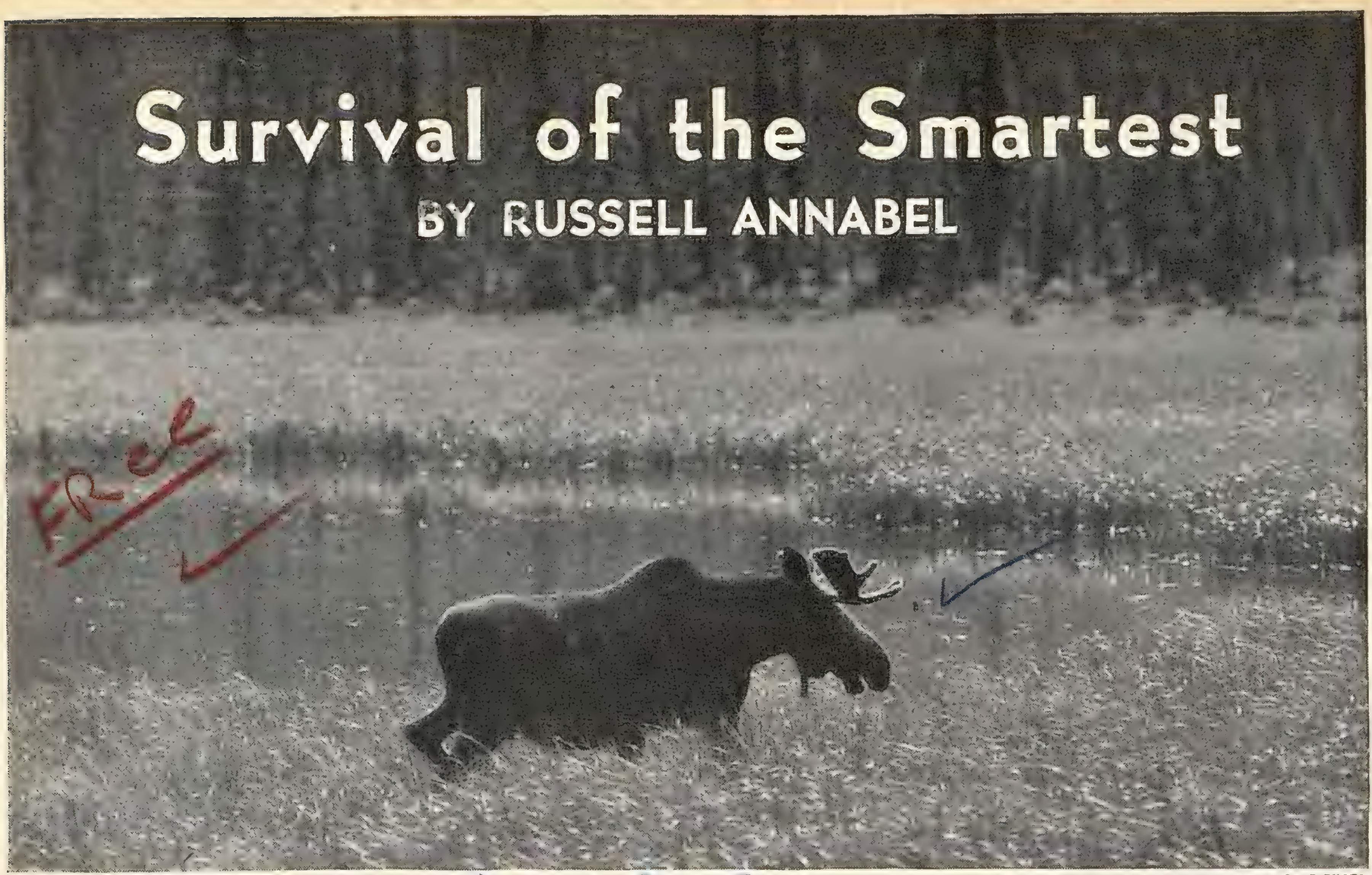
" 'Oh!' she said, all horror-struck, but run off for the water.

"And when I got the dog off and the feller laid out, waitin' for the doctor and the sheriff, I told him. 'Stranger,' I said, 'I was foolish to keep my money around the house, but you ain't too smart yourself. You should have knowed that when a man handles a bad dog the way I did, it works out to but one answer. That man is bound to be the owner. And a mean dog and his owner is a bad combination to be up ag'inst.' "

THE END

Survival of the Smartest

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL



Fred

NATIONAL FILM BOARD PHOTO

A lone bull moose like this was once an easy prey for wolves. Now most moose travel in herds and when attacked make a formation, using the defensive strategy of safety in numbers, to beat off the attack.

ANIMALS

The woods are full of not-so-dumb animals who prove that brains over brawn is the law of nature as well as the law of man

SOME phrase coiner once said that nature in the raw is never mild. But in the world of wild animals it isn't always brawn that counts. The beast with intelligence is the one that survives, just as in the world of humans it's the smart guy who comes out on top. The woods are full of dramatic examples of how animals use their heads to save their lives. Defensive tactics used by moose herds along the Susitna and Knik rivers in Alaska to protect themselves against wolves offer one of the best examples of animal intelligence at work.

The moose moved into these adjoining areas comparatively recently, probably because of a new and abundant food supply—a dense cover of young birch and aspen which has grown up on the site of vast forest fires of fifteen years ago.

It was inevitable after four or five thousand moose had begun ranging an area of not more than 400 square miles that the scourge of Alaska's game, the savage, outsized, blood-crazy tundra wolves, also would move in. Family after family of the predators drifted into the two valleys and multiplied, until soon packs of 100 or more were being reported.

The preferred technique of wolves always is to find a lone moose and pursue and harass the animal in relays, eventually forcing it to bog in deep snow or simply tiring it to the point where it can neither continue flight nor defend itself. They then attack in mass, swarming over the doomed moose, and literally pull it down by sheer weight. They stay at the carcass, eating and sleeping, until it has been consumed to the bare gnawed skeleton. But today there is abundant evidence that, at least in the new Susitna-Knik range, the moose herds are learning to protect themselves.

I first learned of this in January, 1944, while snowshoeing down Knik River one day in a snowstorm. I heard a pup wolf barking, and then the sound of timber breaking. As I moved toward the spot to investigate, a moose snorted somewhere close ahead of me, and there was the noise of pounding hoofs on the frozen ground. In a moment, about 200 yards ahead, I saw the animals, some twenty bulls and cows, with a few yearlings among them, crowded into a small open space among the windrows of down timber. All about them, slinking shadowlike through the blowing snow, were wolves. Several of the moose were bleeding, but all were full of fight.

All of the bulls had shed their antlers, but they obviously had been operating effectively with their teeth and their huge splay feet. During the entire time I watched them they stayed in a compact circle, heads outward, with the yearlings on the inside. As I stood watching, a giant coal-black wolf—he would have weighed at least 150 pounds, and his pelt would have measured ten feet—ran along the length of a fallen spruce and leaped into the open space, to slash at the shoulder of a gaunt cow at whose flank a yearling crowded for protection.

Instantly two of the bulls attacked, and there was nothing halfhearted about the way they did it. The wolf leaped backward ten feet to avoid the attack, then spun around and bounded over a heap of brushy spruce tops. He misjudged his footing among the snow-weighted branches, however, and fell between two of the trees. The bulls were close behind him. They didn't kill him, but they must have frightened him half to death. They stamped savagely on the spot where the wolf had dropped from view. When they had reduced the spruce tops to kindling wood, they returned to the herd. The other moose had not broken formation; they stood shoulder to shoulder, shifting uneasily, ready for attack from any side. It was deliberate de-

L5908-12.24 L5909-12.24

fensive strategy, not an enforced one as in the case of moose "yarded" in deep snow, for here the snow was only a few inches deep.

I had been so interested in the spectacle that I had forgotten I had a rifle. I remembered the weapon when a gray wolf bounded upon a slanting pole and moved along it toward the herd. I found the wolf with my sights and fired, and with the crash of the shot the animal spun about on the pole and finally fell out of sight. The remainder of the pack fled. The moose then broke formation for the first time and retreated to a fringe of standing timber.

The incident had been extremely interesting because, so far as I know, it was the first time anybody had seen western Alaska moose stand their ground in formation to fight off wolves. Since then, trappers and hunters from all parts of the Susitna-Knik area have reported seeing herds successfully standing off wolves in the manner described. The animals are proving they have the ability to learn, to adjust themselves to a condition—that they have the I.Q. essential to survival.

One spring on the Tonzona River, a tributary to the south fork of the Kuskokwim, which flows off the north slope of the Alaska Range, I saw a cow woodland caribou demonstrate that she was far from being a dumb animal. I was following an ancient game trail, when my dog, a Chesapeake pup, suddenly bounded off the trail into a dwarf-birch thicket and began barking. Hurrying over to him, I found him alternately barking at, and trying to play with, a caribou fawn several days old. It showed no fear of either me or the dog. I was preparing to photograph the fawn, when the dog, still trying to play, accidentally shoved the little animal against me. That was something that shouldn't have happened, because the fawn at once snuggled close. It now obviously regarded me as its protector. But I was afraid that when the cow returned and smelled the man scent, she would not accept the fawn. And I couldn't think of anything I could do to remedy the matter.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A black male swan. Huge birds, they had to invent a special flight plan to exist.

When I went on down the ridge, the fawn followed in spite of my efforts to shoo it away. Presently, looking back, I sighted the cow caribou. She also was following me by moving from thicket to thicket. We made a unique procession—me, the fawn, the dog, and the cow. To break it up, I turned off the ridge and headed across a beaver dam, where I didn't think the fawn could follow. It tried, but when it came to the spillway at the middle of the dam, the tangle of sticks and aspen tops was too much for its wobbly legs. It lay in the grass at the edge of the water, panting, as I splashed across the spillway and went up into the timber.

After several false starts, the cow finally came out to the fawn. It got to its feet and attempted to crowd against her, but when she caught the man scent on its coat she backed away. I was certain then she would abandon the fawn, and cussed myself again for having been so careless as to let it touch me. I had seen the young of both caribou and moose abandoned by their mothers after being handled by thoughtless hunters, left to starve or become the victims of predators.

But the caribou cow had a solution of her own. The fawn started

(*Continued on page 60*)

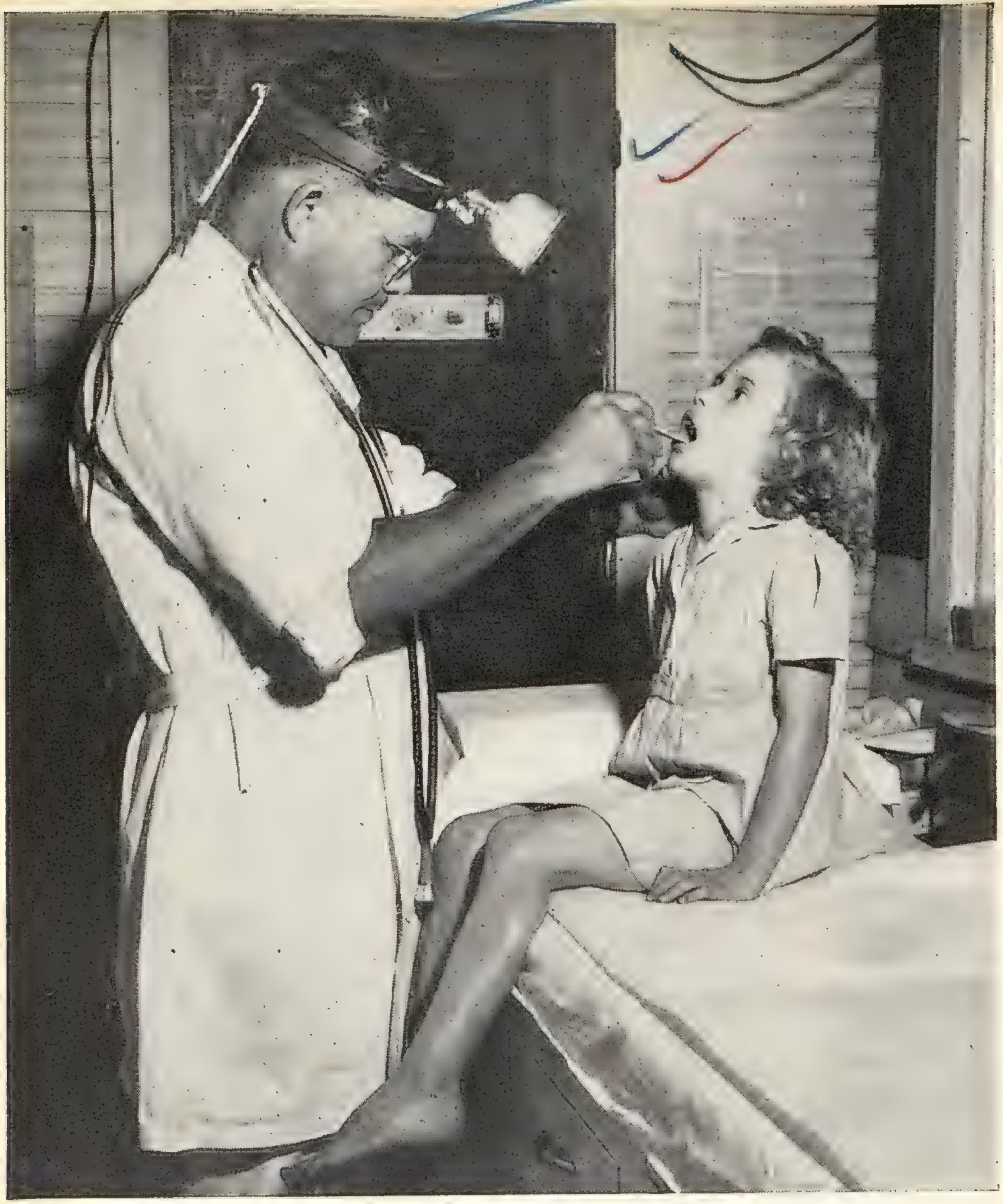
INTERNATIOAL NEWS PHOTO

Caribou swimming the Yukon. Caribou have developed the intelligence to know of the scent-killing property of water.

MEDICAL

STAFF PIX

Negro Doctor Down South



Dr. Kennedy examines one of his white patients. This seven-year-old child is one of nearly 100 white children delivered by Dr. Kennedy.

The doctor fills his own prescriptions: "If my patients don't get a bottle of medicine to take home, they figure they're not being treated."

DR. MONTGOMERY P. KENNEDY, a general practitioner in Beaufort, South Carolina, is a Negro. Most of his patients are Negroes. But for many years he has had white patients, and he estimates that he has delivered nearly a hundred white babies.

I found Dr. Kennedy at his office, a neat wooden structure upon a residential street, some distance from the business section of Beaufort. A trim Negro girl in a nurse's uniform led me past the shining equipment in the inner office to the doctor's desk. Dr. Kennedy is in his middle forties, of medium height and weight, with light skin and a positive businesslike manner. There was a glint of humor in his eyes.

"You're interested in my white patients," he began. "Well, there's nothing sensational to it. They're just patients. Any doctor will tell you the same. I'm not thinking of the color of a patient's skin any more than he is thinking of mine." He looked at me shrewdly.

"I might have been sort of flustered with my first white patient, a long time ago, but I didn't have time. She was about to die on me and I was too busy to think whether she was white or black.

"She was hemorrhaging badly, and her own doctor was too sick to go to her. They couldn't get any other doctor in a hurry. Their Negro nurse suggested me.

" 'Get him!' the sick woman's husband said. 'Get him, white or black, blue or green. My wife is dying!'

"I hurried into their house so fast I forgot to turn off the motor of my car. I took the necessary emergency measures and hustled her off to the hospital at Walterboro. We didn't have our own hospital here then. I thought sure she'd die before we got there. But she didn't. She's been my patient ever since. The rest of her family too. I've delivered some of her grandchildren."

Later I met this patient, who claims descent from one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. "I wouldn't think of going to another doctor," she said. "At the hospital that night, they told me to come back

In a small South Carolina town, a Negro physician who has white patients thinks even less of it than they do

BY
RUTH McCOY HARRIS

An expert chef, Dr. Kennedy samples a jumbo stew on his wife Jennie. Mrs. Kennedy, a college graduate, was the first colored registered nurse in Beaufort, S. C.

and shake Dr. Kennedy's hand, that he had saved my life."

Many of the doctor's white patients have come to him in the same way, through dire necessity, particularly during the war, when every doctor had more than he could do. But they have nearly all stayed on and sent their friends, until today a white patient is far from a novelty to Dr. Kennedy.

While the doctor was busy with his patients, his pretty wife, Jennie, who until recently was a public-health nurse, drove me in her car to meet others of his patients and see the landmarks of the town.

Beaufort, a beautiful town of 7,000, is a winter resort in the heart of the Carolina low country. It is located on one of the sixty-three sea islands in the great estuary formed in part by the Beaufort River where it empties into the Atlantic between Savannah and Charleston.

Upon the sea islands there is some of the best farming land in this country. The planters grew rich raising indigo and rice and, later, the long-staple sea-island cotton. Some of them fled, early in the Civil War when the U. S. fleet captured the whole section. Their lands were divided among the former slaves, many of whose descendants still own the little farms and add to their income by gathering oysters, crabs, and shrimps in the tidal waters and by working in the little sea-food canneries. There is no tenant farming in this section. No white man has lived on certain of the islands for generations.

The Negroes around Beaufort are nearly all Gullah Negroes, who are descendants of slaves from western Africa. They are proud and intelligent and have intermingled very little with others. They have their churches, their public library, and an unusual number of schools. I visited four schools in or near Beaufort, including the Robert Smalls public high school, with 500 students. It was named after a famous slave.

Dr. Kennedy is keenly interested in all these things. Both he and his wife have worked hard to improve the library. He is a trustee of the Mather School for Negro girls, where Mrs. Kennedy has contributed to the support of at least one girl. He is a supporter of the Penn School on St. Helena Island, one of the oldest schools in the country for Negroes. He owns stock in the cooperative on that island and has helped expand its buying and selling activities for the benefit of the islanders.

At the Beaufort County Training School we found nearly 300 students watching a movie called The Blood of Jesus.

"How was the party?" one of them asked shyly.

"Everything went off fine," Mrs. Kennedy said. "The pies were delicious." She explained that the children had baked pies for a reception which she and the doctor had held in their home in honor of the president of Claflin College, after a benefit for that college.

We stopped to visit one of the doctor's white patients in her beautiful garden, which was recently photographed for one of the picture magazines. While we were there she casually asked to borrow the doctor's camera to photograph her azaleas. Then she lined a shoebox with Spanish moss and cut some pink camellias for us.

A little later we stopped to give

(*Continued on page 76*)

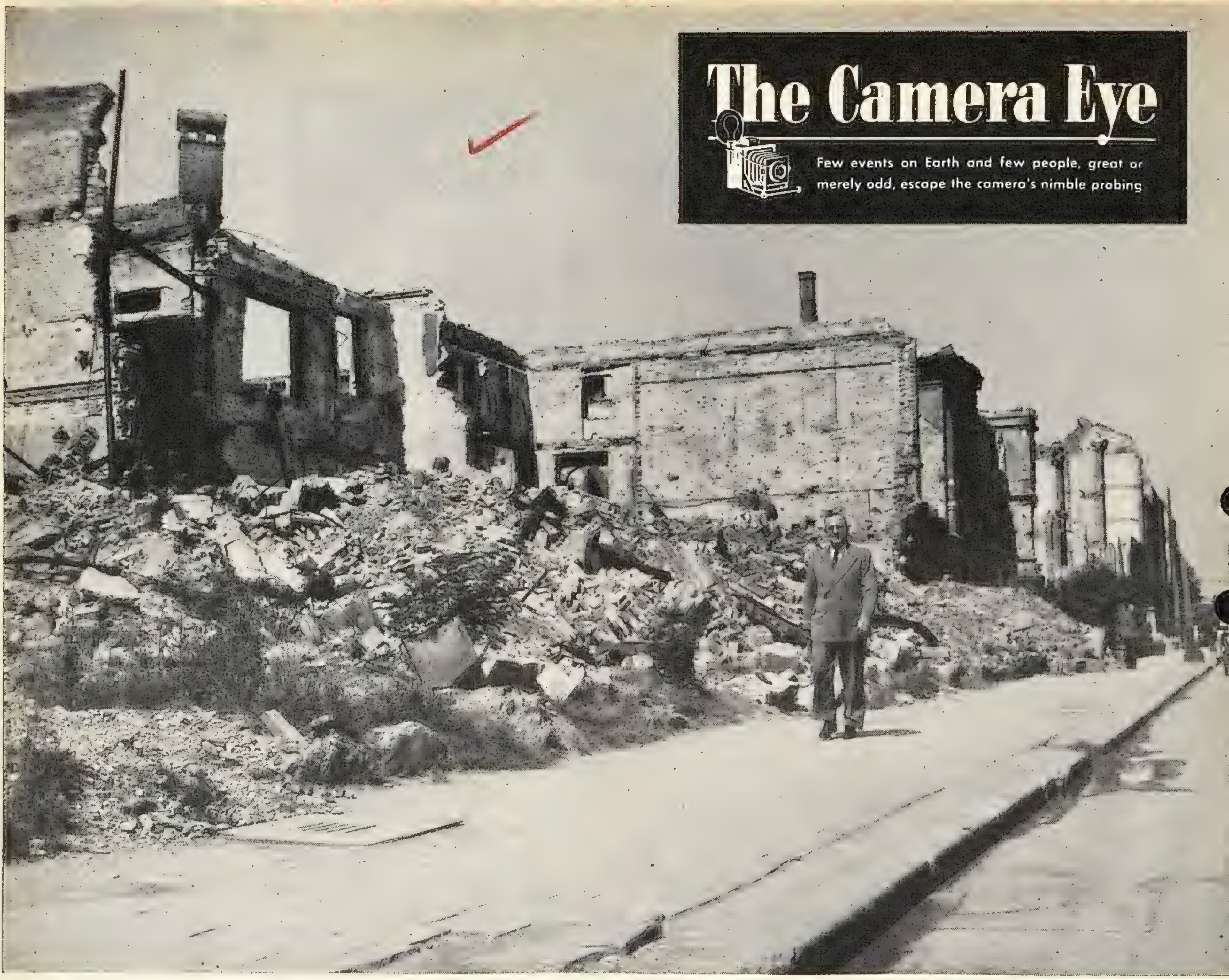
PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

He plays bridge on Saturday nights with friends, professional and business men of his own race. As a country doctor he finds little time for social affairs.

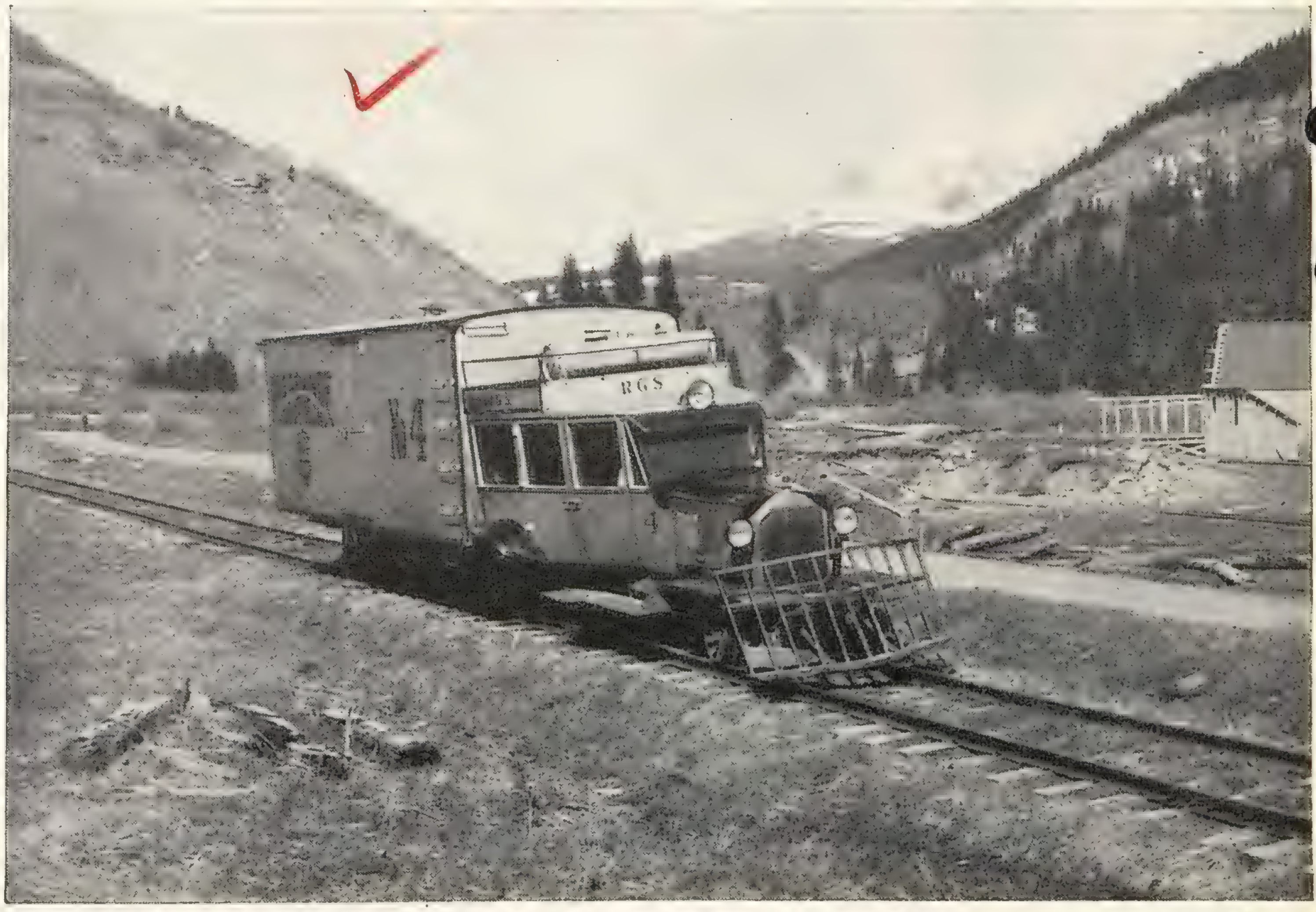
L5910-24,48 L5911-12,24

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



FRITZ KUHN, the man who tried to sell Hitler to Americans, walks alone amid the rubble of a shattered dream of world mastery. Once considered the top Nazi in the United States, Kuhn is hunting a job in his native Munich, where this was taken.

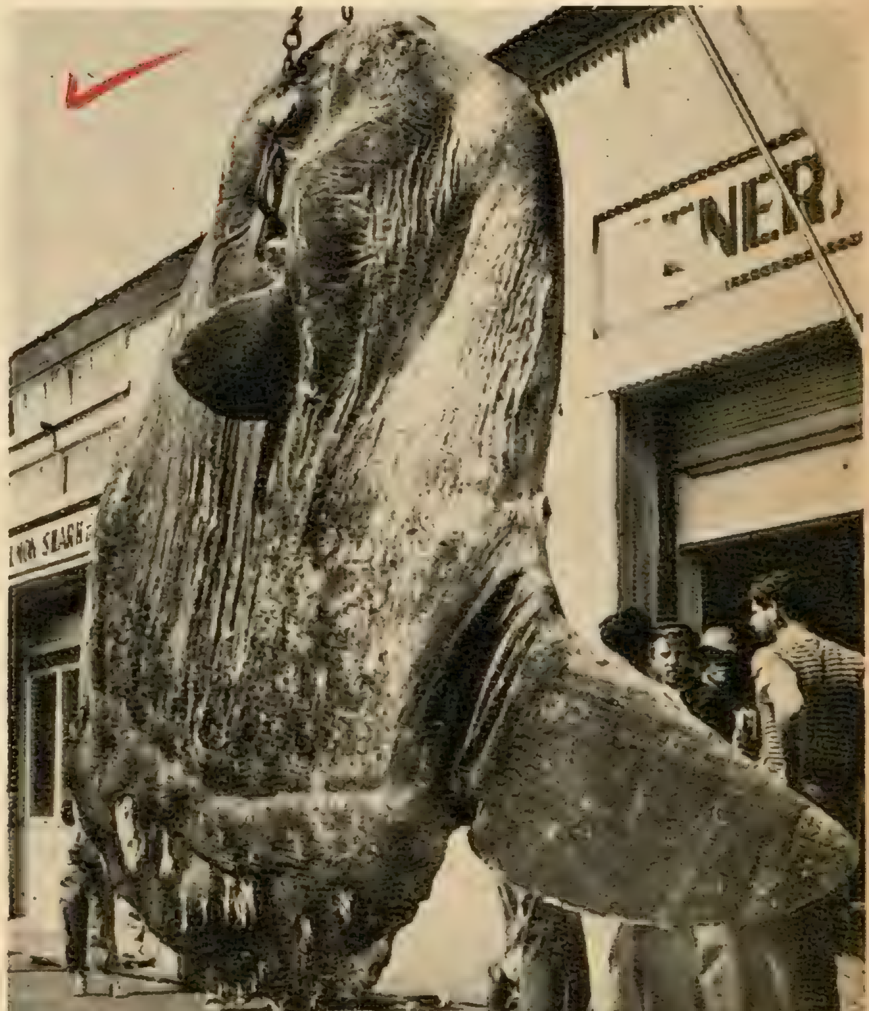


THE GALLOPING GOOSE is what they call this strange rail car of the Rio Grande Southern. Built partly from 1930 Pierce-Arrow autos, it's designed to carry six passengers and five tons of freight along the mountains of southwestern Colorado.

L5912 - 12, 24

"HEY! HOW D'YA SAY LA JOLLA?" Jimmy Durante asks a startled native, as the Schnozzola's train pauses in the California city. Jimmy argued it was pronounced as spelled. He was wrong. It's *La Hoya.*

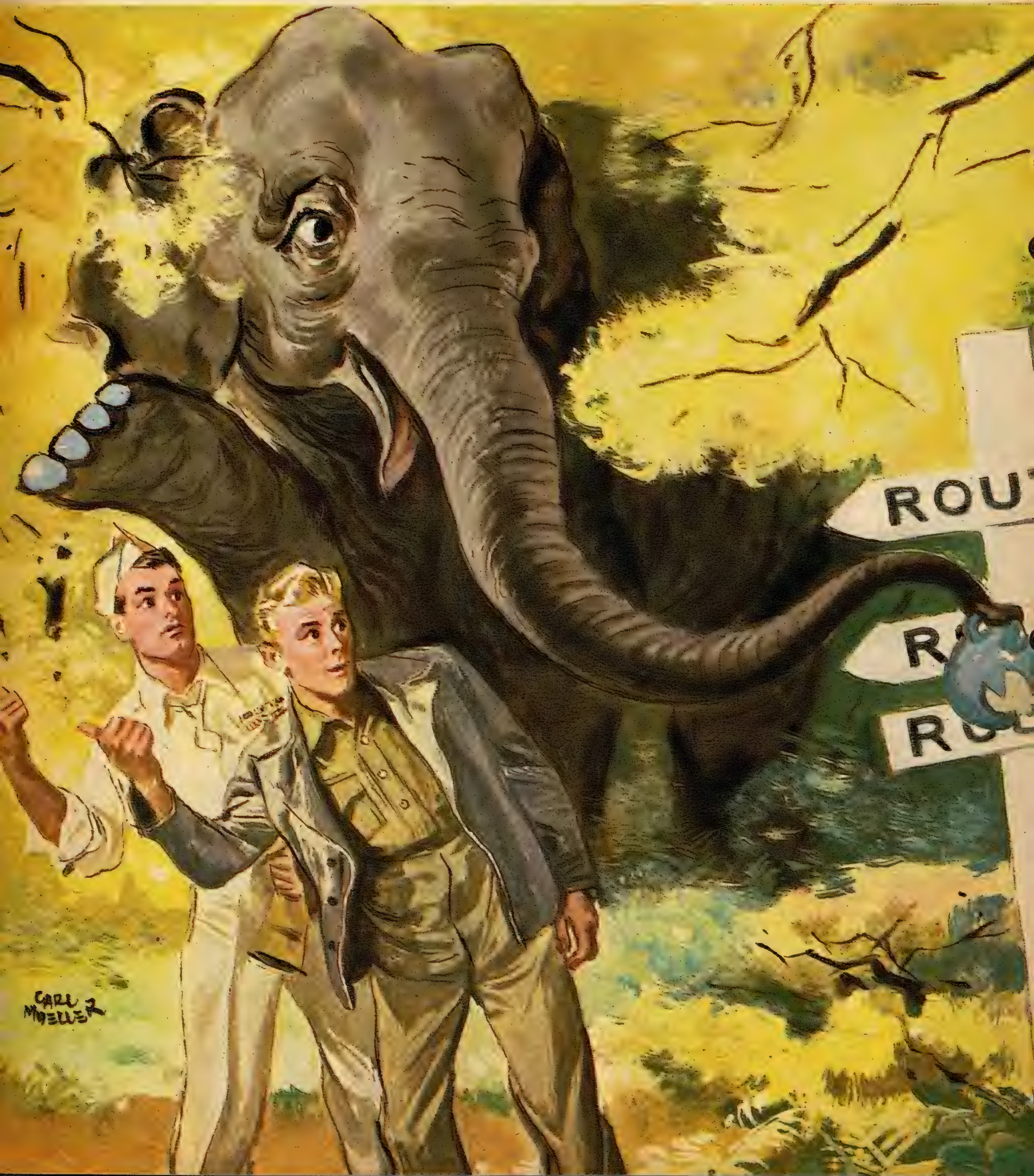
CUTE AS HER NAME. Jeanne Dickens proves that fashion models need not look waxen and doll-like. That play suit she's wearing, Jantzen designed, is convertible into a swim suit.



THAT'S A LOT OF FISH, SON. In fact, that's a lot of sunfish—1,600 pounds of it, believed to be the largest ever hauled out of Monterey Bay.

The Hitchhiking Elephant

Maxine put her heart into her act. She leaned exaggeratedly, she thumbed nonchalantly. She was thoroughly enjoying herself.


ROUT
R
RO
CARL MUELLER

L5 525-400

The ensigns and J. G.s had evacuated Navy Nook and the peace was on, a circumstance which bored the star boarder no little. It is necessary to point out that the star boarder was an elephant who was fond of babies

BY ELIZABETH DEAN

L5644-20

WHEN the Navy packers had removed the last household goods of the last j.g. from the cabins, peace and quiet settled down on Navy Nook. Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Tilton, who owned and operated the tourist court known as Navy Nook because mostly Navy had lived there, drew a long breath and decided that they needed a vacation.

The near-by naval base had shrunk to peacetime size. Few Navy families sought shelter any longer so far from the base as Navy Nook. All this was fine with Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Tilton.

For four years they had had young ensigns whose cocker spaniels wet the rugs, and j.g.s whose babies wet the beds; they had arbitrated dogfights, family quarrels, and parking privileges; they had repainted an ensign's cabin, which needed it, and borne the wrath of a full lieutenant's wife, whose cabin didn't. Their phone had served the ten cabins, their kitchen been a commissary for young things who had run out of eggs or needed just a little bit of flour. Mrs. Tilton had sat with babies, and Jabez had repaired plumbing, automobiles, and electric irons.

The Tiltons had been glad to do it; they had, other than with money, been paid for it; but when the last convertible roadster had departed, Mrs. Tilton, who was not at all a drinking woman, said:

"Jabez, I do believe I'll have a bottle of beer."

They sat on the steps of the main cabin in the early fall twilight.

"Tomorrow," said Jabez firmly, "I'm going fishing."

The cabins, Mrs. Tilton thought, ought to be cleaned and closed, but there was no hurry. The war was over and peace was wonderful.

That was the way the Tiltons felt about it.

But with Maxine it was different.

Maxine was an elephant, and the Tiltons owned Maxine. No one could have been more surprised than the Tiltons to discover that they owned Maxine. She had been away on tour when they took possession of Navy Nook, but she was a chattel, and it had something to do with a chattel mortgage. Maxine was a circus elephant; she led the grand triumphal march; but the war and transportation difficulties had interfered with the itinerary of the Jones Brothers' Circus, and Maxine was, in theatrical parlance, resting.

Navy Nook being off the main highway, the Tiltons allowed her to roam at will, after having surrounded the rose garden with a stout fence. She was very fond of children and, nervous mothers once reassured, had proved herself a handy, though sometimes independent, nursemaid; she had been the mascot of the aviation cadets and had enjoyed their favor-currying peanuts. She was sometimes accused of being rank-conscious, but the Tiltons explained that gold braid reminded her of the circus.

Now there was nothing. Of course Maxine was very fond of the Tiltons, but she did not care for the change that had come over them and Navy Nook. Maxine was not the sedentary type. She took to wandering farther afield, but the Tiltons paid no attention; they had, as it happened, long ago decided that Maxine could take care of herself.

Maxine's favorite walk was through the scrub oaks and pines to the bay, there to watch the remaining PBYs. But one day she went to the highway.

MAXINE had come quietly out of the scrub and paused a short distance behind a couple of young men in khaki who were standing by the roadside. At first she paid them no particular attention. Whatever they were, they were out of uniform. But the young men were trying to thumb a ride, and unconsciously Maxine imitated their motioning.

Noticing the surprised glances of the passers-by, and welcoming any attention, Maxine set about building up her act. She got a smile and put her heart into it. She leaned exaggeratedly, she thumbed nonchalantly, or she eagerly waved the broken blue teapot that she happened to be carrying. She was getting good laughs and thoroughly enjoying herself when the hitchhikers, becoming aware that something was stirring behind them, turned and caught her queering their pitch. It being obvious that their chances were definitely lessened by being in the company of a hitchhiking elephant, they hastily moved on, pausing only to heave a rock at Maxine.

Maxine backed indignantly into the scrub. She was there, half concealed, when, with the anguished whistle of a deflating tire, an old Ford two-door jolted to a stop.

The car stopped, but neither the sailor nor the girl in the front seat got out. They sat and looked at each other over the head of a wriggling two-year-old who wriggled between them. Finally:

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"It's that same tire," said the girl. "I know it is—"

"—and we haven't got a spare—"

"—and we still don't have a house—"

"—and what good is a job if we don't have a place to live?"

"I've a good mind to cry."

"Nix on that stuff," said the sailor. "All together now:

"The war is over, and we love each other!"

The sailor got out of the car and viewed the tire. His jumper, Maxine noted, had a nice row of ribbons on the left and the gold discharge emblem on the right. He was a nice-looking boy. His blues fitted him, and though his sleeves were unbuttoned, Maxine could forgive that. His tires had taken a lot of changing.

"It's got three boots in it now." His toe explored the tire, and the rotting side wall cracked at his touch. "I gotta get a tire."

"Didn't we pass a filling station?"

"About three miles back."

"You can make it! . . . Honey, don't stand on mother's lap!"

Now there were no cars passing, so the sailor set off down the road.

Maxine watched the girl and the child left in the car. The girl was pretty, small and dark and trim, but now that the sailor was gone, her face drooped, and she made no pretense of not being tired.

"Honey, *please* don't climb on mother!"

The child began to cry.

AND small wonder, Maxine thought, an active child cooped up like that! It was too bad he couldn't have the back seat to climb in, but that was piled with boxes, suitcases, and a folding crib. The cluttered car reminded Maxine of the ones that had left Navy Nook.

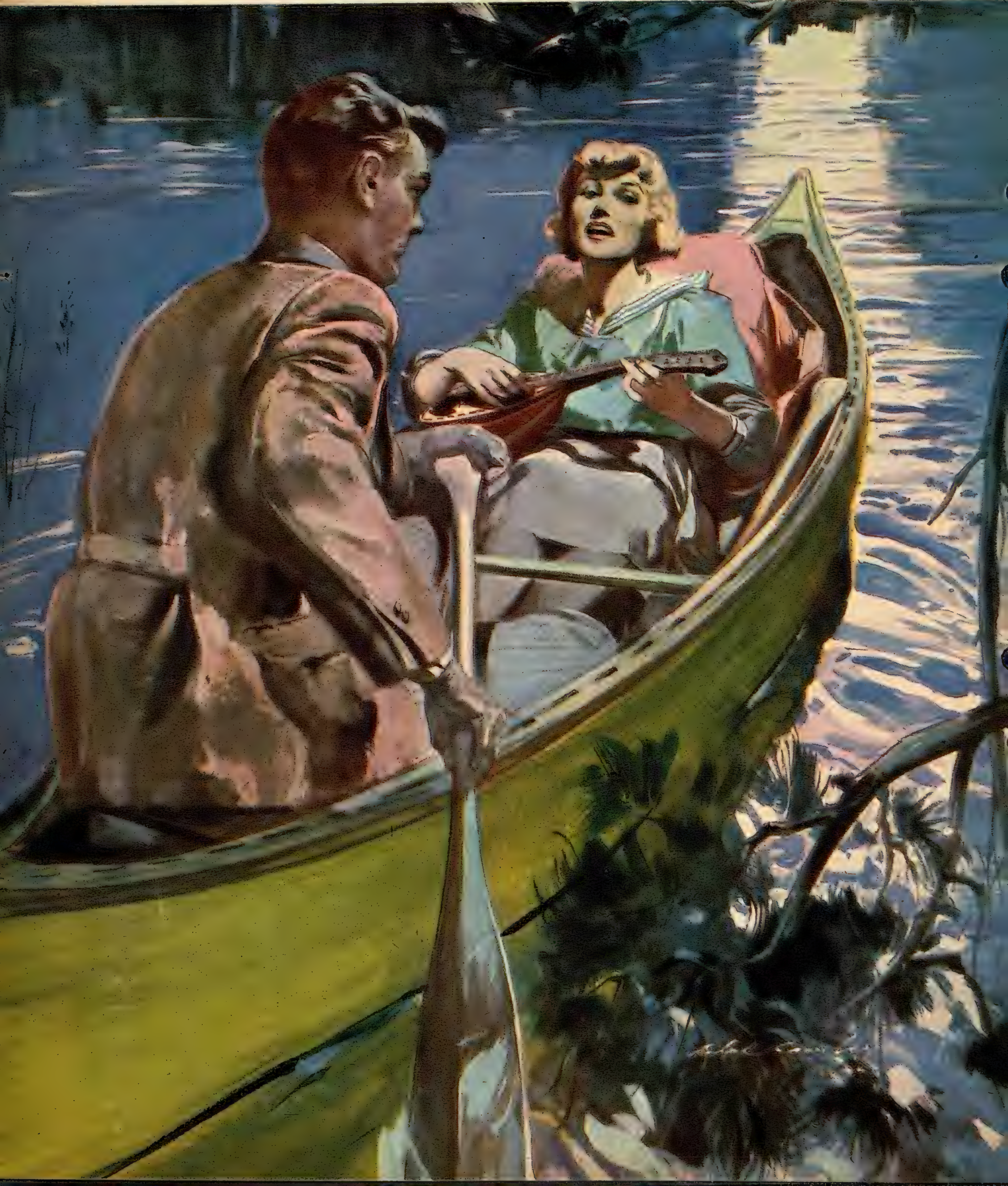
The dark-haired girl had opened the car door, had sat the baby on the sand, and herself on the running board. For a moment the child patted the sand contentedly, then he got laboriously to his feet and tottered a few steps. Maxine twitched uneasily. The roadside was no place for a child to play. Why, at Navy Nook the children were not allowed outside the fence, and she, personally, saw to it that the gate was closed—when she was there, of course. Maxine now regretted the times she had been derelict in her duties. Suppose some careless person had left the gate open! Suppose some of the small fry had tottered out, like this one!

(*Continued on page 72*)

He had been setting type on a country paper so long that most names went through one finger and out the other. But somehow, this name—this lovely, tantalizing name—made them tingle

original returned - to J C Martin 8/22/46

Lorry had brought a mandolin and to its tinkling music she sang, a little huskily, some very, very homesick song.



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Amateur Angel

BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

WHEN a man has operated a linotype machine in the print shop of a local weekly newspaper for a long time, some of his brains drop into his fingers and he can sit back and watch them work while thinking of other things.

For eight years this had been true of Sherman Hatch. He had been setting type for the Griffin Port Marine Intelligencer that long. His fingers knew the names of the people of the county as well as he did himself. Usuallv Sherman let them do the job independently, but for six of these eight years one name, occurring almost weekly in the items of the Griffin Neck correspondent, had shown a tendency to travel up his arm and even higher.

All he knew of her at first was this:

> Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow arrived on Tuesday from Detroit, to be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Francis Gates, at the Old Baxter place in the hollow.

What's in a name, you ask? Somehow in this one there was for Sherman romance and a wisp of poetry amid the homely strain of the county. At length, after a succession of summer visits reported by the Neck correspondent, the lyric name sang though ice and snow:

> Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow, who is keeping house for her aunt this winter, is substituting for Mrs. Noosley in the Neck schoolhouse. Mrs. Noosley may be out for several months.

Mrs. Noosley was out longer than that. She had inherited a cannery in California, and Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow became a schoolteacher.

Sherman Hatch began to know Ellie well without really knowing her at all. She was affiliated with the Baptist church, she could play the flute, she got more May baskets than any other teacher in the county. Sherman had never heard of a girl who played a flute and he wondered if she did it for fun. One winter she read a paper before the Woman's Club on the Poetry of Walt Whitman, and this was followed by papers on Modern Painters and A Child's Visit to Spain.

She wore blue in the Mite Society pantomimes. Did that mean her eyes were blue? Sherman gradually evoked a picture of a smiling youthful face framed in soft blonde curls. He considered getting out his bicycle on a Saturday afternoon and wheeling over to the Neck to discover Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow in person. But the inhabitants of the Port despised the Neck, and vice versa, and such an expedition would cause talk.

Quite suddenly there was a change of circumstances:

> CARDS OF THANKS
>
> Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow wishes to express her sincere appreciation for all the acts of kindness and tokens of sympathy which helped so much during the last illness of her aunt, Mrs. Francis Gates.

A week or two later:

> FURNISHED ROOMS
>
> In comfortable household at Griffin Neck. View of ocean. References given and required. Ellie Lawn Marrow, Old Baxter House. Call before 9 or after 3.

Sherman said to himself, That girl isn't well off. I don't know what her aunt could have been thinking of, leaving her like that.

The winter went by, another summer, another winter. Then one afternoon Sherman felt a familiar tingling. He eavesdropped on his fingers as they moved above the linotype keys:

> Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow is leaving on Friday, the 11th, for a vacation of several weeks at Myrtle Lake. During her absence the Old Baxter House will remain open for summer roomers, with Mrs. Elmer Simpson in charge.

Sherman lifted one long leg to clear the battered oak chair in which he had been sitting, and in another minute he was confronting Henry Fifield, editor of the Intelligencer.

"I've got to have a vacation commencing the eleventh," Sherman said. "I'm going away for a spell."

"Where on earth you planning to go, Sherman?"

"Myrtle Lake."

"Shucks, you won't like it. There's nothing up at Myrtle Lake except pine trees and crows."

"That hasn't got a thing to do with it," said Sherman. His yearning must have been revealed in his deep eyes, for Mr. Fifield answered gently:

"All right. Though sulphur and molasses would be better."

THE pine trees at Myrtle Lake sang softly as the breeze came across the blue water. Sherman liked the resinous smell and the feel of the brown pine needles as he sat waiting for the girl to return along the path to the lodge. He was trying to get used to the new fawn jacket with light blue collar which had seemed so desirable in Larrup's store at Griffin Center. Larrup had extolled it as the flower of summer fashion for 1920, the now current year, but Sherman was suffering some doubts. Luckily he still liked his pin-striped cotton pants and the blue stitched hat with its floppy brim.

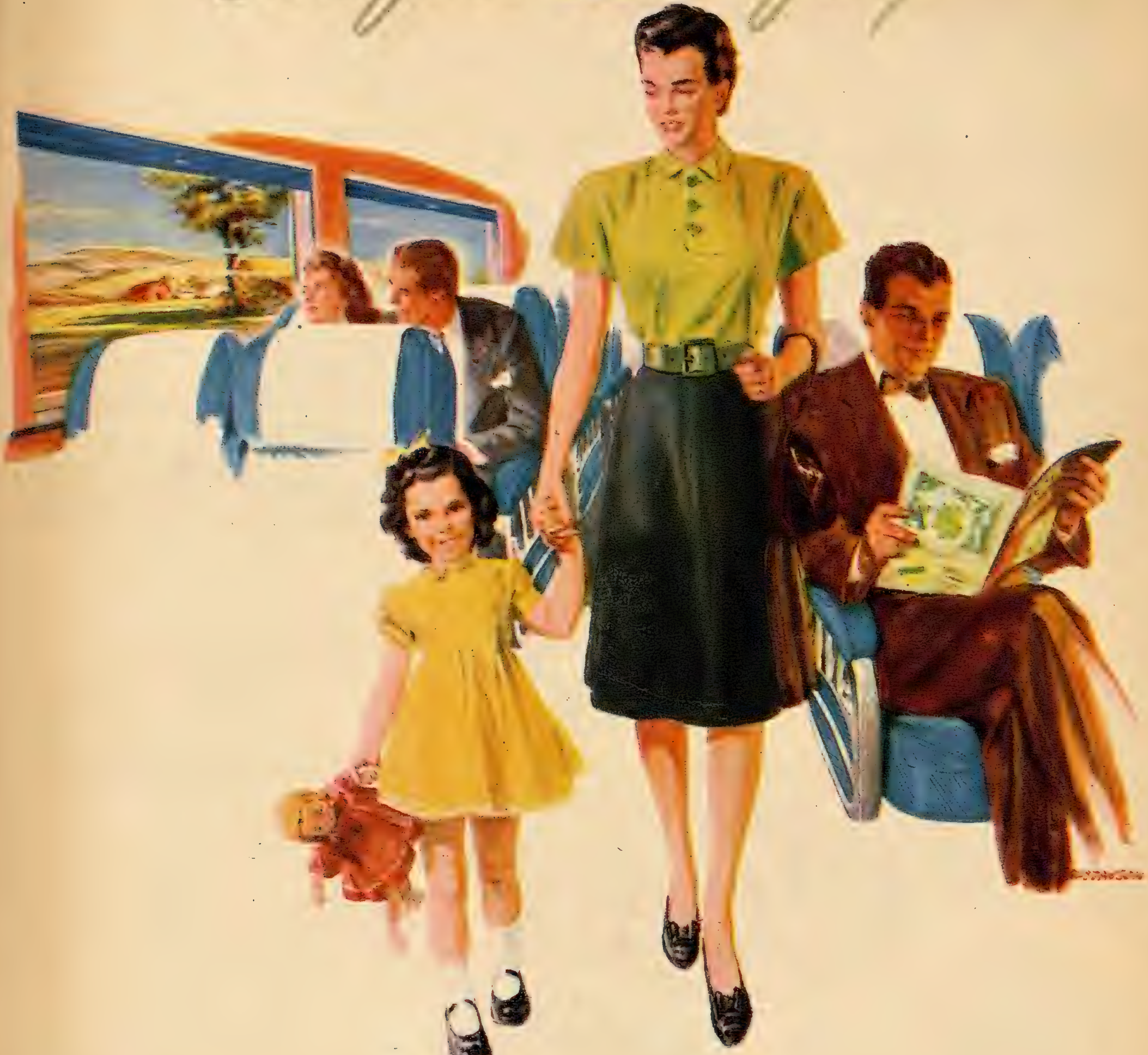
He had seen the girl at the lodge just after he had written his own name in the register. Above his name, he noticed, was the flourishing signature of Halsey F. Turner, Jr., New York. When he looked up from the register, he saw her again. She wore a pert blue hat over yellowish hair, and her eyes were lake blue and lively. When she had strolled off through the pines, he had tagged along.

She was so like the girl he had

(Continued on page 56)

THEY GO HAND IN HAND . . .

Comfort AND *Safety*



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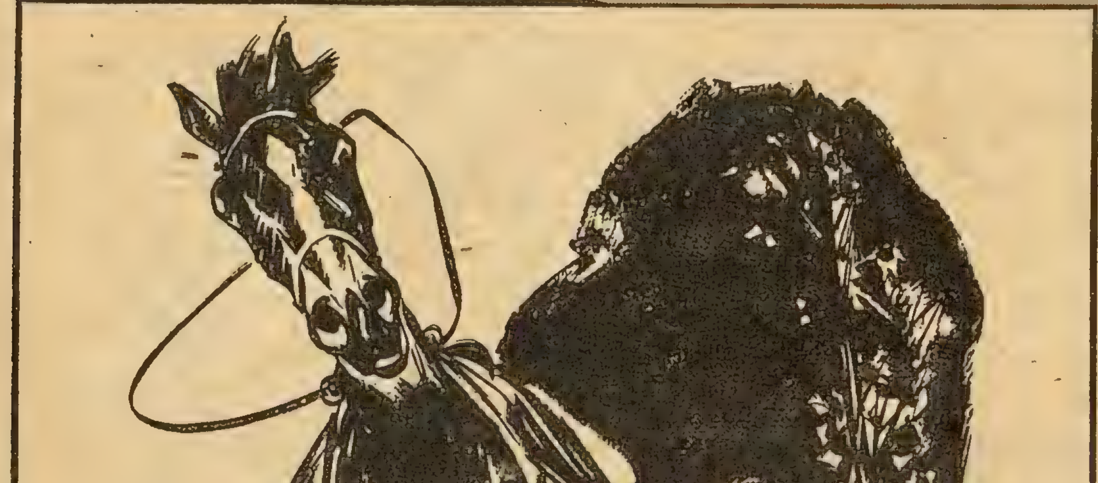

By

A.B. CUNNINGHAM

The Sunday-evening quiet of Friendly House turned to panic when the horse on which attractive Camille Lang had gone riding came home, terrified and riderless. Her shattered body was soon found deep in the wood, but Sheriff Jess Roden worked through a maze of mystery and touched the quick of more than one woman's secret before he got the murderer.

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFFE

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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THE big sorrel plunged with the headlong recklessness of a horse gone mad with fright. The front hoofs flared outward at each bolting leap, the hindquarters bunched with the jerkiness of panic. In the long outthrust head the nostrils flared wide. The swinging stirrups prodded his belly and cracked him over the rump. And they made a noise—a mouse-like screaming as straps slid over saddle skirt, a clatter when looped wood struck the cantle.

Once or twice, without slackening his pace, the horse craned his neck as if to glimpse this demon that rode him; and each time he did so he broke from the straightaway and plunged perilously near the ditch that skirted the road. But the saddle was empty; and as if the fact deepened his terror, he righted his course and reached for greater speed, blowing.

The May darkness was almost complete. The road was an ochre-colored dust strip between the flanking small trees, the horse but a wild shadow. There was no wind to whip away the maul-like thuds of hoofs. They carried backward toward the tall mountain three miles away, and left and right over the tops of the trees, and on ahead toward Friendly House and Pine Ridge.

It was Sunday evening. On the front porch of Friendly House Else Magan and big Seth Hart sat close in a bent-willow seat, Seth's voice a low rumble and Else's occasional giggle both teasing and tender. On the porch steps, Audry Cole bent forward with chin in palms, awaiting the return of Clarence Birch's decrepit Ford. Clarence was building up quite a case on Audry, but he had not yet mustered the courage to call at the House. Instead, he contented himself with driving slowly past, his neck craned, only to reappear shortly headed in the opposite direction, to repeat the process while she sat and watched, her expression half angry and half eager.

Deer Lick County was a region of horsemen, and Sunday evening the young blades would often stage races or lope over the dirt roads. Audry Cole lifted her head in an attitude of listening, but she did not rise. In the bent-willow seat the rumble of Seth Hart's voice ceased without an answering giggle from Else. But none of the three was particularly startled until the racket of the big horse came close.

"That boy's makin' tracks," Seth Hart said. "Somethin' might be wrong. We'll see if he slows up for the dip."

The road dropped from the tableland to the deep hollow below the barn. Any rider in his senses would rein in before racing headlong down the grade.

Audry Cole sprang up. "Could it be Camille?" she cried. "She went out in that direction!"

Else Magan also jumped to her feet, half turned.

Seth continued to sit, his head cocked. "Listen! He's about to the dip now."

The clatter changed from a mad lope to a dangerous beating. Downhill, each enormous leap had to stop the weight of the big body behind it.

"He's headin' this way," Seth said. "You two stay here. I'll go out and see if I can ketch him as he goes by."

"No!" Else cried. "I'll go too."

"Hurry!" Audry begged. "He'll be past before you can get to the road."

The road curved at the hollow and ran below the big barn. From the bottom of the hollow it curved northwest, to enter the outskirts of Pine Ridge beyond the crest of the hill. Hart ran to intercept the runaway as it dashed uphill west of the House. Both girls ran after him. But before they reached the road the hoofbeats stopped somewhere near the barn. Hart pulled up so suddenly that both girls ran into him.

"It *is* Camille!" Audry chattered. "That's Zeb—he's stopped at the barn!"

Zeb was a big sorrel, one of the three horses that Friendly House provided for the pleasure of the girls. He whirled at their approach, flung up his head and snorted. Seth stepped ahead of the others, his arm outstretched in a soothing way.

Lights flashed on in the House, for Audry's voice had been high and shrill. The whole hillside was vaguely illuminated. Clarence Birch's Ford stopped its chugging. Clarence slid curiously out and made his way uncertainly down the slope.

"We've got to be quick," Seth Hart said. "If she's here anywhere, we've got to find her before they all come down."

But there was no sign of Camille Lang, either standing or crumpled on the ground.

"I *knew* it!" Audry wailed. "She's not here!"

"Knew what?" Clarence Birch, emboldened by the excitement and the darkness, stopped directly beside Audry.

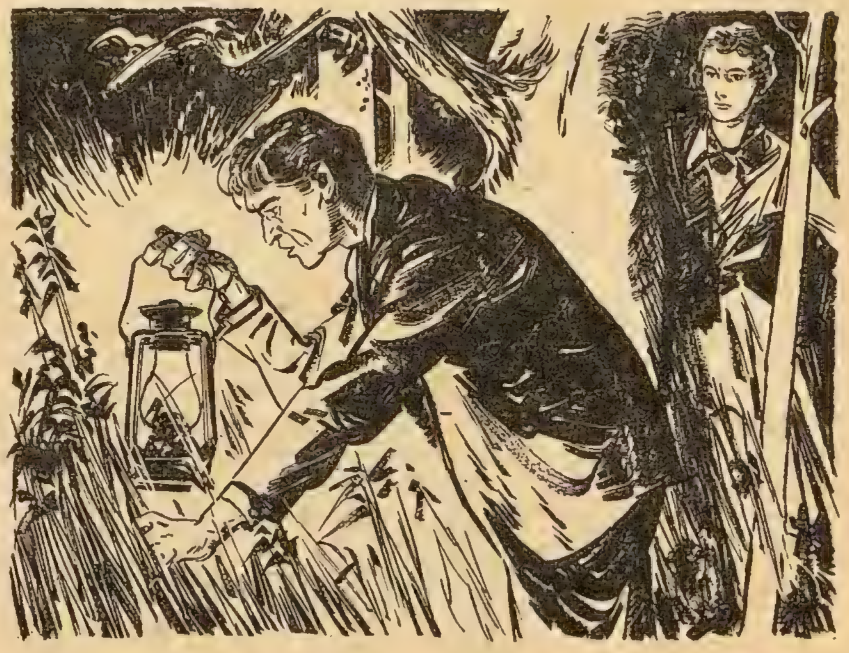
"It's Camille!" she shrilled. "She went for a ride right after lunch. I've been worried about her for hours. And now Zeb comes in without her."

"You don't say!" Birch was not a handsome man. His teeth gave his mouth the appearance of coming together in a point, like a squirrel's, and he was put to it to keep them covered with his lips. Something like quick terror blanched his face. "How about it, Mr. Hart?" he said. "What do you think?"

"She could've got off," Seth parried. "And then something could have scared the horse—"

He was interrupted by a general movement of girls from the House. Friendly House was sponsored by a national woman's sorority as a demonstration center to instruct the natives of the hill country. Six girls were brought in from other parts of the country and to these were added six local girls who made the House their home for varying periods, the idea being to bring them in contact with a superior culture and send them out to leaven the countryside.

They poured out now. Seeing Clarence Birch's car silent in the road above, the lights on, they raced up to it, thinking the trouble there. But they had no sooner reached it than they heard Audry's shrill tones below near the barn, and Else Magan's whimpering. They raced down the slope in time to hear Evelyn Dardin, the housemother, call sharply out of the darkness, "Is that you screaming, Audry?"



Audry Cole ran toward the housemother. "Camille's been killed!" she shrilled. "Zeb threw her off and—"

Miss Dardin reached out for the hysterical girl, shook her sharply. "Nonsense! Camille knows how to ride. She likely dismounted for something, and the horse got away from her."

"Listen!" someone cried. "I hear her coming now!"

They all stood so still that Zeb's deep heave of recovery was like the blow of a gigantic bellows. Someone was coming along the south road over which Zeb had plunged. There was a small pounding in the dirt, a hesitation, and then the pounding once more.

"Camille!" Miss Dardin called, a quaver in her voice.

There was no answer.

"Maybe she's hurt," Clarence Birch said. He was standing beside Audry, his arm around her.

"I'll go down and see," Seth Hart decided.

But at the sound of his voice a low shadow crawled out of the hollow and made a bee line for him. It was vague at first, and low to the ground, and came like a vast measuring-worm, looping. Then it darted into the group, ran between legs, made slobbering sounds. A girl screamed.

It was a dog, a liver-spotted beagle belonging to Seth Hart. "Come here, Towser!" Seth called. "Damn you, come here to me!"

"Your dog wasn't with Camille by any chance, was it, Seth?" the housemother demanded.

"No, ma'm. He's been with me all day."

She nodded. "If Zeb got loose some distance out, Camille couldn't get here on foot for quite a little while. Some one of us ought to go to meet her."

Clarence Birch suggested to Audry, "Let's us go."

"If you think— "she began doubtfully.

"Sure! Come on!"

For the first mile or so the lights of Clarence's car picked up an occasional sprawling footprint where the pounding hoofs had thrown up the dirt. Then even these were no longer discernible.

"We've passed the place where Zeb started to run," Clarence said. He stopped the car and began to back around. "We'll have to go and tell them we couldn't find her."

Back at Friendly House Miss Dardin was waiting beside the road, the girls grouped behind her. "Where is she?" she cried.

"We didn't find her! She's not *any*where! We—"

Clarence interrupted Audry, who still sat in the car. "We went beyond where we could see any tracks. She's not on the road, Miss Dardin."

"But she wouldn't be walking in the woods at this time of night! Did—did—" Her voice broke, wavered. "Could you see along the sides of the road?"

"We tried to. But there were weeds in places."

Else Magan buried her face on Seth Hart's chest, the sound of her weeping muffled. Someone screamed.

"Be quiet, all of you!" the housemother said sharply. And then, "Where is Buck?" Buck Chenton was the House's general caretaker and handyman.

"He's not here, Miss Dardin," Seth Hart said. "What did you want of him? I can do it."

"There's a lantern somewhere in the barn. Get it, please. We will have to go out and hunt for her."

Seth was back shortly. "I'll go," he said. "Clarence'll go with me."

"I am going too," Evelyn Dardin declared. She turned to the sobbing girls. "You go back to the House."

"Listen, Miss Dardin!" It was Clarence Birch. "I had better take the car. If we find her—we might need some way to bring her in. I'll go a little piece and stop, and wait till you catch up. The car lights will help, too."

They found the body about a mile and a half out, to the left of the road at the foot of an easy grade. It was crumpled below a cluster of ragweeds, had evidently ploughed through them. Seth Hart made the discovery. He stopped abruptly, held the lantern down. Then he turned back quickly to Miss Dardin.

"You had better not come any farther, ma'm."

Evelyn Dardin swayed, but she kept herself in hand. "Is she—dead?"

"Yes. From the looks of things, she's been dragged. Like her foot had got caught in the stirrup while the horse was running. You go back to the car and tell Clarence. I'll get her up to the road."

Seth was waiting for them when the car chugged up, the bundle which had been Camille Lang held loosely in his arms. "I'll put her in the back seat," he said. "You three can ride up front."

THE car crept back over the dark road. No word was spoken. As the car stopped at the head of the lawn, a burly shadow broke from the barn and climbed the slope. It was Buck Chenton, the caretaker.

"Say!" he began. "What's goin' on? I found Zeb hitched outside covered with dry lather, and the place all tromped over like a crowd had been—"

"Camille was thrown off," Miss Dardin said. "She is dead."

"Help me here, Buck," Seth Hart directed.

There was a surge of girls upward from the house as the two men carried the body down. But Miss Dardin stopped the girls. "Camille was dragged to her death," she said. She paused in the sudden awful hush. "I want each of you to act as you know you should."

The girls fell back to the porch while Seth Hart carried the body of little Camille Lang through the door. Evelyn Dardin followed him.

"I am having her taken to my room," she said as she passed the girls. "Please remain here until I return."

Seth came out immediately. His face always wore a grin that was really only a perpetual screwing up of the features as if fending off the sun's rays. He dropped down the steps to join Buck Chenton, and the two men went up toward the car, talking in low tones. Clarence Birch joined them.

A scream from the porch was followed by the quick pounding of feet, by whimperings, broken sobs.

"Miss Dardin! There's something out here crawling along the porch!"

Evelyn Dardin came running to the door.

"It's like a hog, Miss Dardin! Crawling! It—"

Something white sailed through the air like a ball. It struck the porch floor with a thud, not three feet from Miss Dardin. Simultaneously there was the sound of frantic movement on the ground, and footfalls running from the end of the porch along the side of the house.

The ball seemed to break as it struck the boards. A stone rolled onward, hopping. But the white part fluttered to the floor. The three men had reached the porch.

BUCK CHENTON picked the paper up, stumped to the light streaming from the door. "It's got writin' on it," he said. "But I can't—oh—oh!"

"What is it?" Miss Dardin called.

He handed it to her. "What do you make of it?"

Seth Hart leapt up the steps. "What's on that paper?"

Buck took it from Miss Dardin's unresisting fingers and handed it over. Seth tilted his head, read:

> "Theys more to her death than appears on the surface. Better ax Jess Roden to come over from Deer Lick and look into it."

Hart stood perfectly still after he had finished reading. Then he turned his eyes to Buck Chenton. The two men stepped off the porch, went a little way up the lawn.

"This note's a phony, Buck," Seth said. "She was drug to death by that horse. I found her. I saw where she lit. There's bruises all over her."

"But who'd write a thing like that if he hadn't seen somethin'?"

"Some crackpot's done it. We'd be makin' ourselves look silly if we paid any attention to it."

"Well-l-l. But Dardin saw it. What'll we tell her."

"Come on. I'll tell her."

She had been waiting. Seth stepped up to her. He spoke diffidently. "This is none of my business. But you know what it would mean to the House and all if we bring in Jess Roden, the sheriff, and this turns out to be from a crackpot."

Evelyn Dardin said, "For myself, I would be willing to say nothing about it. But I think someone in authority should advise it first."

Seth Hart shrugged. "All right, ma'm. I guess the city marshal's the man. He's Carl Quick. He lives over on the other side of town."

"I'll go for him!" Clarence Birch volunteered.

When the car came back bringing the marshal, Hart and Chenton stood on the lawn; the girls still huddled on the porch. Miss Dardin stepped forward.

Carl Quick heard her story and thought it over.

"This house ain't really inside the corporation. It's out of my jurisdiction. We'll have to call in the sheriff," he decided. "Where's the body?"

"It's inside, on my bed."

"I'll have the undertaker come for it. After all, it ain't where it was found. One more move won't destroy no evidence. I'll have him take it away, but I'll tell him not to do nothin' to it."

Clarence Birch pushed forward. "My car's up there, Mr. Quick. If you want me to go for the sheriff—"

The marshal regarded him in a kindly way. "Deer

Lick's on the other side of the river. How'd you git across?"

"I'll go," Seth Hart volunteered. "I don't know as I'd call him in if I had it to do. But you're the one to say."

"I'll saddle you a horse," Buck Chenton said.

"I'll take my own. He's hitched up yonder in the bushes."

He strode off in the darkness and returned presently, riding a sorrel smaller than Zeb but strong and mettlesome. Buck Chenton was waiting for him above the House, holding the reins of a big bay.

"Carl says to take this horse for the sheriff to ride back on."

Seth swung his horse toward the road to Deer Lick.

WHEN the undertaker had removed the body, the marshal sat for a half hour on the porch turning the case over in his mind. Then he stepped off the porch and shuffled idly around to the side of the big house. He stood for a moment, listening. There was a noise above him.

A heavy trellis ran from the ground almost to the mansard roof. It held a huge wisteria vine. A woman was four or five feet up the trellis, climbing jerkily, reaching between the vines for a sure hold and punching with her feet for the cross timbers. Quick saw her mainly as a pair of white legs and thighs.

"Hey! Come down from there."

"Keep *still!*" It was a rich voice, but it was low and tense.

Her hand shot upward toward a window ledge. The marshal gave the trellis a warning shake.

"Don't!" she cried in sudden terror. "I'm falling!"

"Then come down!"

She hung a moment, then climbed down. She made a darting movement as though to run towards the barn. But Quick's big fingers circled her arm and held her securely.

"Now tell me what you're doin' here," he demanded.

She lifted her face. It was full and beautiful in a heavy way. Unexpectedly, she smiled at him, and it became enchanting.

"We have to be in by ten," she said. "I heard what had happened and knew I would have to be able to say where I'd been. So I was slipping in. I would have made it if you hadn't butted in." Her smile became wheedling. "Let me go up. I'll catch the dickens if you don't."

"Where've you been?"

She regarded him half teasingly. "At church."

"Church's been out for two hours."

She came closer, with a swaying movement. Her hands crept up his chest.

"I was just having a little fun," she said. "You know what that means, don't you?"

He put his hands on her hips. The flesh was warm and soft under the thin cloth. She lifted her face. "Please! Mayn't I?" She kissed him, the briefest peck from a mouth which left moisture on his own, and whirled to the trellis. He stood looking away while she climbed. At a cautious "Psssst!" he raised his eyes to the window. She was leaning out. She kissed her hand and waved before drawing in her head.

"Oh, well!" he said, just as he heard the distant sound of hoofbeats. He turned and strode up the slope to the road to meet the sheriff and Seth Hart.

IN their first five minutes together, Jess Roden had drawn from Seth Hart about all that the big farmer knew. He consequently entered the big front room of Friendly House with enough knowledge to enable him to begin at once on the business at hand. He knew the House contained six girls from 'outside', six native girls, the housemother Evelyn Dardin, the maid Ada Deering, and Maurine Law the housekeeper. He knew that Buck Chenton, the caretaker, had a room in the barn but took his meals in the kitchen of the big house, and that Seth Hart was the local farmer who supplied the House with milk.

He began as though he had been present from the time the tragedy was discovered. "If the horse threw her and dragged her, we may never get the straight of what happened," he said to Miss Dardin. "But if there's more to it, as the note hints, we can find that out."

A crowd of people from town had begun to gather beyond the porch. Seth Hart, having stabled the bay and hitched the sorrel to a sapling, pressed through and mounted the steps. Roden met him at the door.

"Stay out here, Seth," he said. "Keep those people back." He addressed Miss Dardin: "Is everyone here?"

She counted under her breath, finally said, "I don't see Cissy Eden. Go to her room, Else, and see if she's there."

Else Magan, Seth's friend, shrank toward the stairway at the end of the room. She was a small girl, her lips and eyes swollen from weeping. Jess Roden eyed her sharply as she came back down.

"She was in bed asleep, Miss Dardin. She's coming."

The housemother said, "I don't see Maurine Law."

"I'm out here!" a voice cried from the lawn. "Seth Hart won't let me come in!"

"Let her in, Seth."

The housekeeper entered—a large woman, fat but not flabby. Her face wore a half defiant and half apologetic grin as she looked about her.

"We do not have an evening meal on Sundays," Miss Dardin explained. "Maurine always has the evening off."

"And where did you spend it tonight?" Roden asked.

"I took a walk in the woods," Maurine Law said. "I wanted to see the May apples."

"At this time of night? I'd say—"

Miss Dardin touched his arm. "Miss Eden is here now."

JESS looked around. Carl Quick was standing near the door. His mouth was open. Roden glanced in the direction of his staring eyes. Cissy Eden stood holding a robe about her, dishevelled and sleepy-eyed. Her rather heavy face wore a look of inquiry.

"Please," she said to Miss Dardin, "what did you send for me for?"

"There has been trouble. Mr. Roden wanted us all here."

Carl Quick let out his breath guardedly. This was the girl he had allowed to climb the trellis. She had told him that she had heard of Camille Lang's death, yet her puzzlement now seemed entirely genuine.

"It's Camille, Cissy!" one of the girls cried. "She's been murdered!"

"Maybe not murdered," Jess Roden corrected. "And then to Cissy, "You've slept through it all?"

"I must have," she said wonderingly. "I didn't know—I'd been at church."

"When did you git back from church?"

"I didn't notice. The usual time, I suppose. Is Camille—dead?" She whispered the final word.

"That accounts for her," Jess Roden said, and demanded of Miss Dardin, "They're all here, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now we can start." His glance swept the room, stopped on Buck Chenton. "What's your name?"

"Buck Chenton. I'm the caretaker."

"Did you see Miss Lang when she left for her ride?"

"I did. I saddled Zeb for her."

"Did you ever know him to run away before?"

"I wouldn't a put her on him if I had of."

"What time was it when she left?"

"We'd all et. I'd say it was around one-thirty."

"And she went down the south road?"

"Yes. Like she always did."

"She went every Sunday afternoon," Miss Dardin said. "She loved it, and I encouraged her. It did her good. She rode beautifully."

"You weren't worried when she didn't come in before dark?"

"I did not know it. I was resting in my room."

"You say she always went in the same direction?"

"Practically always. That was her favorite ride."

"So that, if anybody wanted to git at her, they'd know she'd be out that way." Roden turned back to Buck Chenton. "Seth Hart says when the horse came back they wanted you to git a lantern, but you weren't anywhere around. Where were you?"

"I might've walked up toward town."

"Were you here all afternoon?"

"Yes. I laid down for a nap after she left. Then I—"

"Buck Chenton! You did no such thing! I saw you—"

Roden whirled as the voice cut in, saw Maurine Law standing near the door to the hallway. Her face was flushed and strained.

"You saw him what, ma'm?"

Her eyes flew to Roden, as if she had forgotten his presence. "Nothing." She began to twist her fingers.

Roden's smile had no mirth in it. "I'll find out what it was," he said. "But I'll make you pay for puttin' me to the trouble."

Her finger-twisting became more feverish. "I—"

Chenton cleared his throat explosively.

Roden whirled on him. "It must be pretty bad, the way you're tryin' to shut her up!"

But Buck was not to be flustered. His face toward the sheriff, he merely waited. There was even a slight boredom in his manner.

"So you took a nap, eh?" Roden asked him.

"Yes."

"And then what did you do?"

"I put a new handle in a hoe." Buck grinned.

Roden regarded him levelly for an instant. Chenton was too self-possessed to be badgered, and his power over the woman was sufficient to keep her in line. Nothing was to be gained by a prolonged questioning.

"Let me see," the sheriff said, counting on his fingers. "That makes four accounted for."

"I can vouch for the others, sir," Miss Dardin said. "They were all here when the horse came in."

Seth Hart entered from the porch, went respectfully up to Roden. "I ought to be on my way, Sheriff. With twelve cows to milk, I have to be up with the birds."

Roden grinned. "Sure, go along. And thanks for all you've done."

Seth's eyes found Else Magan. He gave a slight backward jerk of the head toward the outdoors. But she shrank down in her chair. He backed to the door, still looking at her.

"You go out there, Carl," Roden said to the marshal. "Keep that mob back."

Carl Quick shuffled out.

"Now!" Roden said. "Where's Camille's room?"

"Take him up, Else," Miss Dardin directed.

ELSE MAGAN preceded the sheriff, dabbing at her eyes.

"You knew her pretty well, eh?" Roden said.

"Better than anybody else. I—I roomed with her. She brought me over from there"—pointing to a door on the other side of the hall."

"That so! Who had roomed with her before?"

"Cissy Eden."

"What did she think of bein' moved out?"

"I don't think she minded. She and Camille didn't get along any too well. And then she knew that I'd like to be in here with Camille while we were getting ready to go away. We were to leave this coming Friday. She was going to her home in Ohio, and she was taking me with her. She had found me a nice position there."

"I see. Well, somethin' else'll turn up—for a nice girl like you."

She followed him into the large square room. The bed was to the left, the head toward the outer wall. There was a single window. To the right of it stood an oak desk, with envelope pockets at the back and a wide shallow drawer just under the top. Roden dropped into the chair before it. He pulled open the drawer and a great many fat envelopes shot upward from the compressed space. They showed evidence of much handling. He turned them up one at a time.

"She seems to've heard mostly from Cambridge, Ohio," he said. "Is that where she came from?"

"Yes, sir. Those are from Clyde—from Mr. Attar. They were to be married in June."

"That so? A tough break for him." He partly turned and looked at her. "From what Seth Hart said, I gathered you were the one that might be married in June."

"He—he wanted to. But Camille said I'd be wasting myself here. She said I ought to wait at least till I'd been out and seen what the world was like."

"Whereabouts do you live?"

"About three miles west of town. Not far from where Seth lives."

He let the letters fall back, and pulled out a folded note. He tensed as he read it. "Oh-oh!" he said eventually. "What's this?"

"Oh, that!" Else Magan. "I'm sure Camille meant to destroy it. She told me about it."

"It's signed Buck. That's Buck Chenton, eh?"

"Yes. He—he wanted her to marry him."

"So I gather. But she had other ideas. When did he write this note?"

"This morning. Ada, the maid, brought it up."

"How did Camille take it?"

"She would have ignored it, as she had the others. But it says he wanted to go riding with her. She said she would have to go down and bring him to his senses. She took me along. She said if someone was there to hear, it might get under his hide."

"How did he take it?"

"He accused her of caring for somebody else, and she told him about Clyde. He told her to bring Clyde on and he would whip him with one hand tied behind him. She got mad then. She told him there were things he didn't know, and that he ought to quit being a bully. I tried to leave, but she got my hand and made me stay."

"Funny she didn't let it ride, if she was leavin' Friday."

"She said she wanted to cure him before she left so that he would go back to Maurine."

"The housekeeper? Had Buck been after her?"

"He had before Camille came. We all thought they were engaged. But when he got to running after Camille, he forgot all about Maurine."

"Did Camille think she had 'cured him', as you put it?"

"She didn't know. The last thing he did was to pick up a hoe that was leaning against the barn. He got the handle by each end and just with his wrists bent it till it broke in two. Then he said, "'That's the way I'd do to your Clyde.'"

The sheriff shoved the drawer to absently, but kept the note. "You'll have to bunk somewhere else tonight. I'm goin' to have this room locked up," he said.

CARL QUICK had established an imaginary deadline a few yards from the house. The crowd, swelled to larger proportions now, pressed in a semicircle, while the marshal shuffled in a slow beat between it and the porch. Roden and Buck Chenton emerged. Roden paused to call out to the marshal, "Don't let anyone come here, Carl!" and followed Buck Chenton to the barn.

The big sorrel moved his ears as the sheriff entered the stall, but he did not raise his head.

"You haven't rubbed him down, eh?"

"No," Buck Chenton said. "I had other things to do."

Roden slid his hands over Zeb's skin. "How far would you say he ran, to work up a lather like he's got on him?"

Buck made a complete circuit of the stall.

"Not so far," he concluded. "I've seen many a miler come in off the track with more sweat on 'im than this un has."

"So've I," Roden said. "So he didn't start runnin' much beyond where the little lady was found."

Roden circled the horse, his eyes searching. Then he began to explore the body with his fingers. On the right buttock he felt a small lump. Zeb twitched when he pinched it, shifted slightly. Some of the substance of the lump came away in Roden's fingers.

"Bring a lantern, Buck!"

The lump proved to have been some clotted blood over a deep clean vertical gash which had been made by an instrument sharp on both sides, not by a knife with a single cutting edge. And by a pointed instrument, since the cut tapered symmetrically back to the deepest point of penetration.

"It's recent," Roden said. "Just a few hours old." He pulled out his pocket knife, opened it, and stood back a step. He made a motion of stabbing, his eyes on the knife blade. "Look!" he said. "That's the way you would hold it, the handle flat in the palm. And when I jab with it, the blade's flat. It'd go in crossways. But the cut there's perpendicular."

"Let me—" Buck took the knife, experimented. Then he said, "He didn't stab with the thumb side of his hand out front. He got the knife like you would an ice pick and stabbed with the other side of his hand to the front. That puts the blade up and down, see?"

"But what angle is it comin' from?"

Chenton looked. "Oh-oh. It's pointin' down, while that hole goes straight in."

"Right. And if you'd bring it up from below, it would point upward. It was made by someone standin' off to Zeb's right, and not behind him. Or by a little person. By a girl, say, that wasn't much taller than—"

"A girl!" Buck Chenton said sourly. "They's enough of them around! Do you suppose one of them janes—"

"I'm not supposin'. Where's the saddle that was on Zeb?"

BUCK lifted it down and carried it to a vacant stall. Roden placed it upright, the skirt spread and the stirrups extended.

"Did she carry a crop when she rode out?"

"She usually broke off a switch when she got out on the road. Fact is, I broke it—" Buck stopped.

"You broke it off for her?"

"Me? I said she broke it off herself. But what's that got to do with the way—"

"She likely held onto it till she was thrown off. That's one more way we can tell where she was unhorsed."

"That's so," Buck said.

The stirrups were of looped maple. Both bore certain shallow scratches, as if they had been pushed through briers. But the right one held a line that ran horizontally across the upper part of the loop. It was faintly green, a mark that might have been made had the rider been forced against a green snag.

"She was crowded that time," Roden said, speaking to himself. "But—oh-oh!"

He broke off because he saw the same faint line on the other side of the stirrup. A bit of bark had been securely tied around it; and no one, not even an experienced rider, would tie his own foot in a stirrup.

"You say you put a handle in a hoe. Where did you do it?"

"Out there." Buck nodded toward the door. "You don't mean you think I—"

"I'm not forgettin' you shut Maurine Law up."

"All right. I'll *show* you where I put the handle in."

The garden hoe was leaning against the barn, to the right of the door. The new handle had taken considerable whittling. Long thin shavings lay about. Roden swung the lantern around till the yellow light picked up a piece of the old handle a foot long.

"Looks like a new break," he said mildly. "What happened?"

"One of the horses must a stepped on it. It was broke when I found it."

"Where's the long part?"

Buck glanced about briefly. "It ought to be here some place."

Roden faced him so quickly that the movement was like a spring. "You didn't work on this in the dark. Where were you when the horse came in?"

Chenton was unruffled. "I told you that I was just killin' time around."

"Were you around when the note was thrown onto the porch?"

"Seth and me and that Clarence Birch were up near the road—if you call that bein' around. We heard the girls scream, and run down."

"Did you look for the person that threw it?"

"No. I guess we shoulda. But what the note said kinda took our minds off the man that throwed it."

"The man?"

"The girl said it was a hog. It couldn't a been. But if it was that big it must a been a man."

"Let's go up and look for his tracks."

Carl Quick stopped his pacing when he saw them. Of the crowd only a dozen or so men remained, talking in low tones. Clarence Birch's Ford was gone.

"You won't find nothin'," Quick said, "if you're lookin' for signs of the man 'at throwed the note. The crowd got away from me and tromped all over this ground."

Jess handed Buck the lantern he was carrying, saying, "Well, there's nothin' more we can do tonight. We might as well git a little sleep."

Quick, looking relieved, offered the sheriff a bed. "We ain't got nothin' fancy, but you're welcome to stay with us while you're working on this."

"Thanks, Carl. I'll take you up on that."

They skirted the little knots of men and bore diagonally toward the crest of the hill. When they reached the road, Roden said, "I'll not go any farther, Carl. I just wanted to make everyone think I'd gone for the night. There's a thing I want to look into when no one suspects that I'm around."

He turned back toward Friendly House.

But he did not go to the House. At the crest of the hill he entered the fringe of saplings and bore left until he came out on the south road at the top of the rise beyond the dip.

The smell of night was in the air, a cool smell sweetened by the presence of invisible flowers. Roden's feet fell with a quiet padding. Only once did he use the flash before he reckoned he had about reached the place he sought. Slowing, he pointed the beam of his pencil flash downward and pressed on the button. The car tracks were packed strips at either side. At one place human footprints crisscrossed the dust—a big shoe and a much smaller one. Here Seth Hart and Evelyn Dardin had searched in front of the car lights.

Seth Hart had strode along powerfully, his heels striking first. Evelyn Dardin's pointed spike heels had made deep holes, and here and there they had turned. In the center of the road and headed toward town, Zeb's tracks were great gashes.

Roden swung his flash and picked out shallower hoofprints headed in the opposite direction. At the left of the road. The leisurely tracks of a horse walking. He followed them a dozen paces or more. Paralleling Zeb's tracks were a man's. They were big, but Seth's had them beaten by an inch.

At a spot where both horse and man tracks appeared with considerable distinctness, the horse had been as near the edge of the road as he could get without stepping off. The man had been about a yard farther in—just about where he would have been had he been keeping pace with the sorrel.

"A man has gone along here, all right," Jess told himself, "but it doesn't follow that he was with her."

He resumed his former pace, the flash sweeping from side to side. And eventually it picked out the spot pressed with Seth Hart's big feet, where he had carried his burden up from the weeds and across to the car. Roden went immediately to the weeds. The body had ploughed into them, sheering some away. Enough had sprung back in place to conceal the body from Audry and Clarence on their first hurried search. Where Camille fell was plain enough. There was a saucershaped depression, the dirt piled up in front of it, and then similar depressions to the spot where the body had left the road..

"Not far from here, then," Jess said, "old Zeb took his tantrum."

And then he saw that he had been coming up hill, almost from the point where the body had been found. The great round track lost its ploughing quality at the top of the grade, and grew faint, became normal. But the horse had veered to the side of the road, had halted, swung in and out in a restless way. And here there were other horse tracks, weaving in and out, superimposed, giving evidence of skittishness.

"Oh-oh!" Roden said. "Somebody rode up on her."

The light from his flash was dimming, to his dismay. He wanted to see more, and tomorrow might be too late. The curious from Pine Ridge would swarm out and the place would resemble a picnic ground. But when the flash threw only a pale circle on the brown earth he snapped it off and struck down the grade toward town.

He had covered approximately half the distance to Friendly House when he heard vague sounds ahead of him. He turned his head and cupped his hand behind his ear. In a few moments he saw the dark outline of the approaching figure. He dropped to the ground, half crawled and half rolled to the shelter of the weeds below the road's shoulder. Directly above him the burly figure paused, then padded on.

Roden recognized Buck Chenton. He pulled himself up to the shoulder and began a stooped and cautious pursuit. At a certain place Buck left the road and ploughed through the weeds. In a few moments he returned to the road. He stamped a few times, as if to shake the dew and pollen off his legs, then turned back toward town.

When Roden dared take up the pursuit, he noticed that the burly caretaker was now walking with a cane. Roden itched to stop and have a good look at the man's footprint; compare it with the track that paralleled Zeb's. But it was more important to follow Buck.

When they reached the grounds of Friendly House, the caretaker paused at the corner of the barn. His arm swung briefly, and there was a small thud as the cane fell harmlessly a considerable distance west of the barn. There was then the sound of the opening and closing of a door, of a slide bolt shot in place.

Roden waited all of half an hour. Then he left his concealment. He found the stick without use of a light, picked it up curiously. It was the long end of the broken hoe handle. He stood fingering it for a moment. Then he put it back as he had found it.

THE next morning Roden took Carl Quick with him to the undertaking parlors to examine the body of Camille Lang. Her face was cruelly bruised. She wore tan breeches, tall riding boots beautifully tapering to small feet, and a pink blouse under an open-fronted sweater. Her head was bare.

On the front of the right boot the stirrup had pressed an uneven circle from one side of the instep to the other. But above the heel the line was high and faintly green, as though it had been impressed not by the wooden stirrup but by a bit of bark. There was an evidence of fraying, of very small particles of a green substance imposed upon the leather, of sap squeezed out before the bark finally parted. There was no doubt now. Camille Lang's foot had been tied in the stirrup.

"I'll look her over later," Roden said to the undertaker. "Leave her just as she is." And to Carl Quick, "Hunt up that Birch feller and tell him I want him to drive me out where they found the body. I'll be down at the House; I want to tell Miss Dardin something."

Roden had just reached the crest of the hill where the west road joined the south in an irregular Y, when Seth Hart clattered up in a loose-axled buckboard with the morning's delivery of milk. He sat in the front seat, one hand holding the reins and the other hand on the knee of a boy beside him.

"'Lo, Sheriff!" he called out. "How do things stand now?"—then "No, no!" to the boy.

The little fellow had slid from the seat the moment the buckboard halted, was at the rear pulling out the wire baskets of milk. He stopped at the command—a thin boy of about twelve, almost wholly without color, his slender face sickly looking. But he was decked out gaily in western fashion, a cap pistol in a holster at one hip and what looked like a bowie knife sheathed at the other, a pair of yellow cowboy boots.

Roden grinned; he liked boys. "Hello, sonny."

The youngster sniffled, remained silent.

"Jacko's not all there," Seth Hart said. "He's tetched in the head. But he's a good helper. He knows that when the wagon stops the milk comes out. So when I stopped here, he begun to unload. Know any more than you did last night?"

"Not too much. She was dragged, all right."

Seth gathered the lines. "Be seein' you," he said. "Got to git this stuff in before it warms up."

The boy caught at the seat, ran along with the wagon, and swung aboard in the best box-car manner. Roden cut across the lawn to the House.

"I have bad news," he told the housemother. "It now looks like the girl met with foul play. Keep everyone in here till I say otherwise."

Clarence Birch's Ford chugged over the crest of the hill, pointed down the curving road, and came to a noisy stop. Carl Quick waved a long arm in signal. Roden ran to the car and got in. Birch rolled to a start.

Seth Hart and Maurine Law, having carried the milk to the kitchen, were strolling back to the wagon. Maurine's lips were moving rapidly, and she frequently jerked her head in the direction of the House. Hart was wiping his hands on the skirt of a sweater whose sleeves he had knotted about his waist so that the garment fell behind him like a skirt. Little Jacko waited on the buckboard seat without any show of interest whatever.

"STOP when I say so," Roden said to Clarence Birch. "There's a thing I want to look at."

The car slowed to a crawl. Roden kept his eye on the road, said finally, "Here!" and got out.

It was at the place where Zeb had walked at the shoulder of the road and a man's tracks had run parallel. Roden searched until he picked up Buck Chenton's footprints of the night before. The two were the same. Buck had walked along beside Zeb the previous afternoon.

The sheriff got back in the car. Clarence achieved a burst of speed, but throttled down almost at once. "That's the place up there—just at the foot of the grade," he said excitedly. "Shall I stop?"

"Yes."

They got out, leaving the car in the road. Roden said, "That's the place they found her, Carl. See what you can make of it." He himself began a slow ascent of the grade, keeping to the left of the road, which would have been Zeb's right when Zeb was galloping toward town. He found the telltale bark binding about a third of the way up the hill, a good five feet from the road, where it had been flung either by a thrust of the horse's leg or by the force of its own snapping. It was fresh hickory bark which had been peeled from a sapling by making a gash somewhere up the bole and then jerking downward. About two feet long. The knot had held, the break occurring where the tension had been greatest above the heel.

He stuffed it in his pocket and continued along, looking for the switch. At the spot where he had encountered the criss-cross tracks the night before, all the hoofprints had been obliterated as if by a cloth drawn lightly over the earth, but with sufficient thoroughness to smooth out the place.

"Yeah," he said. "I've got someone scared."

Carl Quick came shuffling up the road, thwacking at Zeb's round tracks with a tapering stick. "Any luck?" he rumbled. "I saw where she first hit the ground. It's plain as day. Her—"

Roden interrupted. "What's the idea of the cane?"

"I found it down there beyond where she hit the weeds."

"Let me see it."

It was the kind of stick any man might cut on an idle stroll through the woods. The length was that of a cane. Both ends were nicely rounded and the knots had been pared smoothly away. It was of pawpaw wood. In the soft bark near the heavy end were the letters E. F., done in capitals.

BACK at Friendly House Roden dismissed Clarence Birch and told Carl Quick to go up to the undertaker's and keep an eye out there.

The housemother came to the door. Roden drew her out to the porch before he said, "Is Miss Law in?"

"Maurine? Yes, I think so."

"Which is her room?"

"It is on the lower corner, to the west."

"I'm askin' you to do somethin'. Have Maurine come out here and keep her till you see me walkin' up toward the road."

He threw his foot over the railing and dropped to the ground, waited below the kitchen until he heard the women's voices and the tread of their feet toward the door. Then he ran up the high steps and made his way to Maurine Law's room. He was looking for a skirt or a bit of heavy cloth that had been dragged in dust.

He found the wine-red dress Maurine had worn the night before. But there was no garment which could possibly have been used on the road. The only definite bit of information he picked up was that Maurine rubbed snuff: in practically every pocket was a four-inch dogwood brush such as addicts use to smear the powder over their gums.

He went next to the barn. The broken hoe handle lay where he had left it. He knocked on the door of Buck's room and when he received no answer, pushed it open.

There was no dust-covered cloth in the room, though the sheriff had hardly expected to find it there. Buck would have been more likely to snatch up a feed sack or a saddle blanket from the barn proper. But he had not. There were a number of empty feed sacks thrown carelessly in the alleyway, but they lay in their own dust. Nor did the saddle blankets, draped over the walls of the stalls, bear any evidence of other than legitimate use.

Roden stepped disappointedly into the yard, and went back to the House. He ascended the tall back steps and entered the hall, heard the noise of scrubbing in the kitchen, and pushed open the unlatched door. Cissy Eden looked up from the sink.

Roden nodded at her. "Washin', eh? Does each girl do her own?"

"Her specials," she said, and smiled. "I'm doing the rest just for good measure. The general wash for today has been called off."

He held up the cane Carl had found. "Do you happen to know anyone whose initials are E. F.?"

"We used to have a local girl here we called Ef. Her initials were E.F. Eunice Floy. But she doesn't live here any more."

"Graduated, eh?"

"No-o-o. She didn't exactly finish."

"You mean she was kicked out?"

"She was. Ef was a fool. She didn't care enough to be careful."

"Careful about what?"

Cissy shrugged. "She liked the men too much."

"How did Miss Dardin find it out?" Rodin persisted.

"Camille Lang told Miss Dardin."

"What happened after she told?"

"We voted on keeping Ef. One blackball will put a girl out. The idea is that we can't do our best work if one of us thinks some girl ought not be here. Camille voted against Ef."

"Well, I don't suppose she cared much."

"But she did! The girls here are supposed to be picked. Ef, here at the House, could meet men who wouldn't have looked at her down there where she lives."

"And she took advantage of it?"

Cissy's eyes fell. "Yes. She went with first one and then another. Then a really nice boy got interested in her."

"And she forgot the others?"

"I'm sure she meant to. That's the reason all of us but Camille voted to let her stay here."

"How did Camille git wise to Ef?"

"She—she caught her climbing in a window last Saturday night—a week ago, I mean."

"Her steady shouldn't've kept her out so late."

Cissy squirmed slightly, shrugged. "She hadn't been with him. She swore she was seeing someone else to tell him it was all over between them."

"Who is this feller that had taken up with Ef—the steady one?"

"Dean Goad. His father has the hardware store. Dean works there. He's awfully nice."

"And Ef—where does she live?"

"You go down the road about a mile and then take a footpath over to the left. It's an awful dump to live in, a sort of shack." She took a step toward him. "Tell me something—what put you onto Ef?"

He held up the cane. "This."

She looked at it. "Oh! She had quite a collection of those. Dean cut them for her when they went walking, and put her initials on them. That's what started us calling her Ef."

"You don't know how he took it when he found out she had been sent home?"

"No." A lively interest showed in her face. "We're all dying to know."

WHEN he left the house, Roden walked toward town. He decided to go and see what the young fellow had to say for himself.

He found Goad in the back of the store, a rather heavy-set young man with tightly brushed sandy hair above a pink smooth face. He looked up and saw the sheriff. He smiled, but the lips were a gray gash in his pink face.

Roden held out the cane. "Do you recognize this?"

Goad grew pinker. "I think so," he said. He reached for the stick and ran his circled fingers along it, ended with a brief glance at the letters E.F. "Yes, it's one I cut."

"When?"

"Yesterday, I think."

"It was found not far from where Miss Lang's body lay."

"I can understand that. We were out that way."

"We? Who?"

"Miss Floy and I."

"What time was it?"

"In the early afternoon."

"You knew why Miss Floy left Friendly House?"

"Not exactly. She slipped off without saying anything to me. That's what made me think there was something wrong—that and the way they acted when I went down to the House to see her last Sunday, a week ago yesterday."

"Why didn't you go to Eunice and find out from her?"

Goad attempted a smile. "I guess I was sore."

"So you decided to git it straight yesterday, did you?"

Goad took a deep breath. "I had to."

"Why didn't you have it out with her at the house?"

Goad said miserably, "I think she was ashamed to have me down there. It's not much of a place. Besides, she met me on the path."

"She did? Did she know you were comin'?"

Something like a sob caught in Goad's throat. "No. She said she came up the path every day, hoping I would come to her."

"And you turned south on the road?" Rodin inquired.

"Not exactly on the road. We were over in the trees."

"What time would you say it was?"

"Around two. Somewhere along there."

"Did you see Camille Lang ride out the road?"

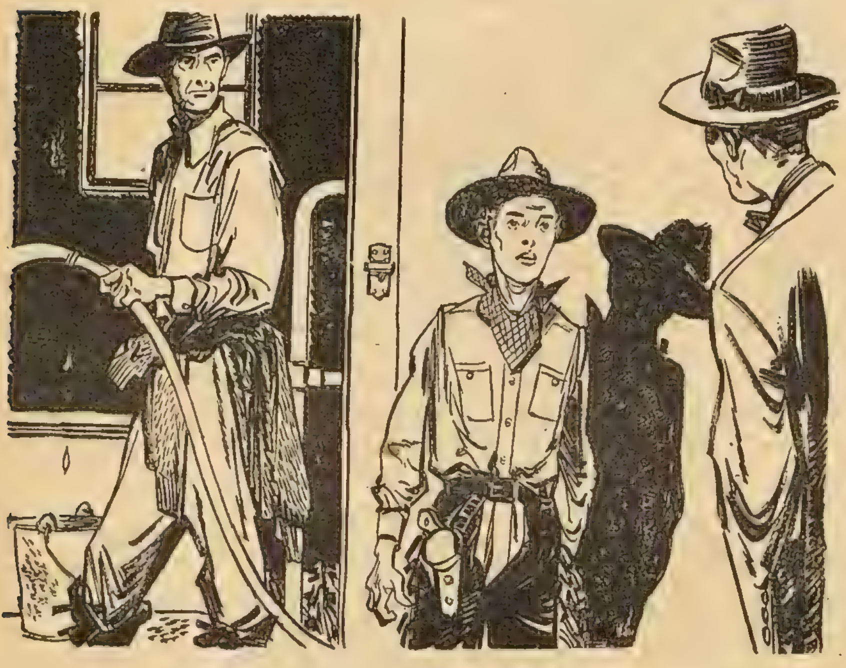
"Yes. And Eunice said Camille had told a lot of lies on her, so that they put her out of the House."

"Were the lies about men?"

Goad nodded miserably. "I suggested that we wait somewhere till Camille came back, and have it out with her."

"Did she agree to that?"

"No-o-o," Dean said in a puzzled way. "She said it showed I didn't trust her, or I wouldn't take Camille's word before I would hers. She started to cry. I finally told her that I was going back to the House and wait for Camille and get the straight of things with all of them there together. I even suggested that she come with me," he ended.



"But she wouldn't?"

"No. She just said that she was glad she had found out how I felt about her before it was too late."

"And then what—did you take her home?"

"I offered to. But she said she couldn't go home looking like she did. Her mother would ask questions."

"So you came back to town alone?"

"Yes. Just as I was leaving her, she asked for the cane. She said she wanted it to remember me by."

"And you came straight in?"

"Straight in. I didn't stop at the House. I had decided to go back after supper. Then I heard what had happened."

"And thought it was an accident?"

Goad looked up quickly. "But it was, wasn't it? The horse dragged her?"

"Yeah, it dragged her all right." Roden put a hand on the young man's thick shoulder. "And you keep your chin up. Things have a way of gettin' better when they're just so bad."

Roden walked leisurely toward the front door. Turning, he saw Goad put out a hand, pull himself to the counter, and lean weakly against it.

RODEN went back now to the undertaker to finish examining the body. The arms, he found, were not broken. The right clavicle appeared crushed by a great blow—perhaps when she first struck the ground. On the shoulder and cheeks were several deep cuts, made perhaps by stones littering the road.

The death wound was just above the right temple—a cruel depression running from the back of the ear toward the forehead. The blood was clotted around it, so that strands of hair were plastered against the skull. It was a deep groove, without angles or jagged points; had been imposed by a round instrument applied with great force. Death had probably been instant.

Roden was troubled by an incongruity. But he could not tell what it was. He began again with the shoulders, explored the bruises, the cuts, advanced to the face. And then he ran his fingers through the hair to the fatal groove. Then the incongruity leapt out at him.

The deep wound under the hair had seeped blood. But the gashes on the face and shoulders had not bled. Circulation of the blood had entirely ceased before the second set of gashes had been made. Camille Lang had been dead for a long time before the horse dragged her.

RODEN rushed out and found Carl Quick. "You say Clarence Birch took Seth Hart, the Dardin woman, and a girl named Audry Cole to look for the body?"

"That's the way I heered it."

"You git them all and bring them here."

The trip to Seth Hart's farm took the longest. But Clarence did not mind. He had gone first to the House for the two women; and as the little car bounced over the bumpy road, he had the pleasure of Audry Cole in the seat beside him.

Seth Hart was washing out the dairy, his yellow corduroys stuffed into rubber galoshes. The ubiquitous sweater, sleeves knotted at front, hung like a misplaced bag behind him. The boy Jacko was standing motionless outside. When Seth climbed into the back seat with Evelyn Dardin he gave the nitwit a shove backward, to indicate that the boy would have to remain behind. But just as the car turned, Jacko swung aboard.

"No, no!" Seth cried. "You can't—"

"Let him go, if he wants to," Clarence said. He was feeling unusually generous.

Jess Roden took them immediately to the back room, indicated the body. "I want you to look at her and see if there is anything different about her from what it was when you found her."

Seth Hart's glance was brief. He turned a worried face to the sheriff. "You mean the way she was layin' and all?"

"No. I mean in the way her face and head look."

Audry Cole shivered. "I didn't see her. It was too dark."

"How about it, Miss Dardin? Did she look like that when you brought her in?"

"I—yes, sir."

"No one washed her, cleaned her up any?"

"No! I am sure of it!" Evelyn Dardin said.

"Okay. That's all I wanted to know."

Seth Hart lingered after the others had gone out. "In the dark and all out there, Sheriff, I couldn't be sure. But I'd say she looked just that-a-way."

"Thanks, Seth. I hope I didn't bring you away from your twelve cows."

"You didn't. I was finishin' up when Clarence got there." He hesitated, the sun-grin fixed on his face. "Now I'm here, would it hurt for me to go down to Friendly House for a minute? I'd like a word with Else."

A twinkle came to Roden's eyes. "You and Clarence both!"

Hart nodded. "Clarence is a fool. Them imported girls'd never tie up with us hillbillies. But Else belongs here. We'd a been married before this if they hadn't put ideas into her head down at the House."

"But they've taught her a lot of things."

"That's what her Ma told me last Sunday."

Roden caught at the time automatically. "Sunday?"

"Yes. Else come home for the day, and had me up for dinner." He stopped suddenly. When he spoke again, his voice was hard. "If you've been thinkin' she is mixed up with this killin' you've got another think a comin'. She was at home from mid-mornin' till milkin' time. I was there with her."

"That's all right, Seth. I guess I had Sunday on my mind, and when you mentioned it—"

"Well, you can forget about it as far as Else is concerned." He added, "Did you say you was stumped? I didn't think you was *ever* stumped!"

Roden shrugged. "The girl was killed in the afternoon, but she was tied on the horse at dark. Got to find someone who could've been there at both times."

Seth fell back, aghast. "She was killed in the afternoon, you say?"

"Yes. So I am lookin' for someone that could've been out the south road both then and about dark."

When Seth had gone, Jess Roden hurried to the hotel where Dr. Josiah Denman lived and enlisted his services. They went back to the undertaker's and the doctor at once confirmed Jess Roden's conclusion in regard to the wounds.

"Can you say about how long it was from the time she was hit on the head till she was dragged by the horse?" Roden asked him. "I've *got* to know!"

Dr. Denman asked a few questions, then said, "It should be possible to determine at least roughly when she met her death."

He made a second examination and again reported to Roden.

"I took the liberty of determining whether the young lady had been attacked," he said. "She had not. From the condition of the stomach and the duodenum, I would conclude that she met her death not long after she set out. The wound on the head was caused by a round wooden instrument. Something like the handle of a rake, or a fairly large club—"

"Or a hoe?"

"A hoe would have done it, yes, sir. I merely meant to exclude the possibility of metal. The cut is not sufficiently incised for that. But you no doubt observed that there were teeth marks on the young lady's right hand."

"Teeth marks? Show me!"

They were in the soft flesh just above the thumb—the two incisors broad and sharp, flanked on either side by a single eye tooth; and to judge from the impressions, the eye teeth extended considerably below the incisors. On the bony part of the hand back of the thumb, the imprint was a mere circular bruise.

Roden said, "Man's teeth."

"Or a woman's," Denman amended. "They were not animal."

THE coroner's jury considered the evidence Roden presented. There was the shallow English saddle, and beside the extended right stirrup, the polished tan boot of Camille Lang. Innocently displayed on the saddle seat was the bit of hickory bark. It was tied in a hard knot but was broken in the center; and in a region where tough bark was universally used as a convenient tie-string, it was a familiar object to every juror present. Jess Roden explained that it had been used to bind the girl's foot in the stirrup. He read the mysterious note to them, placed it on the desk.

"But if he had seen somethin'," a juror protested, "why didn't he come out and say so! That's what I'd a done!"

"Whoever wrote the note," Roden said, "has his own reasons for doing it the way he did. All we want to show now is that there might've been foul play, and that someone saw it. Or he saw somethin', at any rate."

Dr. Josiah Denman then testified to his findings.

The verdict was unanimous: Camille Lang had met her death at the hands of a person or persons unknown, sometime in midafternoon of Sunday May 9.

Shortly after that a hillman rode into town and hunted up Jess Roden to give some information.

"I'm Vic Stark," he told Roden. "Sunday evenin' at milkin' time, I went out to git my cow, but I couldn't find her. I saddled up and went lookin' for her. I was maybe two miles south of here when dark caught me. And then I heard a horse lopin' ahead of me, goin' toward town. But I hadn't seen no signs of anyone on the road, so I went on to about where the horse was when I first heard him. He was still goin' strong, away ahead. I stopped at the top of a hill, thinkin' I might as well go back home, when someone come out of the bushes. It was light enough to tell she was a woman, but it was too dark to see her face. I said, 'Hello, there!' and she jumped and started runnin' up this-a-way. I thought maybe she was mixed up with the horse, that it might a got away from her or throwed her. So I called after her, but she didn't stop."

"You didn't write a note and bring it to the House?"

"I did not. I went back home. The cow was at the stable when I got there." He grinned worriedly, as at the vagaries of cows in general.

Roden looked Stark over briefly. He was a serious man, in his forties—not one to ride up behind an inexperienced girl to set her horse to prancing. His mount had likely made the tracks which the sheriff had observed as joining those of Zeb, but by that time Zeb was already pounding on his way.

"All right, Vic. Thank you for comin' in."

"That's all right. I just wanted to git it off my chest."

When Stark had ridden away the sheriff sent for Clarence Birch and his car, and they drove out to the place where the cane was picked up by Carl Quick. Roden got out and told Birch not to wait.

AT the top of the rise the smoothed-over area was as he had left it. Certainly a cloth had been used, something smooth. He thought of Camille Lang's sweater. Something like that could have turned the trick.

He entered the woods. The earth fell gradually, then lifted in a slow sweep to what was evidently a ridge a mile beyond. To the right it dropped away to the tableland over which the road ran. To the left it rose to a ragged peak a half mile or so away.

Passing a clump of hazel bushes, a hundred and fifty feet in from the road and considerably to the left of where he had entered the trees, he heard the flies. Dozens of them rose at his approach, buzzing; circled briefly and returned to settle on fragments of horse manure.

"Oh-oh!" Roden said. "This is the place Zeb was tied!"

It was, but it had been very carefully dragged with a rake, or a bundle of twigs held loosely in the hand. A single large mound of manure had been broken up. The thick carpet of leaves had been raked, turned over, evenly spread; those which had lain underneath were darker, moister, than the rest.

The horse had been tied to a whiteoak sapling. The brittle gray bark had been smoothed by the frettings of the bridle. Underneath the leaves, the ground bore the marks of Zeb's big hoofs, pawing, stamping. Roden searched the place closely, but could find with no certainty either where the body had lain or where the killer had sat.

He walked about, kicking the leaves fretfully, his glance raking every hickory sapling from which a bit of bark might have been peeled. He stopped when he saw a small stick leave the ground before his toe and sail through the air. He followed it and picked it up, found himself holding a four-inch dogwood snuff brush.

He pocketed the brush and renewed his search, going in widening circles. Several yards up the hill faint horse tracks led southwest, toward the distant crag. Just below the first great stone that marked the ascent he saw that a bit of wild grass had been neatly nipped off. Then the tracks simply disappeared.

He climbed up on the stone and had sat for ten minutes when a tiny shaft of light slanting down the hill caught his eye. But by the time he had glanced up incuriously, it was gone. It came again. He lifted his head.

Nothing was above him save the stones, and the great ragged cliff which marked the summit. But the beam caught him again. Then he saw movement on the highest stone. A stick was moving—circling as though it followed an arc. Light flashed from its tip and produced the beam.

It was the barrel of a rifle. There must be a still in the crag, and the rifle was held loosely and idly between the knees of a lookout sitting behind the rock.

Extending his legs until his feet hung over the rock, Roden slid to the ground.

He began to climb, keeping back of the scrub timber where possible, crouching from great rock to great rock. But there were places where his only footing was directly over the stone. If the lookout should decide to rise, either to stretch or change his position, the sheriff would stand out in silhouette.

He made his plan as he neared the summit. He would emerge suddenly behind the man, cover him. It would work all right provided no third party was near. If the man had his back to the stone there would be no slipping up behind him. He wouldn't be facing the summit of the crag: there was nothing to watch out for in that jagged pile of stone. It would be either south or west.

HE stepped from behind the stone, caught the sour smell of mash the instant he did so, and swung on the lookout—a boy not over seventeen.

"All right, bub," Roden said.

The boy jumped and whirled, swinging the rifle before him, pushing it forward to get a hand on the grip. Roden sprang sidewise, pointing his own gun at the rifle's trigger guard. There was a scraping noise somewhere behind him, like a tub being dragged over stone. As the boy glanced toward it Roden sprang at him and stuck the gun in his ribs.

The boy opened his mouth suddenly, screamed, "Pap! Come out here quick!"

A bony face appeared from between two pillar-like stones, hung for a moment motionless. A big foot slid forth in a heavy brogan. The man pulled himself through the opening and ambled forward.

When he was within a few feet he said, "Good mornin', Sheriff." And to the boy, "It's all right, Rufe. This is Sheriff Roden, from Deer Lick. I been expectin' him."

Roden lowered his gun. "Who are you?"

"Clem Stafford. That's my boy Rufe. I writ the note that brung you here."

"This note?" Roden fished in his pocket.

Stafford looked curiously. "The same."

"Then you must've seen somethin'."

"Sure. Put down the gun, Rufe. The sheriff's all right."

Clem Stafford climbed up on the great rock. "Come up here, Sheriff."

Roden obeyed and Stafford went on. "From this p'int, you can see about everything that goes on. That's the reason we picked this place for our little business. Rufe'll never git over it, the way you ketched him nappin'. How did you happen to spot us?"

"I followed some horse tracks to the foot of the hill. Then I saw the sun on the bead of his gun. I guessed the rest."

"I didn't figger you could foller the horse tracks. Did you see the woman's too?"

"Was there a woman with the horse?"

"This is how it was," Clem Stafford said, settling back on his arms. "On the Sabbath, I usually knock off around noon and go home, leavin' Rufe to kinda look after things here. Well, last Sunday it was nigh sundown when I come back to see that everything was all right. Rufe lit out as soon as I got here, to go and hell around the way younguns do these days. So I set down on this rock to rest me a spell." He broke off, pointed. "See down yonder, how the trees thin out in spots? And away over there—do you see a corner of the road?"

"Yes."

"I seen a horse wanderin' up through the woods, a sorrel. He was saddled. You don't see a horse wanderin' around saddled, 'cept they's somethin' wrong. I watched 'im a few minutes, thinkin' that maybe I'd ought to go and ketch 'im. Just as I was figgerin' to, this woman came up after 'im. She ketched 'im and took 'im back. She was almost as big as a man."

"Could it've been a man?"

"A man don't wear skirts. She had on one of them short ones. When she begin to climb the hill a little, I could prit-nigh see all of her legs." He chuckled softly. "I decided I'd git my telescope and have a good look. But when I come back, she was gone. I mulled over it for maybe an hour, and then I swung off around the rocks and down to where they had been. They wasn't there, but I kept goin'. See that corner of the road over there?"

"Yes."

"I was comin' out about there, when I heard somethin'. You know how a horse acts when you're tryin' to hold 'im and git on, or tighten the girth or somethin'? That's what I heard. I moved a little closter, and then I was sure I heard someone pantin'. A minute later I heard the horse runnin' hell for leather. No horse'd run like that 'ceptin' somethin' was wrong. I went after it. I was almost out of the woods when a car come out, and before I could git much further it come back again."

"Were you on the road when it passed?"

"I ducked into the woods. You see, I thought they was after *me*. I hadn't much more 'n got out of the brush when the car came back again, startin' and stoppin'. And down yonder they found the body. I got near enough to see it wasn't the woman I'd seen comin' for the horse. And that's all. I come back here and writ the note and carried it in and throwed it on the porch."

Jess thought a moment. Then, "There was another horse on the road about that time. Did you see it?"

"No. I didn't see no other horse."

"And the man who was on the other horse says he saw a woman running away. Did you see her?"

"That musta been after I'd lit out toward town. Who was this man?"

"His name's Vic Stark."

"I know Vic. The woman runnin' away musta been the one that came up after the horse."

"Yes. I suppose she waited a little before goin' back in."

"But she didn't go back. I'd a seen her. How's the case stand, Sheriff?"

Jess gave the main details. Stafford heard him through, and said, "I'm glad I fetched you here, Sheriff. In a thing like this, every decent law-abidin' citizen's got to lend a hand." He slid off the rock. "I've got somethin' extra special up there. If you've got time, we'll sample it."

THEY proceeded to the crag, entered through the narrow crevice. Rufe started up when they emerged into the uneven low cave which housed the still. Stafford pulled a bottle from behind a stone.

Roden took a snort. "That's A-1," he said.

"I make A-1," Stafford said proudly. "They's a pint under there you can take with you, if you've a mind to. It won't cost you a cent." He ran his hand behind the stone again.

"Rufe," he said ominously, "did you snitch that pint?"

"I give it away."

"You give it away? Who did you give it to?"

"Eunice come up a little while. She took it."

"You can't put that over on me! Eunice is livin' with them do-gooders down in town."

"She was," Rufe corrected. "But she's done gone back home. She was here all Sunday afternoon."

Stafford spoke with ominous restraint. "I told you I didn't want you playin' around with her."

"I couldn't order her off, could I?"

"When did she come?"

"Oh, around three-four."

"When did she leave?"

"She left when she seen you comin'."

Roden spoke. "Did she carry a stick, a kind of cane!"

"She don't need a cane!" There was an adolescent pride in Rufe's voice. Then to his father he said surlily, "When she wanted a pint, I couldn't say 'no' to her, could I?"

Stafford answered him, his tone aggrieved. "Well, you see where it leaves me. I go to give it to a friend, and you've done give it to that woman!"

"It's all right," Roden protested. "Maybe I'll be up this way again and you'll have some more."

"Try me!" Stafford cried heartily. "But do you need to be goin'?"

"Yes. There's some things I want to look into."

THE shack in which the Floys lived perched squalidly on the edge of a gully, and was reached by a plank thrown across. There was no garden and no stable. A slatternly woman opened the door at Roden's knock.

"Does Eunice Floy live here?"

"Yes." She turned back to the room, said, "Eunice! Someone to see you."

Eunice Floy was winsome. Her mouth was wide and unbelievably lush, and her smile drew back the corners without flattening the lips, so that they remained a full crimson bow. Her hair was the color of copper. She was in shorts and bra, her midriff bare. Her skin was brown, perfectly smooth.

"Come in." Her voice was brassy. When she spoke she became heavy, carnal.

Roden entered the single room. The floor was bare but clean. Two bunks, one on either side of the clumsy stone fireplace, were made up to look like couches. The woman moved to the other end of the room, and Eunice nodded to a chair, herself dropped to a bunk.

"My name is Roden. I came to talk to you about what happened at Friendly House. It's got out that you—"

"Who told you?" She sat up straight, the wide mouth hardening.

"They sent for me when they found the body. I'm the county sheriff, in case you don't know it."

"Found the body?" Eunice echoed in bewilderment. "What *are* you talking about?"

"What were *you* talkin' about?"

"I was talking about what happened at Friendly House. They sent me home because that—"

"You don't know what happened Sunday night? You didn't know Camille Lang was killed?"

"Cami— No!"

"She was killed Sunday afternoon, around three o'clock. Somebody hit her with a club. She had gone out for a ride."

"And they killed her while she was out?"

"Yes. Up on the road. Not very far from here."

She shot him a look, said sharply, "But why do you come to me?"

"It's got out that they expelled you from the House, and that Miss Lang was the ringleader in the ouster."

"She was a nasty, spiteful little hussy. She picked on me because I was poor. There were others slipping out to see men and then climbing back in the window!" Her voice had turned harder. "And she didn't open her mouth because it was her precious 'sisters'. It was only when it was me, a nobody—"

"Maybe the sisters didn't do it," Roden said.

"I caught Cissy Eden climbing up the trellis. And Camille could have found it out if she had wanted to."

Roden looked at Eunice mildly. "Where were you, Sunday afternoon?"

"Why, I was here." She appealed to the woman, who had come near. "Wasn't I, Ma?"

"I—I think so. I—yes, you were, I recollect now."

"You didn't take a walk with Dean Goad?"

She caught her breath, rallied instantly. "But I thought you meant around three o'clock. Dean and I were out much earlier. I was back before three. I remember now."

Roden had it on the tip of his tongue to ask her what Rufe Stafford would say to that assertion. But he had learned what he came for. Eunice Floy had a temper, and her hatred of Camille Lang was furious. She was not large, but she was muscular. Her stocky legs below the brief shorts were well-formed and strong. She could handle Camille's weight. And if she had been wearing shorts on Sunday, they would have accounted for the display of leg which had excited Clem Stafford.

He rose with a show of apology. "If you were here, you were here."

Her face cleared. She got quickly to her feet. "Mind if I walk with you a piece?"

"Not at all. Be glad to have you."

"It's lonesome down here," she said. She preceded him across the plank bridge.

"You didn't git along well at Friendly House, eh?"

"They're a bunch of stuck-ups!" she said crossly. "They fought like a bunch of old hens. Your little friend Camille was always at it with the housekeeper." She laughed with relish.

"What started them off?"

"Buck Chenton was Maurine's sweetie before Camille came. But he went gaga about Camille." She moved closer to him, put a hand on his arm. "Sit down and rest a minute," she coaxed.

"No, I'll be goin' on now. I've got a lot to do."

"If you don't stay, you'll always wish you had."

"I don't doubt that," he said wryly. "But I'd better skip."

IT was near noon when the sheriff strolled up to Friendly House. Outside the barn, Buck Chenton sat twirling a broken hoe handle.

"I found that hoe handle you were askin' about," he said as Roden came up.

"Yes? Where was it?"

"Out there." Buck jerked his head to indicate the place.

Roden watched him. Roden was looking for teeth, the two front ones wide and square-ended, each flanked by an extra long one. But his quest ended almost before it had begun. They were Buck Chenton's teeth. As the big fellow grinned, they were bared to the gums. Their pattern was the pattern on the fleshy base of Camille Lang's thumb.

Roden turned away saying, "Well, I'd better go up to the House."

Carl Quick had just brought the mail when the sheriff reached the porch. Roden looked it over. There was an envelope postmarked Cambridge, Ohio, addressed in the handwriting of the sheaf of letters in Camille's desk. Well, by now, Clyde Attar would know what had happened.

There was another letter with the Cambridge postmark addressed to Buck Chenton. It came, as the return address indicated, from the Guernsey County Truckers Association.

"Take it all in and put it on that table where the telephone is," Roden directed.

As Carl Quick shuffled through the door, Roden strolled to a seat from which the telephone table was directly in his line of vision. He watched the girls come in. The bundle of mail and home-town papers had dwindled to almost nothing, and the room was deserted, when Maurine Law bulked in the hall doorway and waited until no one was around. Roden knew there had been no letter for her; but she picked up one and hurried out of the room.

Roden was at the door as her broad back disappeared down the hall. It took him but an instant to cross to the table. The letter to Buck Chenton was gone.

"So," he said. "Likely she's takin' it to him. It'd give her a chance to see him, at any rate."

He went out and around the house. But Maurine did not emerge from the back door. He was certain that she could not have reached the barn before he turned the corner of the house. He waited a minute, two minutes, before he went back into the house. Maurine was not in any of the downstairs rooms. The stairway to the basement descended out of the kitchen. He hurried down as quietly as possible, found Maurine in a far corner, bent absorbedly over a teakettle. An envelope was in her hand; she was steaming open the flap.

He watched her. She ran her fingers inside and drew out the contents, scanned them quickly. She strode to the furnace, opened the door.

"No, you don't! It's against the law to tamper with somebody else's mail!"

She uttered a low throaty sound and whirled to face him. The letter had dropped to the cement floor. He stooped and picked it up, read it. It offered Buck a job as driver of a milk truck between Cambridge and an outlying town.

Roden looked at Maurine. "Why were you burnin' it?"

Unnerved, she said explosively, "He would have gone if he had seen it—anyhow. Even though she is dead. He wants to go away."

"I'll be keepin' this." He spoke shortly, and turned toward the stairs.

THE next morning, after one of Mrs. Quick's huge breakfasts, Roden stopped at the hardware store. Dean Goad, Eunice's friend, came forward.

"I'm lookin' for a knife," Roden said cheerfully. "A good-sized pocket knife, say with three blades."

"We can fix you up." Goad got out one.

Roden opened it, tested the blade with his thumb. A twinkle came to his eyes. "When I buy a thing, I always like to find out what brand the dealer uses. What kind of knife do you carry?"

"One something like that, though not quite so large. At least I did have one like it," Goad added. "But I lost it. Anyhow it wasn't in my pants Monday when I changed back to my everyday clothes. It may be around somewhere."

"I hope it turns up. Maybe you'd like to hang onto this one, just in case."

"No, that one is too large for my liking."

"All right, then. I'll take it."

Roden paid for the new knife, pocketed it, and went out. The killer had had a knife. He had peeled bark, stabbed Zeb. Roden ran his fingers over the big screwdriver blade of the knife in his pocket. It was queerly pointed, somewhat sharp on both sides of the point.

He made his next stop Friendly House.

"I'm goin' to have to do some checkin' up," he told Miss Dardin. "Was everybody present at dinner last Sunday?"

"Everybody was here but Else and Cissy. Miss Magan, you know, and Miss Eden. Else had gone to spend the day at home. She was leaving Friday, and asked for the day at home before she left. Cissy rode out not long before noon to have dinner with Else."

"What horse did she ride?"

"The one we call Andy."

"What time did Cissy come back?"

"I would say it was between three and four o'clock."

"Maurine Law was here at dinner time, was she?"

"Yes. But she had the afternoon off. She left about one-thirty. She told one of the girls she had a date."

Cissy Eden came up to them just then, carrying a ledger-like book with a thick gray back.

"I wanted to ask about the entries since last Sunday," Cissy said to Miss Dardin. "I could begin with today, or I could get the information from each girl and fill in since Sunday the best I can."

Evelyn Dardin said, "I think it would be better to go back and fill in the record as best you can."

"That's what I thought, but I wanted your opinion," Cissy smiled engagingly at Miss Dardin, at Roden, a dimple appearing in each cheek. "I am sorry I bothered you. I didn't know Mr. Roden was here."

When she had gone, Miss Dardin said, "We keep a record of each girl's whereabouts for every day. It was Camille's task, but Cissy volunteered to take it over."

"What kind of record?"

"We have our House rules. All girls must be in by ten o'clock at night unless they are granted special permission to the contrary. Things like that." She looked at the sheriff a bit grimly, added, "You can't be too careful with a houseful of girls.

Walking away, Roden glanced at the sun. It indicated mid-morning. He faced southward with a feeling of helplessness. Somewhere in the hundreds of acres of woodland that stretched before him was a small switch; and somewhere also was a little hickory sapling with a strip peeled off its side.

He tramped on till he reached the head of the grade; and from there to where the vague path emerged from the still he looked only cursorily, for he had been over the ground once. But after he had left the crag over to his right, he paid more attention. Zeb's big tracks were still visible in places, though the outlines had frayed away. And indistinctly here and there were marks of other iron shoes, not so large as Zeb's. That might have been Vic Stark after his cow.

After it rounded the crag, the road took a westerly direction. About two miles beyond the crag it intercepted a ridge, where it gradually faded out into a fanlike series of paths little used. Roden caught his breath at the prospect before him—the tree-studded mountain dropping away from the ridge to an idyllic valley lazy in the morning sunlight. The valley swept to the south and west, ended far away in the great Harkney Range which thrust up in a blue haze.

"So," he said. "This is what she rode out to see."

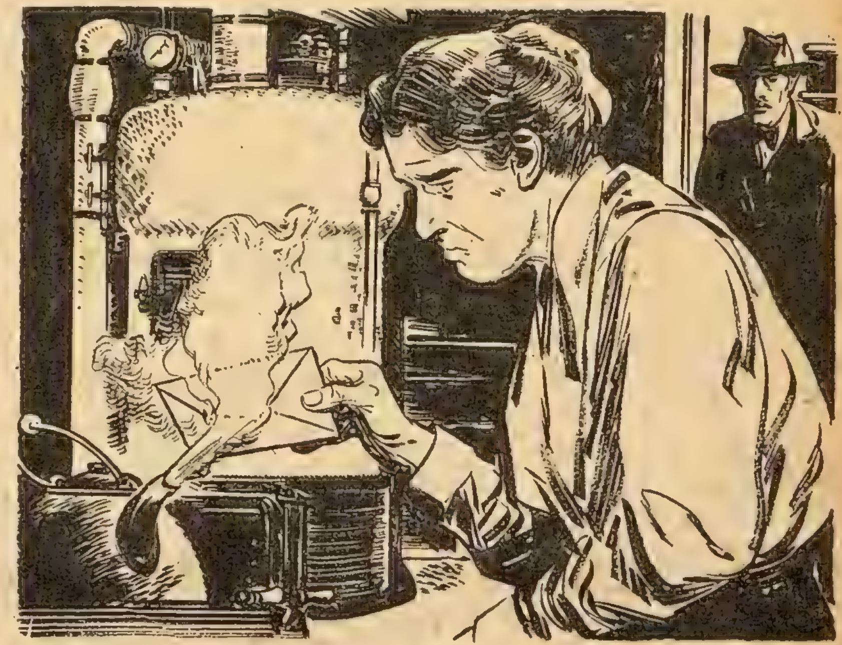
He took in his more immediate surroundings, saw the switch not four feet away—the butt end slick from the grip of the hand and nicked by the thumb nail, the tip frayed from repeated idle strikings. The switch had not been broken from its limb. It had been cut. The end was nicely whittled.

His mind made the connection for him this time without any delay. "The fact is, I broke—" Buck Chenton had said, and stopped.

"He meant cut," Roden corrected.

One thing could now be determined: whether she had been tied on here. If she had, the bark had been peeled from a sapling not far away. Roden left the road warily, his eyes darting. There it was—a peeled strip along the bole of a hickory like a yellow snake.

This was the place. The killer had clubbed Camille Lang to death here at the end of the road, but had made another spot, miles away, seem the place of the crime, calmly waiting from mid-afternoon till dark to finish what had begun here.



Abruptly Roden cocked his head at the sound of an automobile, laboring. He frowned. What would anyone in his right senses be doing in a car out the south road? He ran the hundred yards or so to the open space at the top of the ridge and stood waiting, saw the little Ford when it reached the brief straightaway. Clarence Birch was bringing his car to a stop. Carl Quick, in the seat beside him, opened the door clumsily and eased himself out. He beckoned Roden out of earshot of Clarence.

"I got to git somethin' off my chest, Sheriff," he said, and shamefaced, made his confession about letting Cissy Eden sneak into Friendly House on Sunday night.

"Did she act like she was out of breath, like she might've been runnin'?" Roden questioned.

"She was sweatin', Jess."

"Are you sure? Was it light enough to see?"

"No. She kissed me. Her lips was wet with sweat. She wheedled me. She said she'd been havin' a little harmless fun. The way she acted kind of got me. I let her go ahead and climb in."

"Did you know she was out this way on a horse last Sunday afternoon?"

"I heered it a little while ago. That's why I come to tell you."

"Well, no harm was done. So forget about it. Now: this road was runnin' almost due west when it stopped. What's on ahead?"

"Not much, to the south. The Magans and Harts live under the ridge, just to the north."

"The south road sort of curves right and joins the west road?"

"It don't join it. It stops here. But the west road is just up the ridge a ways."

"So that someone from Magan's could have got down here in a hurry, and then back to the west road again?"

"That's right. It wouldn'ta took but a few minutes."

"All right, Carl. I want to do a little scoutin' around. You and Clarence go back."

AT a little bank, where the earth dropped unevenly to a vague path running diagonally down the hill, Roden saw that a horse had come up, probably at some speed. And a bit farther along, it had descended. There was no mistaking the tracks.

The path emerged in a clearing; and less than a quarter of a mile away, on the rocky hillside, a small house squatted. Not far beyond it was a larger one and spread out below it toward the narrow valley were the twelve cows of Seth Hart. The west road ran between the two houses. If the second was the Hart place, the first would be the Magan.

Roden studied the terrain.

Cissy Eden could have left the Magan place headed toward Pine Ridge in an orthodox fashion. But where the road entered the timber a short distance up, she could have veered and kept in concealment all the way to the end of the south road. The return could have been made in the same manner.

Roden continued along the path to the first house, called the conventional "Hello." A prematurely old woman came to the screenless door.

Roden went nearer. "Mrs. Magan?"

"Yes."

"I'm Jess Roden, the sheriff. Could I have a word with you?"

Unexpectedly she covered her face with her hands. "I knowed hit. The cows don't bawl that-a-way 'less there's death in the air. They smell hit. They started bawlin' at twilight Sunday. I says to Pap, 'Hear that? Hit *means* somethin'.' They kep' hit up till night midnight. I knowed hit was a omen, then."

"Maybe so. I wanted to ask you about last Sunday. Else was home for the day, wasn't she?"

"She was. Hit was her good-by day."

"And she asked Miss Eden to come up for dinner?"

"Yes, and as purty a girl as ever I laid eyes on. And as nice as she was purty."

"Did she stay long after dinner?"

"She stayed to he'p with the dishes."

"Was Seth Hart here too?"

"Yes. He stayed hyar till milkin' time."

"And after the dishes were washed, Miss Eden left, did she?"

"Not long after. She winked at Seth and said she'd have to be gittin' back. Seth got her horse, and she left."

"Does Seth live in that house down there?"

"Yes. Him and his ma and Jacko. She's a widder, but she's got a no-account man on the string."

"Since I'm up here, I believe I'll go down and see him."

Jess went on down.

Jacko stood before the small frame building, watching the sheriff without expression. "Hello, Jacko!" Roden called. "Is Seth around?"

The boy made no answer, but Seth appeared in the doorway, wiping his hands on the dangling sweater tied around his waist.

"What brings you up here?" he said, not too cordially.

"It's about Cissy Eden, Seth, I'm—"

Jacko made the rare gesture of lifting a small pale hand. Seth turned. The boy was looking intently toward a pole fence, where a great gray rat sat regarding them. Seth stooped as if exploring for something to throw.

"Damn them rats! If I had a gun—"

Roden slipped a revolver from his hip and fired without sighting. The rat tumbled backward and lay kicking. Jacko's eyes, fascinated, swung to the gun.

"Like to try it, Jacko?" Roden dropped to his knees before the boy.

The nitwit's eyes sought permission of Seth, who said, "Sure. Go ahead."

Jacko took the gun in both hands and held it waveringly.

"No, no!" Roden said. "With one hand. Like this."

With one hand Jacko fired. And then he snatched the cap pistol from his own holster and was shoving the revolver home when Seth took it away.

"He can't talk, eh?" Roden observed curiously.

"No." Seth tapped his forehead. "The only thing that ever gits a rise out of him is a gun or somethin' to shoot at." Then, "What was you goin' to say about Cissy?"

"Miz Magan says she left here about the time—"

"You don't mean to say you think Cissy done it?"

"I'm not sayin', Seth. Did you notice what time it was when she left?"

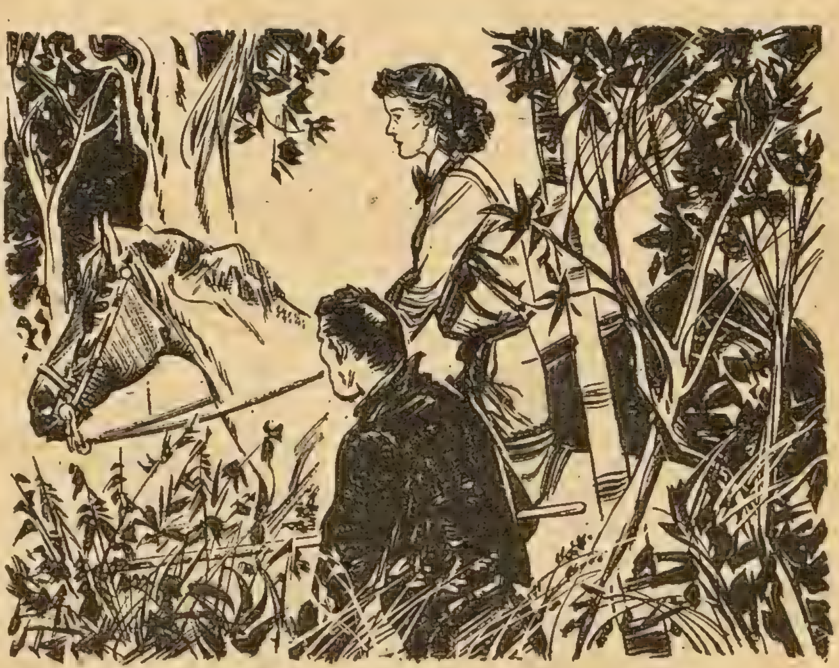
"Around two-thirty or three."

"That's what I wanted to know. But I'd rather you wouldn't mention what I've said."

Seth nodded, but not too happily.

RODEN had reached certainty before he got back to town. But it was then too late to assemble all those concerned and make the whole case an open record. Morning would do.

He was up early. First, he sent Clarence Birch to bring Eunice Floy up to Friendly House. Then he himself, his eyes very bright, started for the House. Dean Goad, opening his father's hardware store, saw him, hesitated, and then, locking the door, set out at a discreet distance behind him.



Roden reached the House just as Seth Hart's buckboard turned in there, the nitwit Jacko a miniature cowboy on the high seat. Clarence Birch arrived next with Eunice Floy in her shorts and bra, her wide red mouth disdainful.

The House began to be astir. Buck Chenton emerged from his quarters lazily, but started and stiffened when he saw the group. Maurine Law came out on the back stoop, made a quick motion of turning back, only to collide with Cissy Eden. Roden motioned them both down the slope to him. Girls thrust their heads out of windows only to find that they were out of the range of the voices at the barn, and then they trooped downstairs and spewed out of the doors.

Maurine Law stood twisting her apron. A dogwood snuff brush slipped from the pocket and fell to the ground. Roden stooped for it, held it out to Maurine. Her hand darted out to retrieve it before the crowd could see what it was. But there were two brushes. Maurine closed her fingers on them both.

"Both yours, eh?" Roden said. "That's funny. I found one out in the woods where the horse had been tied. How could it've got there?"

Maurine fell back a step. She stood regarding the sheriff through wide staring eyes.

"Where did you go?" he said.

"I—I went over through the woods."

"What did you go over there for?" He eyed her keenly.

"I went to see if Buck followed Camille out the road, like I thought I'd seen him doing other times."

"And he did, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was waiting for her at the edge of the woods, just above the dip. He stepped to the road and went along with her."

"Did you see him cut off a switch for her?"

"Yes."

Roden said softly, "What did he do with the hoe handle while he cut the switch—lay it down?"

"He put it under his arm."

"And then they went on together?"

"Yes. I kept along in the woods."

"Did you see him bite her hand?"

"I didn't know what he had done, but I saw him git her hand and put it to his mouth. She screamed and said, 'You hurt me, Buck!' "

"What happened after that?"

"She switched the horse and he bolted with her. Buck didn't try to follow her. He went over in the woods."

"How long did you wait for him?"

"Till I heard Zeb come in."

"And when you heard what had happened, you thought Buck had done it, eh?"

"Not just at first. But later Sunday night he threw a pebble against my window and I went out. He said you had it in for him, and for me not to say a word about what I had seen." With a pleading lift of her arms she started toward Buck Chenton, crying, "I didn't mean to tell him, Buck darling!"

"Let him speak for himself," Roden said, pulling her back.

Buck declared succinctly, "That about tells it all."

"It doesn't tell that you slipped out the south road for the hoe handle late Sunday night."

"No," Buck agreed. "I'd forgot about the hoe handle till you mentioned it. And then I remembered where I'd left it. I watched my chance and went out after it."

"How long did you wait out there Sunday afternoon?"

"Until Zeb went by. I wanted to see Camille again. But the way Zeb was goin', I thought she had it doped out that I'd wait, and was tryin' to git by me."

"And then you came back. Did you see Maurine on the way in?"

"He didn't because I came back through the woods," Maurine explained.

EUNICE FLOY stepped up to the sheriff, put a red-nailed hand on his arm. She had seen Dean Goad in the crowd.

"Leave me out of it, sir," she whispered in Roden's ear. "Everything I told you was the God's truth."

"You didn't tell me you were with Rufe Stafford all afternoon. I thought for a while that it put you in. But don't worry. I know you didn't do it."

She fell back, a grateful smile on her face, and was shouldered roughly away by Carl Quick. The big marshal also spoke in the sheriff's ear, although his whisper was raucously loud.

"Miss Cissy's gittin' on edge, Jess, like she might make a run for it. Hadn't I better nab her?"

Roden shook his head. "Miss Cissy didn't have anything to do with it. What else she's been doin' is not in our line."

He turned to Seth Hart.

"Let me see in your hip pocket, Seth. There where the snuff box is."

Hart obeyed, bewilderedly, drew out a round tin box of snuff.

"That's all that's in there," he said. "What are you drivin' at?"

"Someone told me you rubbed snuff. They said that Else was after you about it, that she didn't like the idea—"

"She never noticed it till she come here. It's the ideas this House put into her head that—"

"Give me back those brushes, Maurine." Roden took them from her stubby hand, held them out to Hart. "Which is yours?"

"Which is *mine?*"

"Yes Which one did you drop up there when you raked the leaves that showed where the horse had been tied?"

"Sheriff, I don't git you."

"You milk twelve cows, don't you, Seth?" Roden inquired mildly.

"Twelve, yes."

"What time do you do it of an evenin'?"

"Not long before sundown—the usual time."

A significance came to Roden's voice. "What'd happen if you slipped up some time and didn't milk them till near midnight?"

"I don't slip up," Seth said shortly. "That's how I make my livin'."

"You didn't milk at that time last Sunday night. And the cows bawled their heads off. Miz Magan said it was an omen. But you milked them around midnight. They stopped bawlin' then. That was after you got home from here, wasn't it?"

Hart glanced at the tense faces around him, said pleasantly, "Someone tell me what he's drivin' at. I guess I'm dumb."

ONCE again Roden appeared to change the subject. "That sweater you always wear around your middle looks a lot like a skirt, Seth. And those yellow corduroys sure do show up your legs. A man that saw you when you went up after the horse thought you were a woman. He went to git his telescope so as to have a good look at you."

"A horse? You mean Zeb? The first time I saw Zeb was when he come runnin' in. Else and me and Audry Cole was settin' on the front porch."

He glanced quickly round, saw Else and demanded confirmation and got it.

"And you were out at Else's for dinner?"

Hart drew himself up triumphantly. "We was."

"What were you doin' while the women washed the dishes?"

"While the woman washed the dishes?" Hart frowned, tried to remember. " I just puttered around."

"You ran up to the end of the road. You knew that was where Camille would come. You clubbed her and hid the body and went back to the house."

"You mean you're accusin' me?"

"You did it because she had turned Else against you, and was plannin' to take her away."

"I did? But I tell you I was *here* when Zeb—"

"You're right about that. But Jacko wasn't here."

He lifted his eyes to the high seat where Jacko sat expressionless, the cap pistol at one hip and the knife sheath at the other.

With a quick movement Roden drew out the knife, the nitwit making no protest. It was dagger-shaped, sharp at both sides of the point.

"He stabbed Zeb with this, the way you showed him to. It was clever, Seth. You tied the body on the horse up at the end of the road and then took it a couple of miles nearer town when you were supposed to be milkin'. You had your own horse along. It also happened to be a sorrel.

"While you were showin' Jacko how to start Zeb off, your horse wandered up through the woods. But you went after him. And then Jacko waited till you'd had plenty of time to git in here and establish an alibi. Jacko was perfect. You could show him how to do a thing. Remember when I showed him how to shoot? But he couldn't talk. He couldn't tell anyone."

Roden paused, his eyes playing over Seth Hart's strong face. "But there was one little item that you couldn't control."

"What was it?" The words came from Hart tensely.

"You could make Jacko understand that he was to go back home. But your dog got excited and followed Zeb in."

"He did!" Audry Cole cried. "He scared us all to death!"

Seth Hart said, with entire self-control, "All right! I give her just what she deserved. What every woman in this damned joint deserves. They come in here with their highfalutin notions and—"

"Let's git goin'," Roden interrupted him.

THE END

L5-618-20 Puzzle 38 VL 5-735-10

BOOKS IN REVIEW

by Helen Greenwood

THIRD AVENUE, New York, is a street notable for two things: it has the only elevated railway in the city and it has its bars. There are hundreds of Third Avenue bars, most of them Irish—each with its own clientele. Night after night you'll find the same customers lining the rail, usually standing in the spot they stood in the night before and the night before that. Third Avenue bars are no longer bars—they are clubs. There are no dues, but there is a blackballing system. An unacceptable customer finds it's a long time between drinks and maybe he'd be happier over on Park Avenue or on Second Avenue, depending on whether he's wearing a Brooks Brothers suit or just something that he picked up in a secondhand store.

John McNulty's book, Third Avenue, New York, is a group of vignettes about these bars and their customers. You'll find Grogan the Horseplayer, Paddy the night bartender, and Tim the boss. These people would be notable under any circumstances, but McNulty, a Third Avenue type himself, has word-painted them with his own special understanding. His simple stories are touched with the genius of a faithful but imaginative and penetrating reporter.

Paddy the bartender said of Grogan the Horseplayer, "He's Irish and he broods easy." Grogan, a quiet little man who never bothered anybody, couldn't see any logic in his being arrested almost every day for playing the horses. Grogan had a remarkable landlady, a Mrs. Benoit. Of her McNulty writes: "If a wife could be as patient, there would be hardly any old guys living alone in furnished rooms the way there are hundreds of them now."

Once Grogan went off to Mexico owing Mrs. Benoit ninety weeks' rent. But, " 'Grogan is so goddam honest he don't *have* to pay you' " a saloonkeeper said. The horseplayer came home, eighteen months later, and at the time McNulty wrote of him he was 333⅓ weeks ahead.

John McNulty

The last story in the book, Two Bums Here Would Spend Freely Except for Poverty, is one of the most illuminating short stories I've ever read.

Two bums visited a bar of a Sunday afternoon, one of them wearing a straw hat, "rescued, most likely, out of an ash can in a fashionable neighborhood." They had two nickels between them to buy a glass of wine. Instead of throwing them out, the boss set them up with imported Sherry. When they'd gone, one of the hangovers at the bar asked the boss why he'd done it.

" 'Never mind why I done it. Those fellers would spend thousands of dollars if it wasn't for they haven't got even a quarter. Only two nickels. Never mind why I done it.'

"The boss kept smoking his cigarette a while and paying no attention to the hangover customers. After a couple of minutes, damn if he didn't go down to the far end of the bar and get his hat. He kept trying it on this way and that in front of the mirror.

" 'I wish to God,' he said, 'I could get my hat to set on my head the way that hat set on the bum. Now, didn't it have a hell of a jaunty look to it?' "

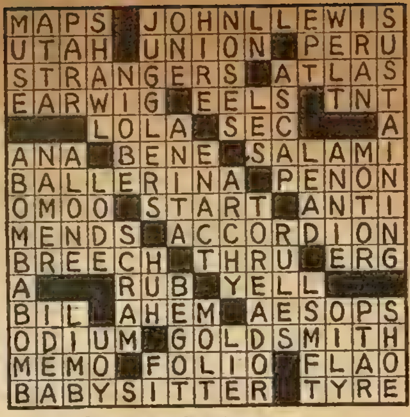
These stories have appeared separately in The New Yorker during the past few years but their cumulative effect is much more powerful.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

4/1/48



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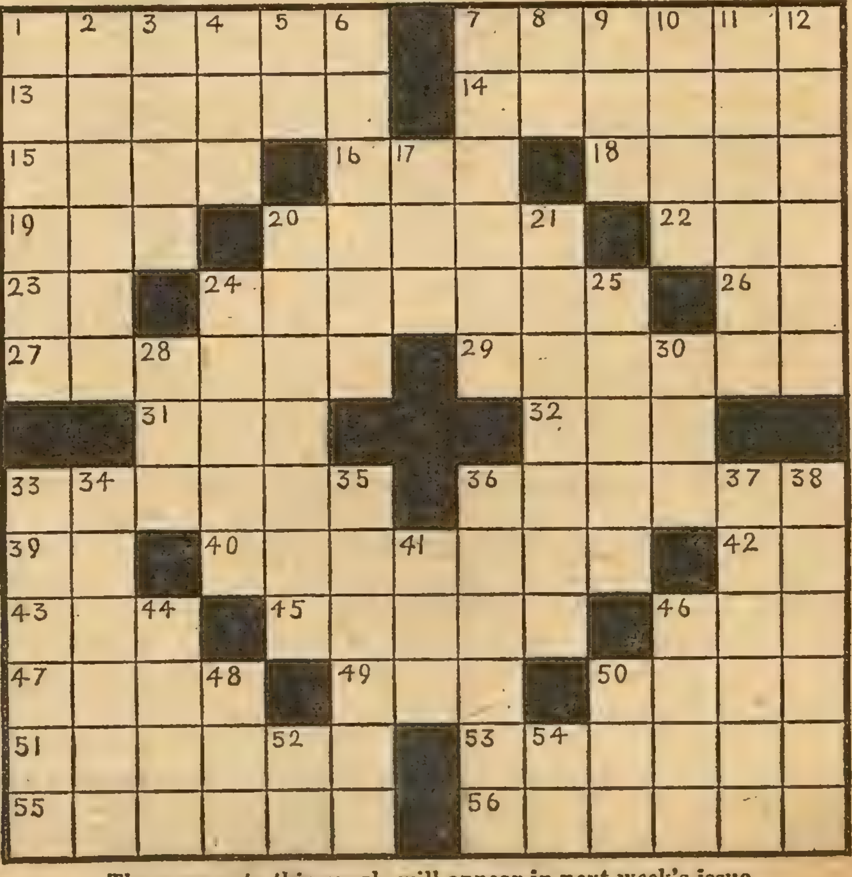
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

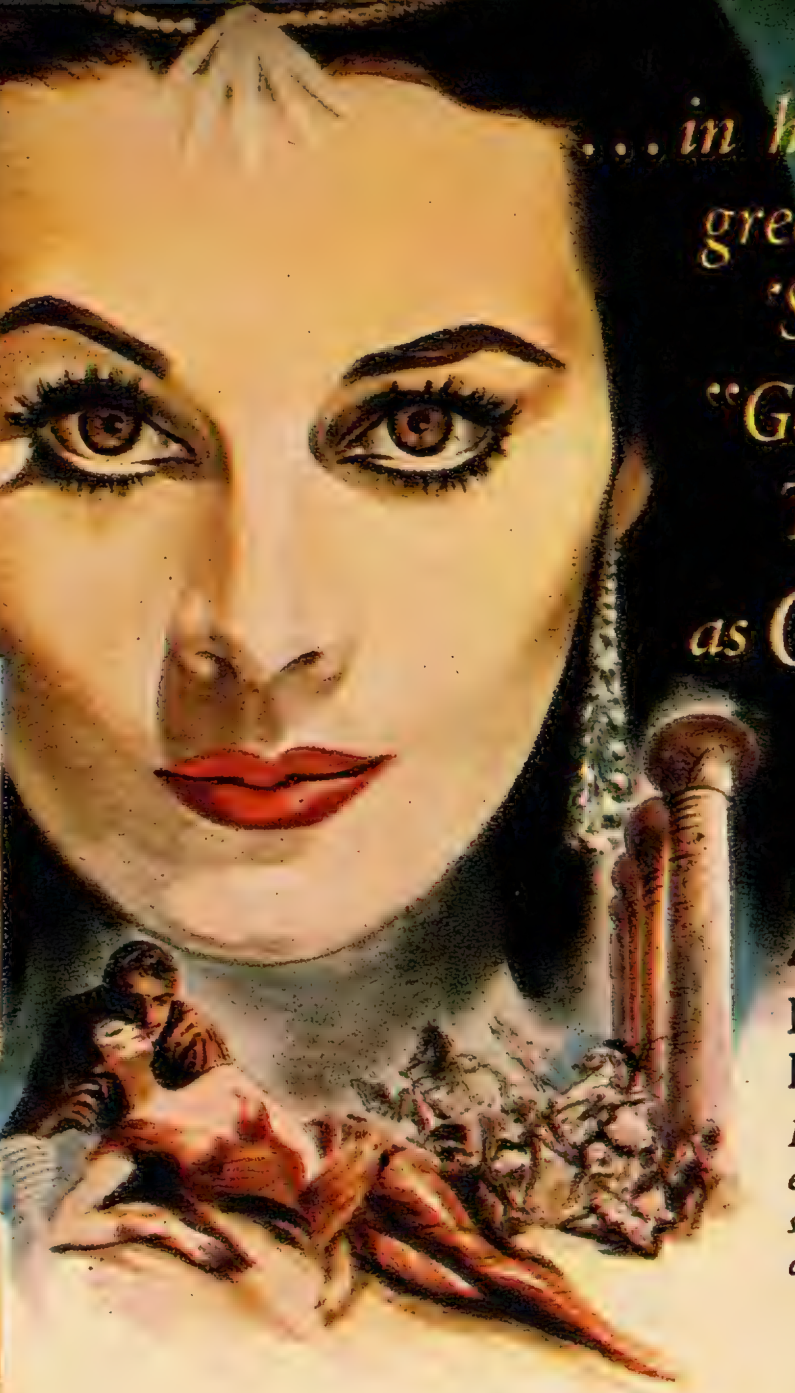
1 What's slang for "straight man"?
7 Movie "takes," printed quickly for editorial inspection, are known as what?
13 Who said "The quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven"?
14 Your pulse is taken via a what?
15 Complete: *Amo, amas,* ——
16 American brand of tar
18 Breadroots are often called whats?
19 Belgian miracle cathedral town
20 What's slang for snitches?
22 Alcoholically illuminated
23 Vulnerable at tag
24 Ekes gin (anag.)
26 Gales often blow from what direction? (abbr.)
27 Decibels measure whats?
29 A bicycle built for two is dubbed a what?
31 Kind of tune
32 Joey who was a famed distance runner?
33 Name a famed underworld river pilot
36 39.37 American inches (pl.)
39 Football position (abbr.)
40 Victor Hugo wrote The Whats of the Sea?
42 Flak-tossing gun (abbr.)
43 Hitler's favorite pronoun
45 Saddles and crowns refer to cuts of what?
46 Christopher, as in Carson
47 What English public school would be a private one in this country?
49 Name an expert on figures (abbr.)
50 Name a popular comic-strip captain
51 Lawyers call legal infancy what?
53 Complete: ——, doctor, Indian chief (it's child's play!)
55 Ancient nations were called what?
56 Name three things in the forward progress of modern man

VERTICAL

1 Turkish cavalry of yesteryear (pl.)
2 Ponderosa, beefsteak, or stone make you think of a what?
3 Kind of testimony
4 Mel, the Little Giant
5 Name the problem man of American housing (abbr.)
6 Twenty-dollar gold pieces used to be called double whats?
7 Peter who is the great hero of the younger generation?
8 The Arabs call what ancient glamor town's site Mukayyar?
9 Home with a mud floor
10 Lourdes miracles are said to do what?
11 Stoat skin's better known as what?
12 Silent signaling device used to transmit bridge information
17 What tree symbolizes strength?
20 Juliet's balcony led into her what?
21 Trappers
24 A shot of liquor's called a what?
25 Buffalo, gall, and turkeys are varieties of what little flyers?
28 Germany's leading prewar movie company (abbr.)
30 Alizarin is the name of a colorful what?
33 Legal customer
34 Whom did Achilles bump off and drag around, tied to his chariot?
35 What can uncles and aunts have but aunts only be?
36 Molybdenum, yttrium, and cobalt are whats?
37 Is dear (anag.)
38 The sileni were whats?
41 Once around the track equals one what?
44 Complete: —— *soit qui mal y pense* (Shamed be he who thinks evil of it)
46 Danny who is known as Chrysanthemum Top?
48 Ensnare in pincer movement
50 Fierce African Negro but lamblike creature otherwise
52 Gaea's nickname
54 News syndicate recently declared monopolistic (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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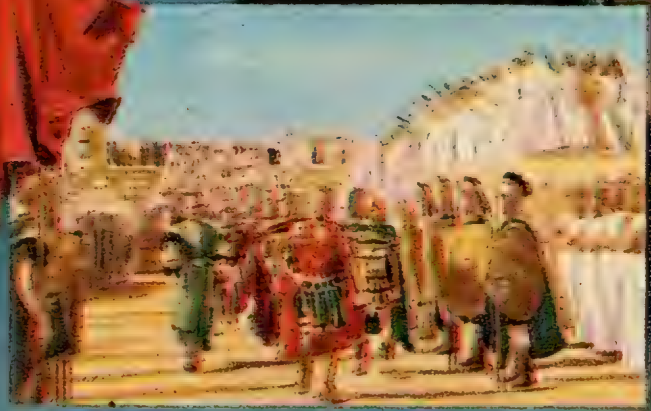

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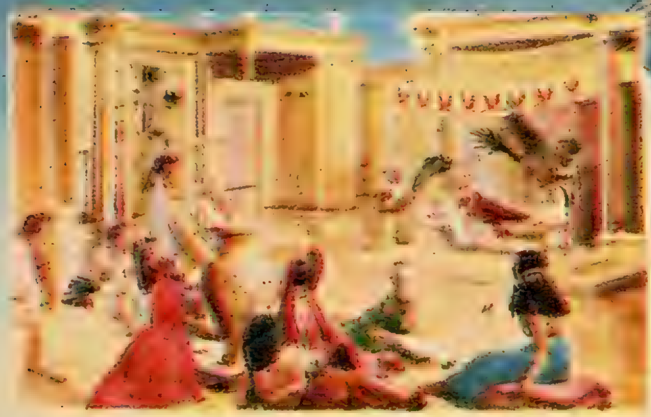

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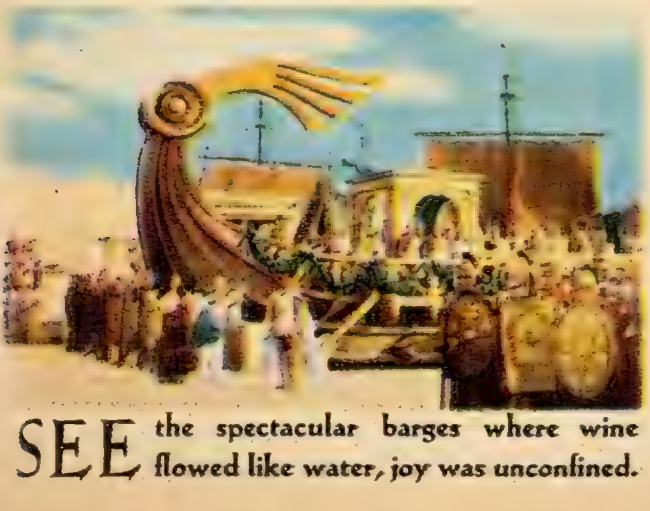

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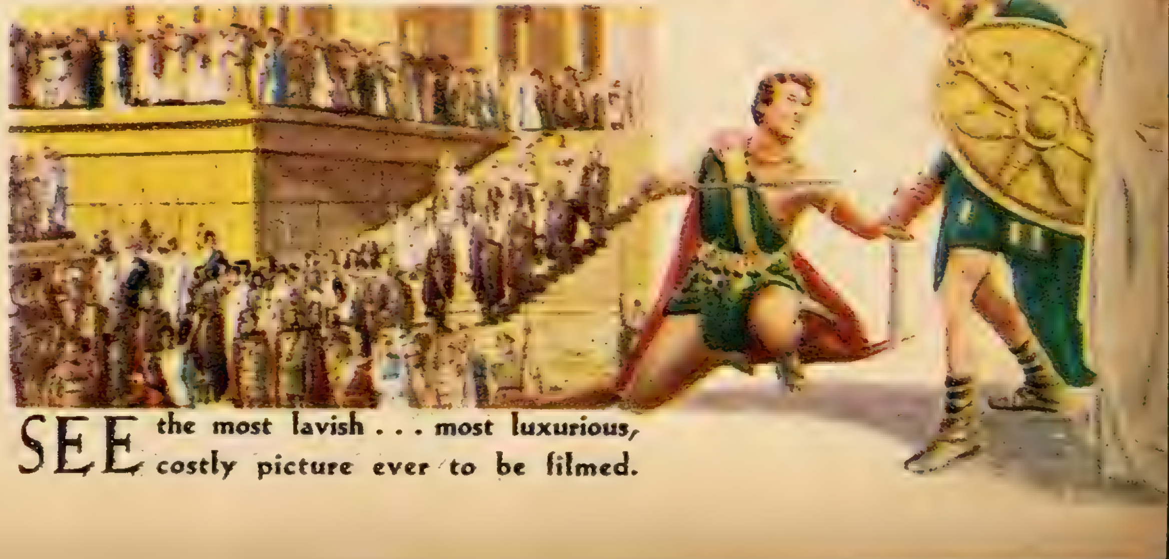

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

Continued from Page 15

Toni I felt myself weakening. I had to be careful of that.

She said, with a funny catch in her voice, "Were you afraid I would back out this afternoon?"

"No, no. Just thought I'd drop by. Thought maybe you would change your mind about what happens after."

She shook her head. "No, Joe, I can't. I'm doing this only for Michael's sake. He should have your name. I won't stand in the way of that."

"Well—" I got up and leaned on the radio, not knowing what to say. "Seems a funny way to be doing it—"

She said earnestly, "No, it isn't. I just refuse to live with a fool. The man I loved was brilliant, with fine hands and a healthy mind to use them."

"Damn it all, that's all over with."

She said wearily, "But, Joe, it shouldn't be. I'd like nothing better in this world than to help. You wouldn't really be living off me. I'd just continue working as I am and taking care of Michael and the apartment. I'd feel—well—then I'd feel like a wife and someone you loved well enough to want me to work at your side."

"And in a couple of years—you don't get to be a surgeon overnight, you know—in a couple of years we'd hate each other."

Her eyes sparkled. "Do you think my love is that small?"

"Toni," I said, "I still feel about you as I always have. Why don't you just forget all this—"

"No, Joe."

"Aw, what the hell! You can't argue with a woman. I should be like the old man. He says what he has to say and that's that."

I was so mad I slammed out of the apartment without going into the other room to look at Michael. I went back down to the car and headed for the wharf. Why should I let Toni, or anyone else, dictate to me what my life was to be like? That was not the basis for a decent marriage. The right way was Big Joe's way. Mom walked at his side, sure, but he walked alone.

We went down the Embarcadero and parked in the vacant lot opposite the wharf. I locked the car and turned around to look at Big Joe. He was on the other side of the lot, watching a crew of men jack up a building to move away. I had to grin, thinking that the old man could probably lift a corner of the building on his shoulders. The way he was standing there, with his head thrown back and the sun on his fine black hair and his feet planted wide apart, he looked as if he could really do it.

When he joined me and we crossed the Embarcadero, he asked me what I was grinning about, and I told him. He laughed. "Well," he said, "I don't know. I guess I'm as strong as I ever was, but I'm sure not getting any better. Anyway, it isn't important."

I STARED at him. "That's the first time I ever heard you say that. You've always been proud of your ability to take on any ten men."

"Sure," he smiled, "and still am. But it isn't important. God gave me these shoulders, just like He gave you those fine hands of yours."

I held my hands up and looked at the slim but powerful fingers and asked Big Joe, "Are you siding in with Toni and Mom?"

He winked at me. "You know better than that. I never side with anyone. I make my own decisions and I expect other people to do the same, including my son. You work out your own problem."

We walked into the offices of the salvage company for which the old man was marine foreman and master diver, and on through to the cavernous interior of the big wharf. The place was cluttered up with marine equipment, diving suits, diving pumps, stages, and other gear. The old man's office was at the far end.

While walking toward Big Joe's office I asked him, "Do you think I'm going about this the right way? You know the diving game."

"Well," he said, pursing his lips, "you got the build for it and you'll be a bigger and better man than me before you're through. And you got more brains. You'll always be able to make a fine living at diving. It's a good game."

That was answering my question, but it was not what I wanted, and he knew it, too. I had a feeling that he was not exactly pleased with my decision to be a diver. I thought back to the first year at college, when I had made up my mind to be a surgeon. The old man's proud comment had been, "A surgeon walks in the heavens."

He walked into his office to dispatch the different tugs on their jobs about the bay, and I stood on the lip of the wharf staring down into the gray oily water. I thought of what it would be like to resurrect the pride in the old man's eyes by going back to school. In that case, I could do one of two things: live with the family, or live with Toni and the boy. The former was out. The old man had spent every cent on some operations for Mom during the war and was flat broke and still paying off. That left Toni, who wanted to help so badly she would not have me any other way. But I would hate myself. How could a man live off a woman and still retain his self-respect? It made me feel embarrassed just thinking about it.

I LOOKED out over the bay and took a deep breath of salt-laden air. Deep-sea diving was the answer. I was still just an apprentice, a diver's helper, but the old man had promised to start me diving with Kronski the following month. Then, perhaps in a year or so, with money in the bank, night school, a little cramming— That was the way to do it, the way the old man would do it.

Kronski came out of the pier shed and stood by me. He was a squat powerful bear of a man, with the tolerance of a saint and the sensitivity of a child. Next to Big Joe, he was the best diver on the coast.

I asked him, "What's the schedule?" He said, "You're my helper today. The company's gonna build an addition to the pier, one of those right-angle deals that always gets in the way of the tugs. But that's what they want."

"I've seen the plans."

"Uh-huh. Well, before they can start driving pilings, I gotta dive

(*Continued on page 52*)

HARDTACK

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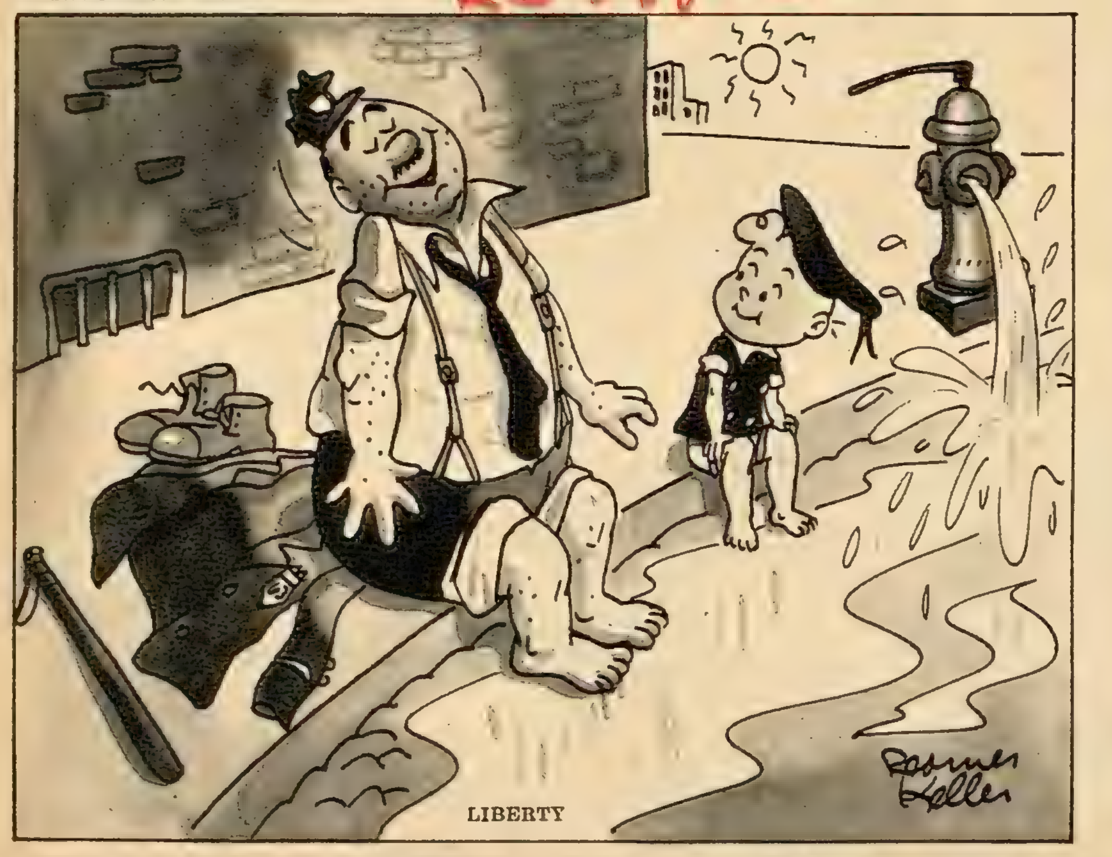

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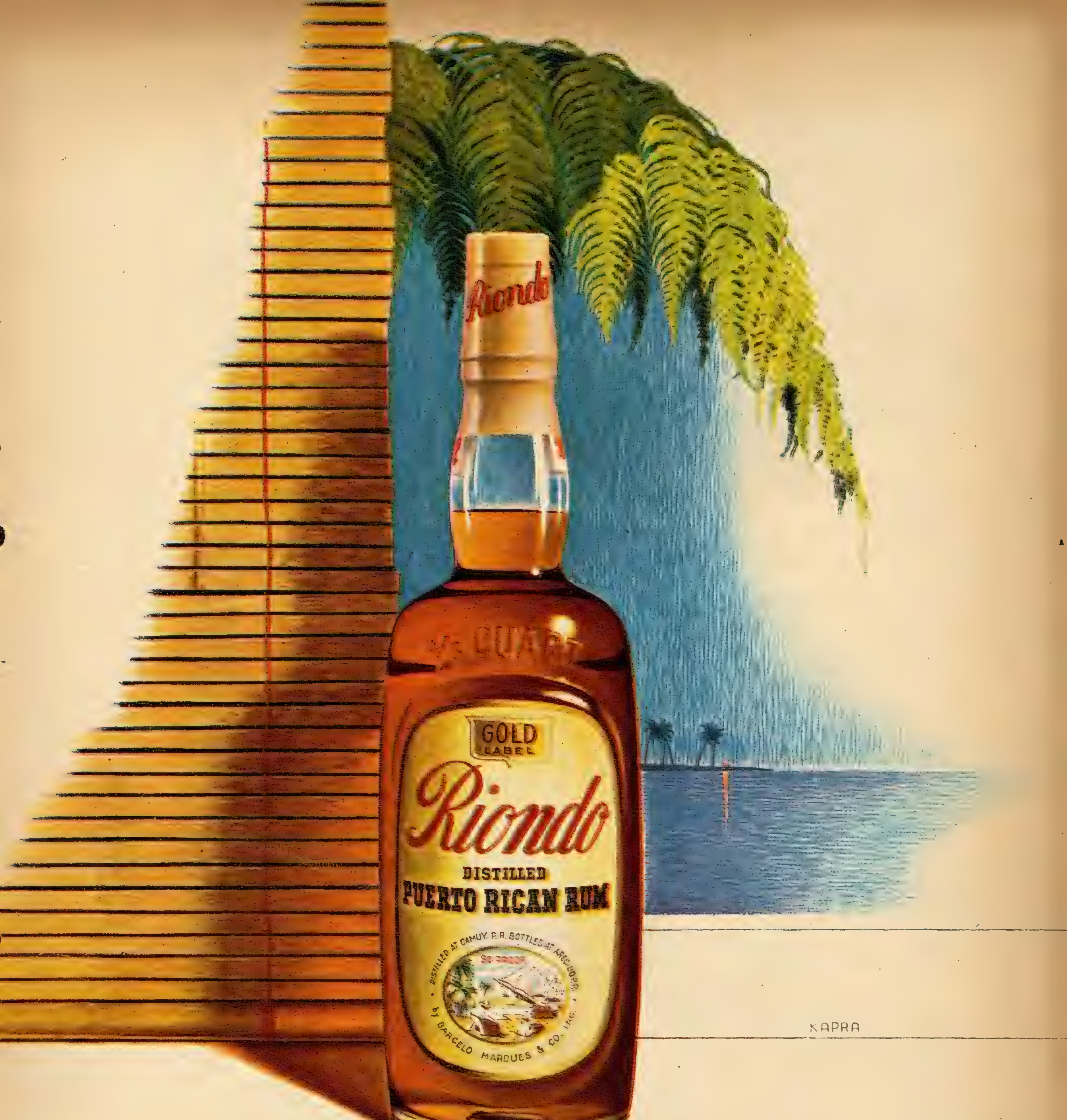
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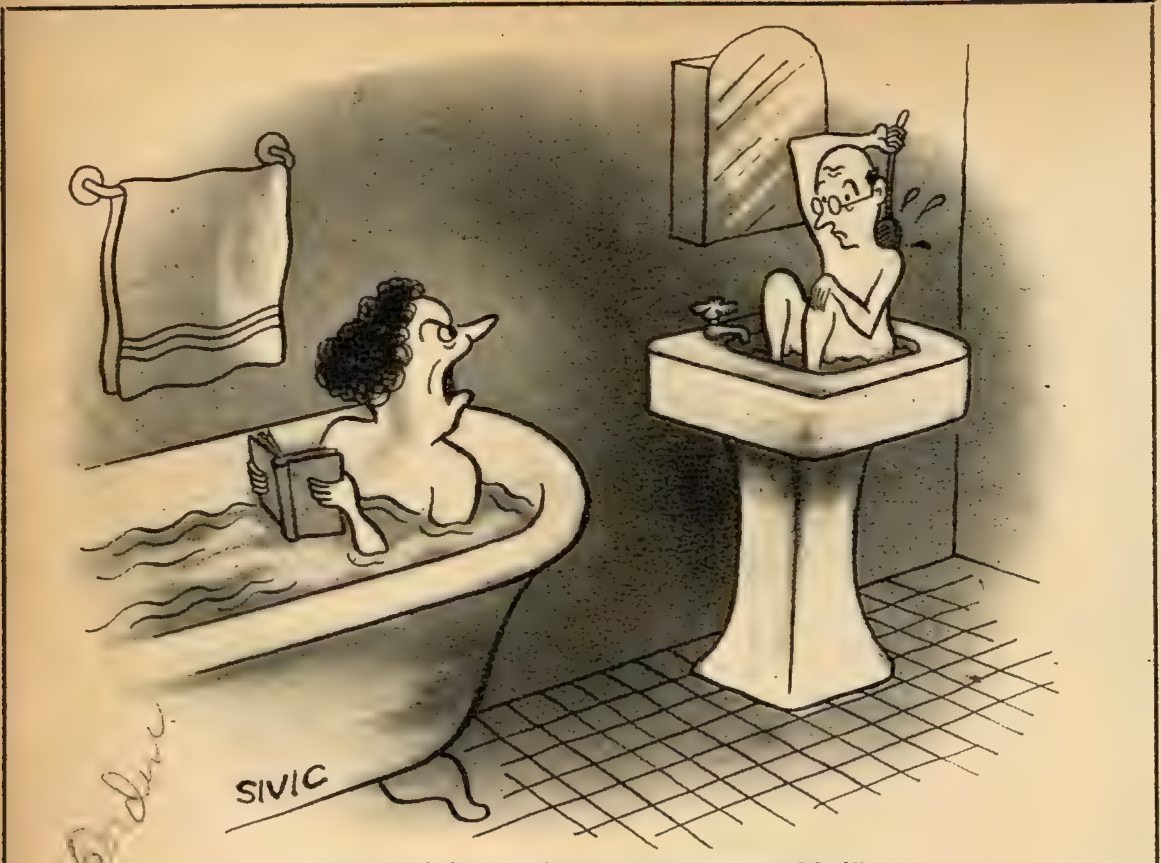

"That's all you *ever* do, Henry—grumble!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 50*)

down here off the end and get rid of a big sheet of steel some joker put down there for some screwy reason. Let's get at it."

"O.K."

I went into the warehouse and dragged out all the gear we needed on hand trucks and piled it on a platform at the end of the wharf. Kronski came out dressed in a diving suit and I fastened on the weights and lines and hoses and then dogged on the huge helmet, leaving the front port open so he could breathe. Then I dropped a weighted rope ladder down into the scummy water, started the compressor, and handed Kronski an underwater cutting torch. I dogged the front port of the helmet and tested the air and telephone, and then Kronski lumbered down the ladder and disappeared.

My job was an extremely simple one. All I had to do was keep the compressor regulated properly, handle the lines, and take instructions from Kronski over the headset I was wearing. However, whenever a diver is under water, even on a simple job forty-five feet down, you stay on your toes.

I watched the bubbles coming up from the helmet exhaust and could tell by their size and numbers just how hard the diver was working. You can even tell by the bubbles, when you get used to it, whether or not he is afraid. Kronski's bubbles, of course, were as smooth as they always were. He had been at the game a long time.

After an hour or so his voice rumbled hollowly in my ears: "This damned plate is a good thirty feet long and plenty thick. Must weigh a couple of tons. I just got the first cut through."

I asked him, "Is it going all right?"

"Sure enough, lad. But cut compression down, like a good boy. This air's getting too hot to breathe."

I slowed down the rate of compression and turned a stream of cold water over the air tanks. He said, "Thanks," and then I heard no more from him for another hour. I changed acetylene tanks just before noon, and then, on the stroke of twelve, Kronski emerged from the water. He got out of his suit and put a bathrobe on over his heavy underwear and we sat down in the sun to eat lunch.

Big Joe came out to stretch his legs and I handed him his lunch pail. He sat down by Kronski and the two started talking about early days in the diving business. Their voices droned on and I closed my eyes and thought of Toni. A year or so back there had been no other woman in the world for me. But now it was all wrapped up with Michael and Toni's arguments and surgery and diving and it was tough. Why the devil couldn't she be reasonable?

I THOUGHT of Mom and the old man. Their life together had certainly been a happy one. Toni and I could be the same way. But now it was a mess. A marriage to give Michael his name, and then, when convenient, a divorce. I began to burn and swore out loud.

Kronski said to the old man, "The boy has his worries."

Big Joe looked across at me, but he made no reply. Kronski got up to get back into his diving rig. The old man helped him and asked how the job was going.

Kronski said, "All right. We'll have the steel plate off in an hour or so." Then he frowned and said, "I'm worried about the way it's going to fall. You'd better have a look before I let it drop."

"Let me know and I'll come down."

He went back into the pier shed and Kronski lowered himself down the rope ladder and under the water. Just before two o'clock he called me and asked me to send the old man down. I yelled for Big Joe. A few minutes later he came out in a diving rig and tended the lines while I went into the warehouse to bring out another compressor and torch and an air tank.

When I had everything ready, the old man grinned and said, "Think you can handle two divers?"

"Sure. Why not? As long as the two of you don't move around at the same time."

"We'll watch that. Be sure our lines don't get fouled. Just a little slack. Understand?"

I dogged on his helmet and then he went over the end of the pier. I kept the two sets of lines separated and tended the two headsets and compressors. They were just standing in the mud on the bottom.

They had to talk to each other through me, so I got a picture of what it was like down there. The pilings at the end of the pier, on which the steel plate was fastened, were also of steel. The bolts had naturally rusted after years of immersion, and had to be cut off with the torch. Kronski had cut them all the way except one at each upper end of the plate. They were trying to figure which to cut, so that the plate could fall and swing on the bolt remaining.

When they had made up their minds, Kronski went to work with the underwater torch. From the way the bubbles were coming up I could tell that the old man was standing aside and watching. Then Kronski shouted, "My God, jump!" and I wondered what was wrong.

I looked down into the water and saw a cloud of mud rising to the surface and that was all. Minutes passed and then Kronski's voice roared in the headset I was holding against my right ear; "I'm coming up, Joey. Your father's trapped. Don't lose your head. I'll be right up."

I had to tend his lines as he came up and was too busy to even consider getting worried. When Kronski stood on the wharf I opened the front port of his helmet and saw his face was pale and drawn.

HE glanced back down into the water, then placed a hand on my shoulder. Quietly he said, "Brace yourself, boy."

"What's wrong? What happened?"

"The plate fell on your father. I cut a corner bolt off and the plate started to swing, but the last bolt wouldn't hold the weight and it snapped. The whole thing fell on your father, crushing him between the steel plate and a slab of concrete foundation under the mud."

I felt a hot knot tightening in my stomach. "Did you try to get him out?"

(*Continued on page 54*)

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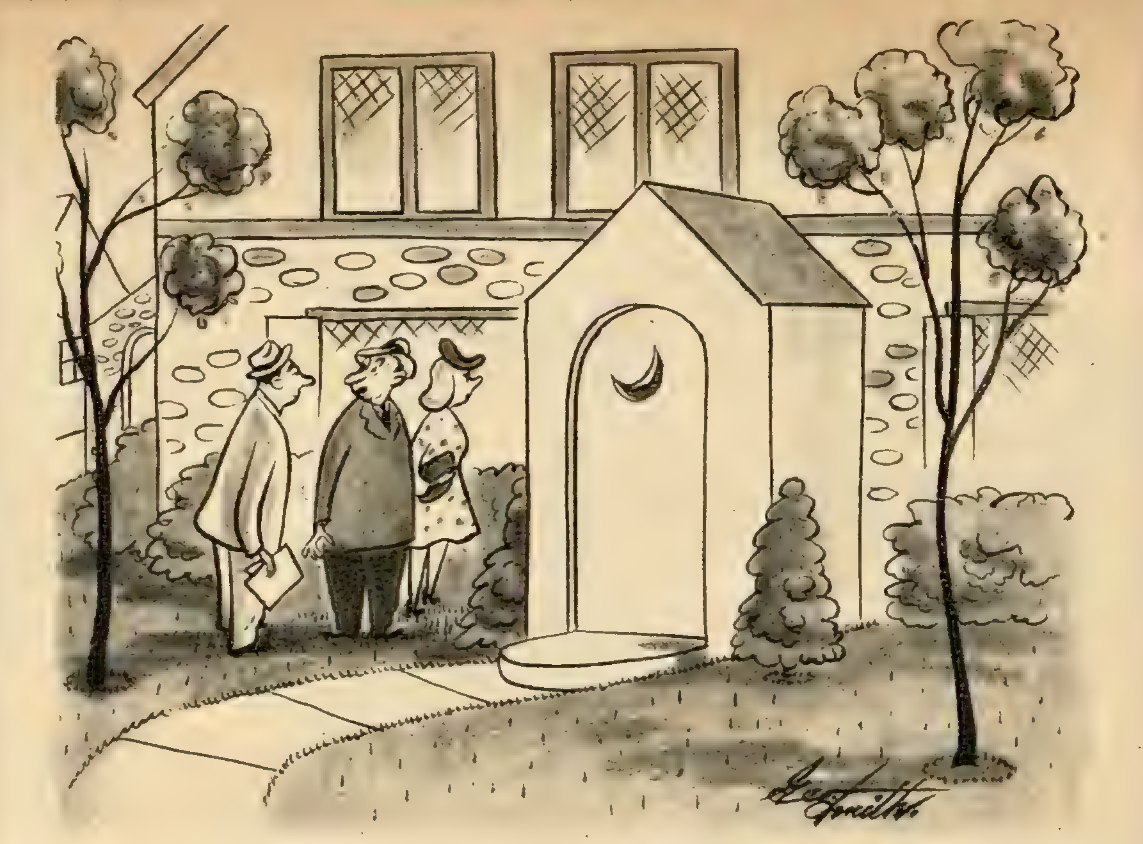


"Can't say I care much for the front entrance."

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 52*)

Kronski's eyes bored into mine, then shifted uneasily away. "He can't be reached, Joey. The weight of the steel plate squashed him down in the mud and against the concrete. All I could see was his air hose disappearing under the plate. Joe, I'm afraid your father—"

He paused, leaving me to guess the rest. I looked down into the water, seeing something that had been there all the time, the bubbles.

"He isn't dead!" I yelled. "It didn't kill him! Look at the bubbles. He isn't even unconscious. See? He's using more air, blowing up his suit." I grabbed the curved mouthpiece on my chest and shouted into it, "Dad! Hey, Dad! Big Joe. Do you hear me? Listen, do you hear me?"

Faintly, above the roar of the air in his helmet I heard his voice: "Trapped—in mud—under the plate—God, Joey—weight crushing—get it off."

I turned to Kronski, but he had already slammed the port of his helmet and was on his way back down under the water. I tended his lines and kept the compressors going and boosted the rate of compression in the tanks. The old man was using more air in his suit to keep the steel plate from crushing him to death, but that extra padding of air was dangerous to him as well. Human lungs can stand only so much pressure—and no more.

Kronski stayed down a little over five minutes, then came back and reported that he had been able to reach under the plate and touch the old man's helmet. But he could not budge him.

"If we had a crane here," he said, "we could hook it to the plate and lift it off your father. Where the devil are the two cranes?"

"One's up at Vallejo and the other's on a barge on the Oakland side. That one is the nearest. We could get it here in maybe thirty minutes." I asked anxiously, "Is that enough time?"

He shook his head. "Too much time. Look at the air gauges. At the rate he's taking pressure he can't last more than another fifteen minutes at the most."

"But we have to do something. He'll hold on. You don't know the old man."

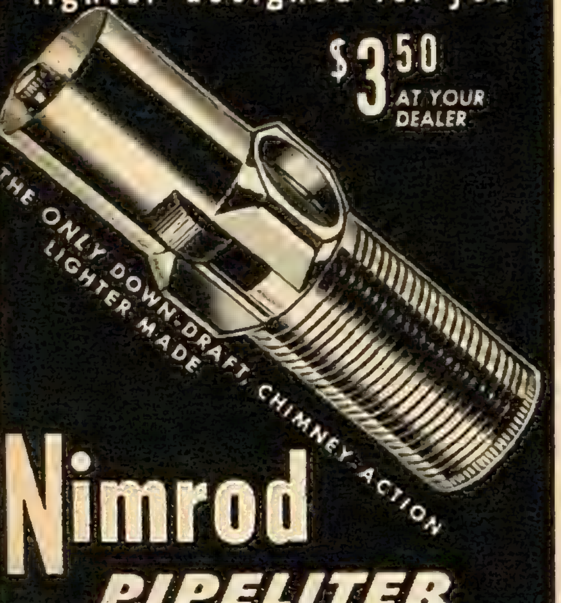
"Oh, yes, I do. However—"

He stripped the lead weights from his suit, unhooked the hose and hurried into the old man's office, where he sent out an emergency call for a crane over our ship-to-shore radio system. He made a couple of other calls and then came out to join me with the whole staff of mechanics and office people trailing behind him. I made them all stay away from the equipment and helped Kronski get ready to dive again.

Just before he went under the water he whispered, "I called your mother. Better let her talk to him when she arrives. It may be the last—" I slammed the port of his helmet and he went down the ladder.

MOM arrived just as Kronski was coming up out of the water. She shoved her way through the crowd and stood at my side and looked down into the water and then into my eyes. She was still wearing a house apron and there was flour on her hands; I guessed she had been cooking biscuits. Oddly enough, though she stood there slim and straight, she seemed like a very small and badly frightened little girl.

I told her what had happened and that a crane was on its way across the bay. I did not tell her we thought it would arrive too late, but she guessed that from my eyes and all the color drained from her face. She looked at the mouthpiece on my



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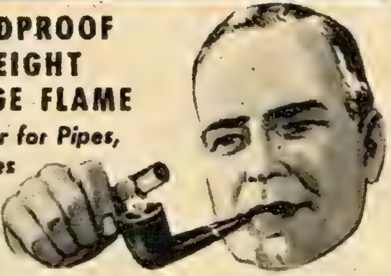

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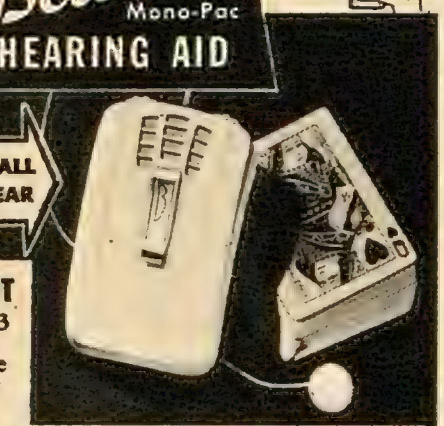

chest and asked a mute question with her eyes.

I shook my head. “Not yet,” I said. “Talking builds up too many nitrogen bubbles in the blood stream. He needs that excess energy to hold on.”

“Has—has he said anything to you?”

“Not since he told me he was trapped.” I held the headset against her ear and said, “Hear the pounding of the air in his helmet. He'd have to cut that down to talk and that's the only thing keeping him from being crushed right now.”

She placed a hand on my arm and her fingers bit into the flesh. “Oh, Joey—”

“Now, now. He's still Big Joe, Mom. He'll get out.”

I helped Kronski off with his helmet and he looked at me and shook his head. I glanced down at the air bubbles in the water. The old man was going fast. The bubbles would run smoothly for a few seconds, then break off, and then come in great bursts. His lungs were laboring and cracking under the great strain.

It was then I remembered the house being moved across the Embarcadero and the powerful house jacks being used for the job. I yelled something unintelligible and tossed the headset to Kronski and raced down the wharf and through the warehouse. I ran across the Embarcadero to the parking lot and through that to the moving crew. The foreman of the crew thought I was nuts when I asked to borrow one of the house jacks, but there was no time to argue. I grabbed a house jack, which was heavier than I had imagined, and started to run with it before anyone could stop me.

When Kronski saw that jack he threw his ape-like arms around me and almost kissed me. He was ready for diving in nothing flat and skipped off the pier and into the water. He was setting himself up for a beautiful case of the bends, but minutes were important.

ALL of us waited in painful silence, while Kronski worked under water getting the jack placed between the concrete and the steel plate. He reported to me that it was in place and then, a minute later, that the plate was begining to move. I knew the second the old man was relieved of the crushing weight as he cut down air pressure in his suit and I heard him give a tremendous sigh of relief. After that, it was easy for Kronski to slide him out from under the plate.

There was a recompression tank inside the warehouse and two mechanics were standing by to rush the old man into it. He would probably have to stay under pressure for an hour, then he would be all right.

He came out of the water first, with Kronski right behind him, and up the rope ladder unassisted, like a Goliath of a man emerging from the deep. I felt like busting out laughing with joy. What a man!

I snapped the lead belt from his waist and screwed off the big helmet and dropped it to the wharf. The old man was bleeding from the nose and mouth and there were flecks of blood at the corners of his eyes. Every line in his face had deepened and his usually ruddy complexion was chalk white. But he stood there alone, unassisted, his eyes fixed on one person.

I reached out to give him a hand and got the shock of my life. He knocked my arm away with a sweep of his hand and then brushed by me as if I did not exist. He walked straight to Mom and looked down at her. It was obvious that the world had ceased to exist for the two of them. The old man had come back from the dead, but he had not come back to the world; it was back to his wife. It was just the two of them together again, and the world could go hang.

Big Joe even shoved away the two mechanics who wanted to rush him into the recompression tank. He said to Mom humbly, almost in a whisper, “Take me home, Alice.”

She put an arm about him and nodded. “Yes, Joe. We'll go home. But let's get these things off of you first. Then we'll go home.”

She started to lead him into the pier shed, with the old man leaning on her like a small boy. I grabbed the old man's arm. “Look,” I said. “You have to get in that tank. You can't go home.”

Big Joe looked down at Mom and left the decision up to her. She smiled and patted my cheek. “It's all right,” she said. “He doesn't need the tank. I know. I'll take him home.”

The old man looked at me and still did not see me, and his eyes swung back to Mom. They walked slowly through the crowd on the wharf and disappeared into the semigloom of the warehouse. Mom had her arm about his waist and he was steadying himself with one hand on her shoulder. That was the last picture I had of them. But that was the right picture, and suddenly all my questions were answered.

I STOOD on the steps of the City Hall half an hour later and watched Toni get out of a cab and walk toward me. Michael, as we had planned for that day, was in the nursery. Toni stopped and I saw that her eyes were red from crying.

I asked her, “You don't like this very much, do you?”

She shook her head. “I wish it could be some other way.”

I started to grin then—I couldn't help myself—and took her arm and led her back down the steps. “Well,” I said, “it isn't going to be this way. Another day or so won't make much difference. We're going to do it right, a big wedding, with our families and guests and all the trimmings. O.K.?”

“But, Joe—”

“And then,” I said, “we're going home.”

“Home?”

“You and Michael and I and the apartment. That's home. That's where I belong. Though I won't be there as much as I'd like. I'll be pretty busy with my studies—”

“Oh, Joe!”

She stopped on the sidewalk and threw her arms about me, laughing and crying at the same time, and because we were in front of City Hall, passers-by started to grin. They must have thought we had just been married. I guess we looked that way, at that, the way I was feeling. It was a good feeling.

THE END

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AMATEUR ANGEL

Continued from Page 31

pictured—it was truly remarkable! Now Sherman was a little scared as he heard her coming back. His inner voice said, Now, man, speak to her! Say something. She paused as she reached his ambush and, miracle of miracles, spoke to him.

"Look. Can you play tennis?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he replied.

"That's too bad. Canoe?"

"Oh, sure."

"Well, that's something. I've been taking a look at the lake. Lots of coves and things and a couple of islands."

"Yes, it seems to be quite a big lake," said Sherman.

"Come on over to the lodge and let's find Halsey F. Turner, Jr., of New York. He's the sophisticated type," she said abruptly.

Sherman walked along with her until she pointed out Halsey, who was talking to a slim quiet girl on the porch. Halsey's was a well-turned-out manly form, and he had an experienced manner. His brown hair licked over his forehead, and his eyes seemed friendly and candid.

"Look," said Sherman's companion. "I won't stop right now after all. You speak to him. Tell him about the bigness of the lake."

"All right," said Sherman, but he wondered whether she had changed her mind because of the slim girl.

HALSEY and the girl greeted him as fellow guests getting acquainted.

"It's a big lake," Sherman said.

"Sure is," said Halsey. "Who was the fermenting blonde you were with just now?"

"Oh, she's Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow," said Sherman.

"Why, no," said the girl with Halsey. "I'm afraid there's some mistake. I'm Ellie Lawn Marrow." Then, seeing Sherman's confusion, she added, "Don't mind at all. It was really very complimentary to think I might be the alluring type."

Sherman felt he should say, "You are." Ellie's eyes were between gray and blue, her hair a taffy color, her smile filtered a little by reserve. He might refer to her as charming, but alluring was the wrong word. But Lorry Stidger—Halsey identified the girl at supper—could put up allure in bottles or rent it out.

THE four of them shared a table, along with Mrs. John C. Crump of Mount Vernon St., Boston, who owned a Beacon Hill accent but an explosive, contagious laugh.

Halsey, it turned out, had just passed a set of bar exams and believed he needed a rest. At the moment he and Ellie seemed to have a sort of common front, being amused together and falling silent together. Because he's college and she's schoolteacher, thought Sherman.

Sherman stood on the veranda after supper and Lorry took his arm.

"Look," she said. "Did you say you could supply horsepower to a canoe?"

"Why, yes, I guess I did. Would you like to—"

The moon was shining, the lake was cool and murmuring, the long coves secret. Lorry had brought a mandolin and to its tinkling music she sang, a little huskily, some very, very homesick song which began, "You and I in June, Junior."

"Sometime," she said at last, "we'll land on one of these here mystical, magical islands."

"Not tonight?"

"No, Sitting Bull, not tonight."

"What do you call me that for?"

"Why, look, mister, I call people things all the time."

"I believe you're a little dizzy," said Sherman.

"Your second sight is O.K.," said Lorry, "but for your first sight you still need glasses."

Sherman was puzzling that one when he pulled the green canoe to its place on the bank. When he and Lorry reached the lodge, they found Halsey and Ellie sprawled among the pine needles.

"What have you two been doing?" Sherman asked.

"Nothing. Just talking," said Ellie.

Later on, Sherman remarked to Lorry, "A fellow like Halsey has quiet tastes."

"There you go again. He only thinks he has quiet tastes. Don't you understand how that is?"

"No," said Sherman.

"I believe you," said Lorry.

For a day or two things went along pretty much the same, Halsey always happening to be with Ellie, and Sherman with Lorry.

The first change in the situation occurred one night when Lorry appeared with her mandolin. Supper was just over and the four friends sat below the veranda.

"Mr. Man," Lorry said to Halsey suddenly, "I think you can sing. Do you deny it?"

"I have the voice of a croupy owl," said Halsey.

"Please sing," said Ellie.

Lorry began softly, "'I seem to dream in June . . .'" and Halsey joined in.

"That was all right," Sherman said.

"It goes better over water," said Lorry.

She and Halsey strolled toward the lake, singing, and soon the music came faintly from among the pines, and then was lost.

"What do you know about that!" said Sherman.

"He's taken your girl," said Ellie, laughing.

That was a queer way of putting it, he thought. He would have said, "She's taken your fellow," but that wouldn't have been polite.

"Don't worry," said Ellie, "She's such a flyabout sort of person. She can't help it. I like her awfully well."

"Anyway, she's not my girl," Sherman said.

"Once, it seems to me, I was like that," said Ellie, not listening to him. "I wonder if I really was."

THE next evening Lorry and Halsey went off in the canoe that Sherman had rather considered his own, and once more he and Ellie waited together.

After this, at mealtime, Lorry's conversation was mostly for Halsey. The two played tennis and paddled on the lake. Ellie said almost nothing.

Lorry evaded Sherman, but once he caught her and asked her to canoe with him.

(*Continued on page 58*)

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A generation that didn't know Sousa argues over the merits of a Harry James or a Carmen Cavallaro, and I'll admit they'll get you tapping your feet. But when Sousa's band struck up The Stars and Stripes Forever, everybody joined the parade.—*Allan Witwer.*

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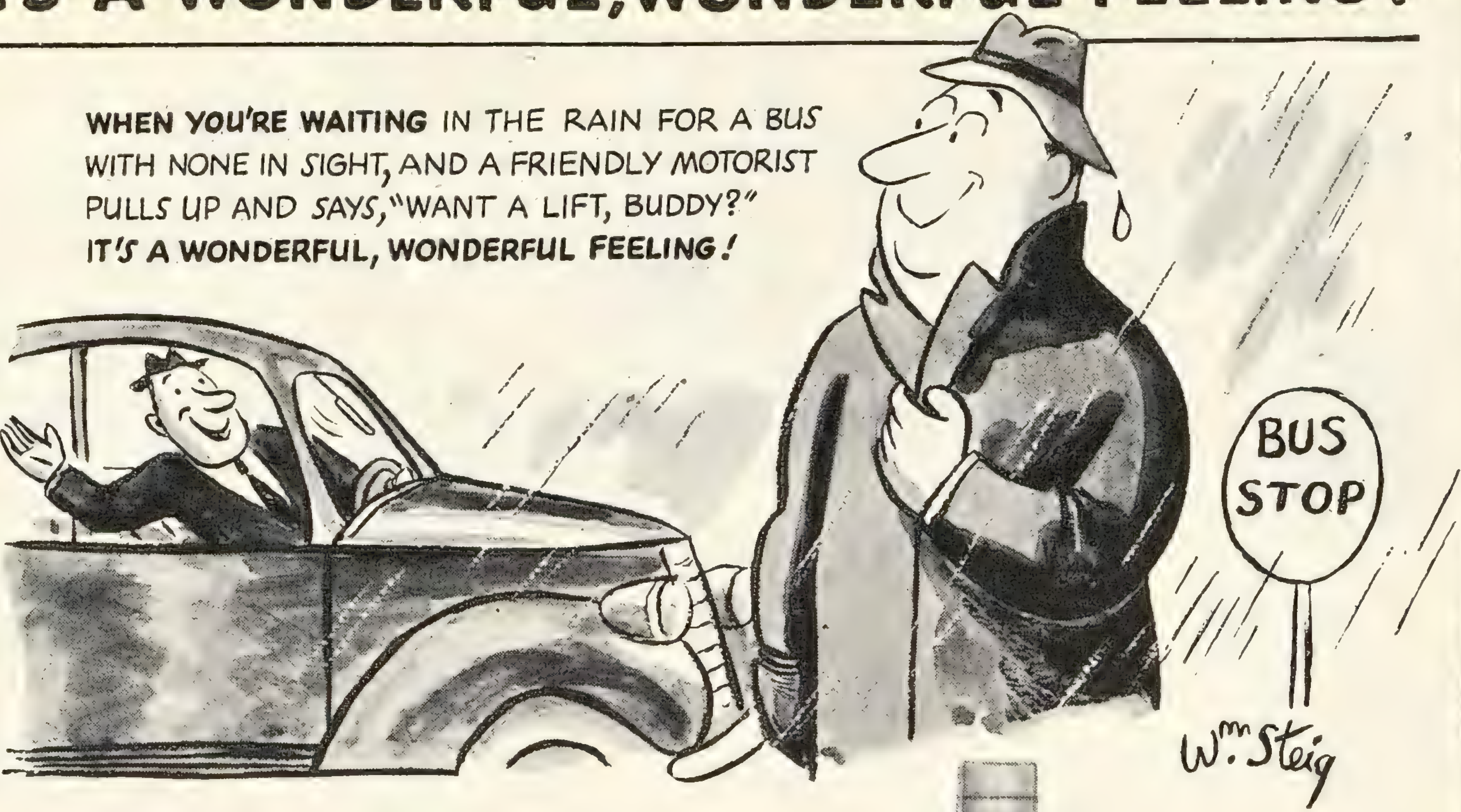

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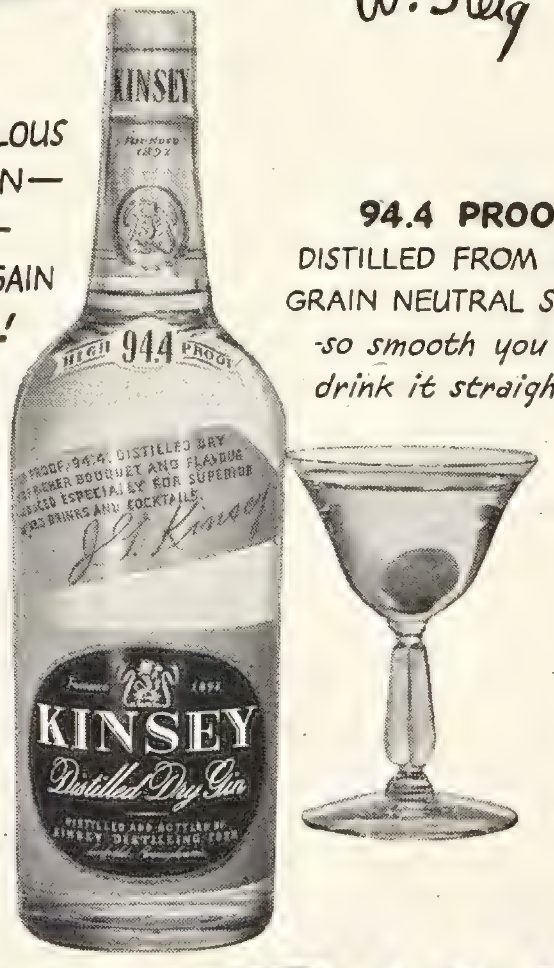

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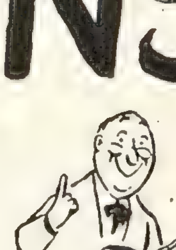

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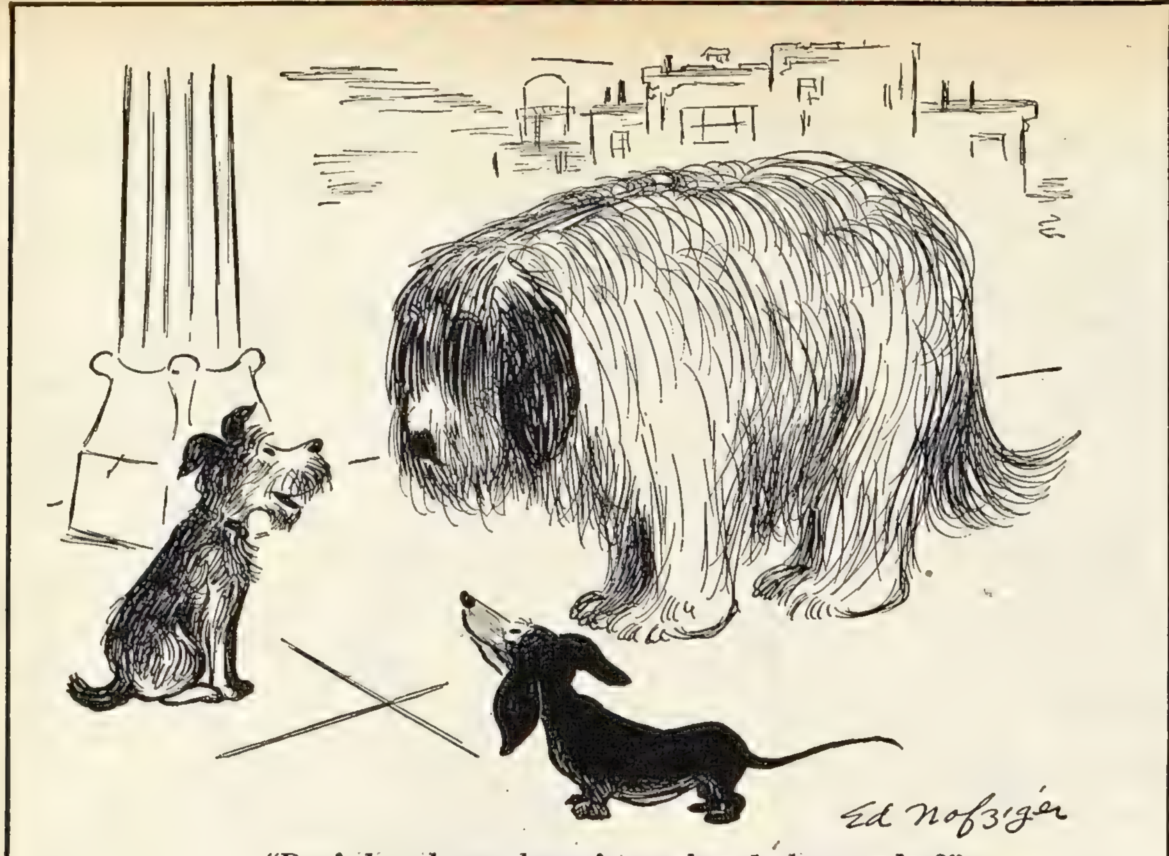

"Don't lose hope—haven't you heard about radar?"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 56*)

"Sorry, Honest Abe," she said. "I'm dated."

"I believe you only made a play for me in order to get Halsey off his guard," said Sherman.

"Such things are not spoken," said Lorry.

"But he and Ellie were getting on so well—"

"Look," said Lorry. "If a girl turns a cold shoulder, is it my fault? Take me—I give."

Then for the first time Sherman understood Lorry. She was interested in getting, not having. He was nothing to her, or his company, or his thoughts, or his feelings, and it might not be much different about Halsey, once she got him.

THAT same afternoon Ellie asked Sherman suddenly, "Where do you come from? Oh, I can tell by looking at you. You're from a place where things go on, where there's real life."

"Yes," said Sherman.

"I envy you. You see, I've been buried. Oh, I don't often complain, but I feel like telling someone. I live in a little village you never even heard of, and I don't see a new face, especially a young face, from one year's end to another. In winter I teach a little school and in summer I rent rooms to elderly respectable summer visitors. And I want to live!"

"Why, sure!" said Sherman. "We all want to."

She touched his hand with her fingers, a token of understanding, nothing more, but Sherman said to himself that he could win this girl. He could get her to marry him, because she so much wanted to live. Of course it would be awkward explaining that his home was in Griffin Port, with a population of 1,134 as against the Neck's 1,128, and despised by all Neckers, but he could try.

That evening Sherman and Ellie were together again, walking through the pines. They didn't say much. After a while Sherman put his arm around Ellie's waist. She didn't protest. He remembered all the years he had loved her name. He kissed her. Then, while they stood under the sighing trees, a voice came from the lake, Halsey's voice, and Sherman felt Ellie quiver. She drew away.

They walked back to the lodge, and Sherman said, "What did you and Halsey talk about, those first evenings?"

"Oh, about life."

On the subject of life, Sherman's mind at the moment was a complete blank. After he had gone to his room, he stayed awake for a long time, remembering the twitch of Ellie's shoulders, the despair communicated in that one unforgettable movement. Sherman loved her. Yes, he loved her, but that wasn't enough. He wasn't dashing. He lived in Griffin Port. He could never be more to her than a partner of her guardian spirit.

Finally he got out of bed and wrote a letter. Only after he had addressed the envelope to Mrs. Elmer Simpson, Old Baxter House, Griffin Neck, and mailed it in the lobby could he settle down to sleep.

At dinner the next day Sherman acted on old information. He asked Mrs. Crump her opinion of Walt Whitman and she responded warmly with a quotation:

"Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking bird's throat, the
musical shuttle . . ."

With a gasp of pleasure, Ellie took it up:

"Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and fields beyond . . ."

Halsey and Lorry stopped to listen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Crump, "you're wonderful!"

"No, I'm not," said Ellie. "It just happens I wrote a paper on Whitman's poems once."

"Look," said Lorry, but only Sherman heard her.

"See how serious Halsey is," Sherman whispered. "Just like that first day."

"You gripe me," said Lorry.

Lorry had Halsey to herself again that night, but the next day Sherman drew on another of Ellie's Woman's Club papers. He tried Mrs. Crump on the subject of Modern Painters and she came up with Gauguin. Ellie parried with Cézanne. They both grabbed Tom Benton and stayed with him. Halsey was wide-eyed.

"Look, John Wilkes Booth," Lorry said on the side to Sherman. "What causes this unfortunate side to your character? Why can't you stick to the simpler things?"

"I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about," said Sherman.

THE following day the topic was Spain, and it turned out that Halsey's grandmother had spent a year in that country. Late in the afternoon a long package arrived in the mail addressed to Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow.

"What do you suppose it can be?" she exclaimed.

"Why, it's a flute!" said Halsey as she removed the wrappings.

"It's my own flute, but I never asked to have it sent here. I can't understand."

Sherman looked as blank as anyone.

"Do you mean you can actually play a flute?" Halsey asked.

"Oh, I haven't played for ages, but I might try," said Ellie.

She put the flute to her lips and something happened. The sounds were remarkable, but even more so was the transformation in Ellie herself. An imp peered out through her laughing eyes. Being demure and playing a flute didn't go together. She had become a nymph.

"Come on, let's try some tunes, just you and me," said Halsey, "on the lake."

There it was. Sherman's heart thumped. On the first try he had made a success of being an amateur angel. He half expected Ellie to melt into Halsey's arms. But at her next words he froze.

"Sorry, I can't," said Ellie. "Sherman and I have a date."

He didn't know how it happened, but he and Ellie were together in the pinewoods with starlight trickling through.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You know you're in love with Halsey."

"After what he did to me? I've no interest in him, and he and his blonde can grow old together, the sooner the better." She was leaning against a tree, and the voice of the flute sang, altogether magically. Sherman was only slightly musical, but he knew his Gilbert and Sullivan and could translate:

> Good morrow, good lover!
> Good lover, good morrow . . .

Over everything ran the spell. Up through the treetops, over the lake, beyond the lodge.

> For we're to be married today—today!
> For we're to be married today!

Suddenly there was a crashing as of someone approaching in a great hurry. Halsey burst through.

"Ellie, Ellie!"

The next thing Sherman knew, Halsey was holding Ellie in both his arms and saying over her shoulder, "You try to get her away from me and I'll throw you in the lake!"

Sherman walked back to the lodge and found Lorry in the old place.

"Look," she said. "Wasn't that the darndest thing, the way that flute turned up?"

"Who's being naïve now?" said Sherman.

HE said good-by to Ellie in the morning. He told her he knew she would be happy with a full life in New York.

"Oh, Halsey doesn't exactly live in New York City," she said. "Just in New York State. Basswood Falls, the darlingest little place! I'm going to love it."

That gave Sherman something to think about on the train. As he walked into the office of the Marine Intelligencer he met the scrutiny of Mr. Fifield.

"Humph!" remarked the editor. "Sulphur and molasses would have been cheaper and better."

Sometimes Sherman wondered. As his knowledgeable fingers played over the keyboard and the click of the matrices pushed the minutes along, he watched for an item which was sure to come.

> Miss Ellie Lawn Marrow has resigned her position in the Neck school. Announcement of her engagement appears in another column.

A great tide of loneliness started far off and began to come nearer, nearer. Oh, the empty vault of life! But suddenly the approaching wave was arrested. Sherman's eyes fell on these lines:

> Miss Camelot Tredgold has bought the former Claghorn House and plans to occupy it as a year-round home. She is the daughter of the late Congressman Tredgold and has lived abroad for several years.

Musingly Sherman said the name to himself. Camelot Tredgold. He said it again. Already a portrait began to form in his mind. I know what I'll do, he told himself. I'll get out my bicycle and wheel over to Griffin Neck on Saturday afternoon.

THE END

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SURVIVAL OF THE SMARTEST

Continued from Page 23

toward its mother again, and as it did so the cow reared, half pivoting as she came down. I saw her deliberately catch the fawn with her shoulder and violently force it off the dam and into the water. It went completely under. It could swim, and the dam sloped so that it presently found a foothold. The fawn lay for a moment half in and half out of the water, while the cow paced nervously back and forth. After several minutes, the fawn waded out onto the dam. The cow sniffed it from head to flanks. Then, apparently satisfied, she turned and went back the way she had come, with her baby following. Immersion in the water had, of course, removed the hated man scent. While it is possible that shoving the calf off the dam had been a gesture of abandonment, I think she knew the water would wash off my scent and had acted accordingly. All animals seem to know of the scent-killing property of water.

On a windy moonlit spring night on the shore of Redoubt Bay, halfway down Cook Inlet, Tex Cobb and I had an experience with a pair of brown bears which indicated the animals had a thorough knowledge of diversionary tactics. Tex had acquired a homestead in some tall Sitka spruces on the bank of a king salmon stream—a good log cabin, a smokehouse, a garden patch, and a stilt-legged Siwash cache. We were engaged in shooting leopard seal off the mouth of the creek for their hides and the government bounty, and in smoking salmon for dog food on our winter trap line.

There were a great many brown bear in the area and, as we presently discovered, they coveted the carcasses of the seal we killed. The trouble was, in this instance, that Tex wanted the carcasses himself for garden fertilizer. When we had pelted a seal and carved off the blubber for rendering into oil, Tex would bury the remainder of the animal in the strawberry patch or between the rows of vegetables he had planted. The bear soon discovered what he was doing and at once began visiting the garden at night and digging up the seal. This made Tex furious. Like all mountain men temporarily residing in the lowlands, he liked to plant things.

We had a dog, a loud-mouthed chechahco mongrel who was afraid of bear and could be depended upon to yell his head off whenever he winded one. His name, for no good reason, was Bravo. Tex, hoping to save the remainder of his garden, decided to make use of Bravo's allergy to brown bear. So when we next caught more seal and had buried the carcasses in the strawberry patch, Tex tied Bravo to a sawbuck some fifty yards from the garden, and left the dog there to do lookout duty. Tex also began sleeping with a .405 Winchester and a flashlight ready at hand.

Several nights passed without any untoward happenings. But there were brown bear in the vicinity. Bravo was becoming a nervous wreck and twice had dragged the sawbuck to the cabin. Each time he had begun barking, Tex had dashed outside with the rifle and flashlight.

The pay-off came on a night when a full moon had risen over the peaks of the Aleutian Range. It was a beautiful peaceful night until, abruptly, Bravo began barking with a wild insistence that put to shame all his former efforts. At the same instant there was a terrific racket at the empty smokehouse. Tex and I grabbed our rifles and hurried outside, clad only in our undershirts.

An enormous dark shape was reared against the side of the smokehouse, clawing at the planking. It was a brown bear. It looked twelve feet high, and probably was.

"He's been askin' fer hit," Tex gritted, jacking a shell into the chamber of the .405, "an' now I'm reely gonna cut him down."

Before either of us could fire, however, the bear dropped to all fours and ran behind the smokehouse. We moved forward cautiously. Behind us, at the edge of the garden, Bravo was having hysterics. When we were within some eighty feet of the building, the bear made a rush for the creek. All I saw was a flicker of movement among the moon-cast shadows, and then the bear was over the bank and splashing across the creek.

"Be doggoned if I'll ever understand bears," Tex asserted. "Imagine that big cuss standin' there in the moonlight hammerin' on the side of an empty smokehouse. He musta been loco."

But we presently came to a different opinion of the animal's intelligence. Bravo was still yammering at the top of his lungs and we went over to quiet him. It was immediately clear why he had been barking so emphatically. Over against the timber, about 100 yards distant, in the middle of what once had been a flourishing strawberry patch, were two mounds of freshly dug earth. They marked spots where Tex had buried two leopard-seal carcasses. Investigating, we found bear tracks in the soft earth that measured fourteen inches long. Despite the uproar Bravo had made, the bear had come out of the timber, scooped out the seal carcasses and made off with them—presumably while we were attempting to stalk the bear at the smokehouse.

"I hate to admit hit," Tex said, "but hit 'pears to me that them bears was in cahoots. One of 'em pounds on the smokehouse to git us interested in him, an' then the other one rushes in an' tears up what was left of the strawberry patch to git them seals."

I think Tex was right.

In the Teller Bay area up on the Arctic rim one autumn I saw a swan get out of a difficult situation in a manner that unmistakably proved her ability to think in an emergency. My companion and I were making our way among the marshes and lakelets with our cameras, hoping for a chance to take some good photographs of water fowl feeding. As we parted the coarse head-high grass of one jewel-like pond, we saw, within fifty feet of us, a swan with four cygnets.

The swan saw us the instant we saw her. But she didn't try to take off. She half spread her wings, but closed them again. I didn't realize what her trouble was until my companion whispered excitedly that because the wind was blowing strongly from us to her she would have to take off in our direction, and the pond was so narrow—only about seventy-five feet across—that she would have to fly virtually into our arms. My friend is a pilot and his airman's training had given him an immediate appreciation of her dilemma. She was too heavy to get off the water downwind, and was afraid to try it upwind. The manner in which she extricated herself from the situation would have won the approval of any student of flight.

With the cygnets following, she turned and paddled swiftly but with dignity to the further shore of the pond, which was flat grassless tundra. There she waddled out of the water and, without looking back, proceeded some sixty feet overland, downwind. Then, facing us again, she spread her wings and lifted herself into the air, the cygnets taking off at the same instant. She caught an updraft halfway across the pond, and flared skyward, so that when she passed us she was fifty feet in the air and climbing fast. We watched her wing southward with her young, and I knew that if I had ever witnessed a clear-cut example of wildlife reasoning, this was it.

Then there was a red fox that I saw demonstrate the value of intelligence to a pack of tundra wolves, to the huge embarrassment and confusion of the wolves. This was on Knik River, an area which had been an excellent red-, black-, and silver-fox range before the wolves came in. It was good fox country because it had a light snowfall and because there were several heavy salmon runs during the summer and autumn months. The salmon die after spawning and drift down onto the bars and are silted under and frozen in. The foxes smelled them out in the winter when other food was scarce, and dug down to them through the light snow and frozen sand. It was an important source of winter food to all fur bearers; but when the wolves came, they shut it off. They patrolled the river, and any animal they caught on the wide barren bars, they killed. Only one fox had survived, a big red dog fox who apparently had a charmed life.

On this winter afternoon Tex and I sighted the fox on the bank of a warm creek which came into the river a short distance below the Knik glacier. The animal was digging out a salmon, and was so intent at it that it had failed to see a pack of six wolves coming across the open bars. As the wind was in the wolves' favor, they were aware of the fox's presence. No animal will eat a fox, but a wolf will kill anything it can, and it was clear these wolves were going to try to kill the red fox.

IT should be explained here that the warm creek, unlike other streams in the region, froze so lightly that the ice seldom could be trusted.

The wolves came in, trotting easily, until they were within 300 yards of the fox. Then they closed in with greyhound speed. The fox, its head in the hole it was digging, still hadn't seen the wolves. But an instant later, raising its head to look about, it spotted them. I thought at first the animal was terror-stricken, paralyzed by fright. It stood motionless, staring, the picture of stark fear. It was cut off from the timber, and behind it there was only the frozen stream and a sea of level barren moraine wastes reaching to the glacier. I wouldn't have given a dime for its chances.

But the fox, it developed, knew what it was doing. Certainly what happened was a surprise to the wolves, as well as to Tex and me. The wolves were flashing over the snow, all in a tight group, each one manifestly eager to make the kill. When they were only a few yards distant, the fox whirled and fled across the ice of the creek. The wolves were immediately behind it, but they didn't get far. Their speed carried them perhaps twenty feet out from the bank—where the ice gave way with a crash under them. It was a mere skim of glare ice, less than half an inch thick. It had supported the fox, and it might have supported one of the wolves, but it wasn't strong enough to support all.

The wolves finally swam ashore and headed back the way they had come. I think the fox had discovered by accident that it could cross the ice of the warm creek and that a wolf pack couldn't, and had had sufficient intelligence to make use of this fact.

It was an additional bit of proof that wild animals need brains and ingenuity as well as prowess in combat in order to survive. Instinct—petrified reason—isn't enough. To hold its own, to meet the daily emergencies and threats of the wilds, a species must have a good share of the animal equivalent of I.Q.

THE END

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT'S time now, a year after V-J Day, to sum up gains and losses in the ex-serviceman's fight to make up for lost years and opportunities.

Among his gains is the amendment to the G.I. Bill of Rights which provides that benefits derived from the Bill *will not* be deducted from any future bonus voted to veterans.

Also on the credit side are new provisions of the G.I. Bill which increase the maximum loan guaranty available to veterans from $2,000 to $4,000, on farm or home realty and extend the time limit for obtaining government-guaranteed loans from two years after the war is officially ended to ten years.

Educational benefits have also been liberalized to the extent of eliminating the twenty-five-year age limit on veterans eligible to go to school at government expense; raising the school subsistence allowance from $50 to $65 a month for single veterans and from $75 to $90 for those with dependents; offering disabled veterans going to school a minimum allowance of $105 a month; extending the time limit for beginning school under the G.I. Bill from two to four years after the legal end of the war; permitting ex-servicemen to take correspondence and highly specialized technical courses.

Medical bill.

On the loss side of the ledger is the nation's failure so far to make any dent in the housing shortage. As Congress continues to debate over various housing bills, an estimated 2,900,000 married veterans have joined the already great array of home-seekers.

Another loss is the nullifying by the Supreme Court of the veteran rights to job superseniority. The seniority rights of a veteran are now restricted to the actual time put in on the job plus the time he has spent in the service.

As for things to come, the veteran must not pin his hopes on a bonus in the near future. Not only is the issue being side-tracked, but an increasing number of people, including some veterans, are actually opposing a bonus.

The terminal-leave-pay bill which will bring joy and cash to millions of ex-G.I.s is a more immediate prospect. It was O.K.'d by the House by a vote of 379 to 0 and now awaits only Senate and White House approval.

The next year will show whether the country intends to make good on all the promises made to the veteran in the days of national emergency. It will be your job as veterans to impress upon the public that you continue to merit special treatment for a job well done.

* * *

James Boller, Pittsburgh, Pa. If a strike at your former place of employment prevents you from applying for your old job within 90 days after discharge from service, you are entitled to apply as soon as the strike has ended. No employer can use the fact that you were unable to make application as reason for not taking you back.

* * *

Martin Roka, Savannah, Ga. It is no longer necessary to file with the Veterans Administration an application for a Certificate of Eligibility for a G.I. loan. Your honorable discharge is sufficient.

* * *

Marion Colman, Aiken, S. C. Officers on terminal leave are not required by regulation to wear their uniforms.

* * *

Alice Wyatt, Cranford, N. J. You cannot obtain a loan under the G.I. Bill of Rights to pay medical bills.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

ACTORS ANONYMOUS

Continued from Page 19

11.15 A. M., dashes to CBS, a few blocks away, for Amanda. If he's late, they work around him. Twelve twenty to 12.45 P.M., back to NBC to repeat Lone Journey for the West Coast; 12.49½ to 2.30 P.M., at CBS again for The Second Mrs. Burton; 2.31 to 4 P.M., rehearsal of NBC's Mr. and Mrs. North, Theater of Romance, or some half-hour evening show; 4.45 to 6 P.M., rehearsal and performance of Front-Page Farrell, on which he's the ebullient Farrell; 6.30 to 8.30 P.M., Mr. and Mrs. North, etc., show; 8.30 to 10 P.M., Crime Photographer; midnight to 12.30 A.M., repeat of Mr. and Mrs. North, etc.; 1 A.M., bed and sleep at his apartment near Radio City.

Free moments in this schedule Cotsworth fills in with lunch or dinner on sandwiches and coffee brought into the studio; picking up the odd $25.41 union scale for doing a bit on Cimarron Tavern; or he may rush over to MBS to be narrator on You Make the News, a news show. Not being greedy, he confines his Saturday shows to picking up the $85 half-hour scale for Grand Central Station, and to making spot commercial recordings. On occasional Sundays he does guest shots on Quick as a Flash, or "saccharine" theaters.

TO keep from going completely nuts, Cotsworth sketches his friends during rehearsals, and Sundays he takes his wife for rides in the country, taking endless photographs of her. He became a camera bug through playing Casey. Recently he took his first vacation in four years. Three months before leaving, he arranged to be written out of all his shows. Directly after his last Friday broadcast, he and his wife flew to Chichen Itzá, Yucatán. But they were gone only nine days.

While Cotsworth is hush-hush about his yearly take, many of his fellow drudges are less reluctant to give the figures. Gertrude Warner, Hartford, Connecticut's gift to the gold-filled kilocycles, is a Jill of all trades. You have heard her as Della Street on Perry Mason, as Nikki on Ellery Queen, and on such programs as Valiant Lady, Theater of Romance, Big Sister, and Inner Sanctum, to mention just a few. And for these she picks up, all told, a trifling $75,000 a year. Gertrude, who was recently married, is talking about taking an extended vacation from radio, but chances are the lure of that $75,000 will find her back in the fold again.

Last year Frances Chaney, who went into radio from Broadway on a slumming one-shot appearance for which she got $35, was content to earn about $45,000 for Burma on Terry and the Pirates, The March of Time, etc. Bud Collyer, who plays Superman and does a lot of announcing besides the operas, commutes from his Pound Ridge, New York, farm to Manhattan and loses a lot of sleep to snare $50,000 a year and up.

Some radio players, however, find it isn't necessary to work eighteen hours a day to make fifty grand a year. For example, blonde Lucille Wall, nicknamed the Love Story Girl by her press agents because she played so many stage and air-borne ingénues, now makes her $57,000 a year just concentrating on two shows. She's Belle on Lorenzo Jones, and Portia Blake on Portia Faces Life.

This doesn't mean that everybody makes $1,000 a week on radio. There are the smaller fry who work long hours at scale, without contracts. Take, for instance, the villains. Every afternoon at five, the dulcet moan of the soaper gives way to the artillery fire of the cliff-hanger like Tom Mix, so dear to the heart of the All-American Boy. Toward evening, Mr. District Attorney and other crime-smellers take over. Crime runs rampant; justice fights back hard.

QUITE a number of actors have found crime does pay. For instance, Stefan Schnabel, Berlin-born son of pianist Artur Schnabel, and ex-Shakespearean, played Hitler during the war oftener than Hitler himself. As an escaped Nazi prisoner he has beaten convalescent G.I.s to death with their crutches, and himself has died foully. Now that the war's over, he plays good Europeans, and is currently in Orson Welles' musical, Around the World. For his foul Nazi derring-do, Stefan easily outearns his famous piano-playing dad.

Most suave of radio public enemies is Arthur Vinton, who played stage and screen juveniles until he decided one day that "you can kiss a dame only so long, but you can kill people till you're ninety!" Vinton was one of the first to play The Shadow, but since, on the same show, he's played the killer, the killer's father, brother, and once even the killer's mother! He master-minds a lot on Mr. District Attorney and the Norths, too. He expects to die of old age—in Congress. A neighbor of Hamilton Fish, former New York congressman, he once ran against Ham, unsuccessfully.

A harmless and lovable family man from Hartford, Ed Begley also averages about 1,100 bad men a year. Maybe you remember him as Uncle Jasper who, in Stella Dallas, went around poisoning nice folks' lemonade, weakening ladder rungs, and who died when he fell off a roof as he was trying to push Stella off. Ed has a side line, too. He specializes in grouches like Mr. Dittenpfeffer on the Alan Young show, and Homer Brown's overheated dad of Henry Aldrich fame. Hanley Stafford, who plays the dyspeptic dad of Baby Snooks and, on Blondie, the explosive Mr. Dithers who constantly threatens to drill holes in Dagwood's

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head and rent it as a birdhouse, is said to collect $2,250 every Sunday for these combined efforts.

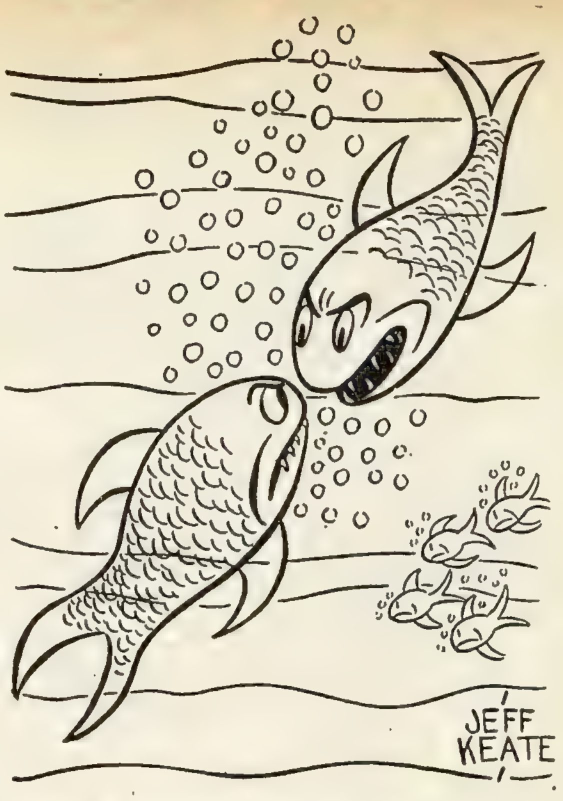
Leading lady Dillinger of the air and gun moll on Crime Doctor since 1940, red-haired Edith Arnold began the life of crime as an angel in the Hollywood Bowl Pilgrimage play. She holds a master's degree in philosophy from U.C.L.A. Wellesley-educated Elspeth Eric takes care of many of the smoother lady nasties. Boasting radio's most televisable legs, Elspeth broke into radio doing Eve in Eden. A sort of general utility man, Miss Eric can do dowagers and dopes as well as hussies. She's been Joyce Jordan the gal interne, goes straight on Big Sister—and maybe you caught her on the stage as a mama in Snafu?

SHOULD a serial director require a hillbilly crone, a juvenile delinquent, a dizzy dame, and some refined hiccups for one show, he doesn't call four actors. He gives Radio Registry a ring, asks for Cecil Roy, the Gal with 1,000 Voices. Cecil is called the Cradle-to-the-Grave Lady, can imitate anyone with vocal cords. On one recent MBS show—Daily Dilemmas—she played seventeen different voices, including a dog's. An ex-Tennessee schoolteacher, Donald Bain is radio's one-man animal kingdom. He can imitate anything from an elephant to a flea. For making like a rooster, for instance, on Our Gal Sunday, he'll get $35 for five seconds' crowing; ten meows and an auto beep bring him $98 from The March of Time.

Madeline Pierce makes a comfortable living imitating what's eating any serialized child. Plush-lined Jack Smart, before he got to be the crime-loving Fat Man Monday nights, made good money laughing. Frank Readick got his radio fortune giving the nerve-shattering heh-heh-heh of The Shadow.

About $500 is spent for talent to do the commercials that sandwich in each soaper. Often resembling a Theater Guild offering in dramatic effects, one serial writer once complained that he was limited to five characters, while the commercial sported nine—all tops. For instance, Poor Mirium who never uses irium on Bob Hope's program isn't really poor or Mirium. She's Trudy Ewan, and when it's time for the commercial she can perform right through Hope's shenanigans, and for that she manufactures for herself heavy irium.

It's even possible to knock off your $25,000 a year without uttering a line! Bill Meeder, an organist, using his pipes to heighten the mood of soapers, gets $87.50 a show. Another of the big-league organists is Dick Liebert, who wraps up more than $50,000 a year for his organ playing on such programs as Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, The Second Mrs. Burton, and Big Sister. In addition to his radio work, Liebert sets the mood at Radio City Music Hall as its chief organist, and has made a number of records.



"The Atlantic's not big enough for you and me both!"
LIBERTY

"But let the long-hairs get the credit," says Dick, "so long as I get my fifty thousand a year and no nervous breakdowns."

Because its critics say soap opera provides an unhealthy escape from reality, there is talk that its performers are of inferior quality. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Joan Alexander defends her craft most stoutly: "It's true that soap opera can be pretty icky. But what about serials like Against the Storm and Lone Journey, that try to be better—and are? How many Broadway plays are better than things by Arch Oboler and Norman Corwin? And look at Superman, on which I'm Lois. We've recently begun a fight on intolerance. True, there are a few 'shlock artists' among us who wear old melodramatic mustaches on their voices. But it's a funny thing! If you work to be relaxed and natural over the air, you can make the most awful tripe sound real. Otherwise it comes out real ham."

SHE further avers that radio ham can be superior to more artistic brands. It also calls for more technique, being performed without benefit of props. Many Broadway stars have been flops on the radio.

"The days when an actor looks on radio as an easy way to pick up a few dollars," warns Miss Alexander, "are over. Almost everybody in Lone Journey has had Broadway training, and radio is fast taking the place of the old stock company to create new talent. Where else can an actress play an ingénue, a Chinese dope fiend, and a silly biddy the same day, as I have?"

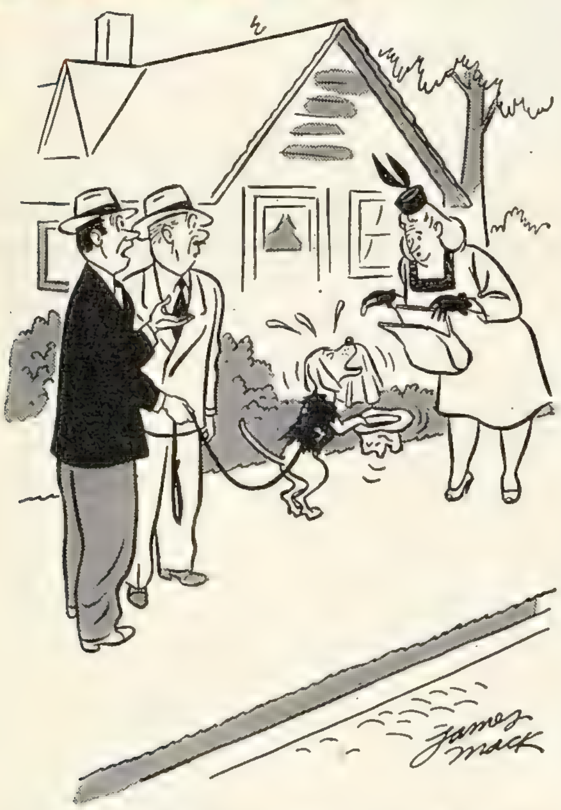
Despite their anonymity, soap-opera-ites have enormous influence. Fan mail comes addressed to the characters they play. Thus on V-J Day someone tried to call Lorenzo Jones at the network to beg him not to let the impending announcement of Japan's surrender interrupt Lorenzo's impending show. Lucille Wall, as the lawyer Portia, gets lots of requests to fix parking tickets and to help with income-tax blanks. Let Portia announce she is going to have a baby, and thousands of listeners will start knitting. Recently, when Portia was falsely accused of murder, a Texan woman offered to come to New York to testify for Portia. She'd heard the show the day the deed had been done, and knew the real murderer.

And millions of women are grateful to Ma Perkins for showing them how to frustrate evil squires; to Lora Lawton for teaching how to handle a mother-in-law; and to Mary Marlin, who revered mothers so much. The fans take it so seriously that when one radio actor took a glass of beer on a show, the clamoring protests caused his return to teetotalism.

DURING election years, thousands protest the canceling of soap programs so candidates can air their own political brand of soft soap. The contributions of Captain Midnight and Tom Mix to the war effort were far more gratefully received than the atom bomb. Superman, now that he has mounted the radio soapbox, may even tackle the Iron Curtain. Should he succeed in lifting it (a doubtful possibility), who knows, John's Other Wife might be persuaded to run for President on a P.A.C. ticket!

"And when all is said and done," Joan Alexander says proudly, "think of the number of people we help keep clean. What other artist can make this statement?"

L5681-46 THE END



"All I taught him was to beg for his food—this thing is his own idea!"

LIBERTY

STAR-SPANGLED SUCKER TRAPS

Continued from Page 17

and Klan at Bund Camp Andover. Smythe's case is important because his methods are illustrative of those used by his brethren in hate.

Smythe puts up an impressive front. His gaudy letterhead lists eleven "affiliated organizations" and two "official publications." They're letterhead fronts and he has no publication of any kind. "For God, for Home and Country" is one of his slogans, followed by "Honor Our Heroic Dead by Helping the Wounded." All this impresses the uninitiated. Accompanying the letter is a red-white-blue leaflet with the screaming headline, "Persecution of [in bright red] Protestant War Veterans of the United States MUST STOP! [in blue] AND WILL STOP!" [in red]. Smythe has the answer to what's wrong with New York State:

"Three million Protestants in the City of New York, and eight million Protestants in the State of New York are Civic and Political OUTCASTS . . . because of an unholy alliance between the Roman Catholic controlled Tammany Hall machine (Democratic) and the Jew-Communist controlled Republican machine under Governor Thomas E. Dewey."

SMYTHE'S panacea is to get rid of the Catholics, Jews, and Negroes and leave the country to men of his ilk, as well as such "patriotic and outstanding Americans" as John E. Rankin and Theodore G. Bilbo, to take over. For two dollars he will send you the dope on who is "Raping the Protestant South" and all about the "Negro Communist Republic." If you're interested in joining his "Thomas Jefferson Post No. 1776," the initiation fee is five dollars, payable in advance.

Smythe tried to make a deal with the German-American Veterans of World War II, but it fell through. Commander of the German-American Veterans was Albert J. Daubach, forty, a short, stocky, pugnacious man who wears a discharge button. Daubach gained notoriety recently at the trial of three German-Americans who were convicted on charges of unlawful assembly and sent to jail. The three were Homer Maertz, Ernest Elmhurst (born Fleischkopf) who, like Smythe, is under indictment for sedition, and Kurt Mertig, at whose "nationalist" meetings Smythe used to appear. After the trial, Daubach and other angry "patriots" gathered in a circle, denounced the court.

Headquarters of the German-American Veterans are at a certain bar on East Eighty-sixth Street, New York. The gang meets in a rear room every other Monday night. The recording secretary is Herman Schwoerer. "It's an odd veterans'

THE BEER OF PLEASANT MEMORIES
BARBAROSSA
BARBAROSSA
BEER
BARBAROSSA
The Premium
BEER
A Welcome Label on any Table
© 1946—RED TOP BREWING CO., CIN'TI, OHIO

L5733-30

bunch," one observer said. "The men are mostly past forty and don't seem to be veterans of World War II. Many have heavy guttural accents and talk in German. If I didn't know German, I'd be lost."

There are Bundists in Daubach's outfit. Apologizing for Hitler and blaming the war on us instead of the Axis is common talk among the membership. Anti-Semitism is bitter and widespread. Daubach was advised by a former Bundist against the display of it in public. "We can get into trouble fighting the Jews," the Bundist said. "The American people don't like it. Just say you're fighting Communism, then bring the Jews in. You can get away with it that way."

ONE of the most ambitious hate-mongering groups is the so-called Christian Veterans of America. Actually it's nothing more than a wing of the veteran-poisoning machinery promoted nationally by Gerald L. K. Smith, an indefatigable worker for disunity on the home front.

Accompanied by a newspaperman, I visited its *Führer,* Frederick Kister, in his home in Chicago. Kister, who is thirty-two, short and blond, has a flair for emotional oratory. He impressed me as an impressionable man putting on a militant act because Smith and his, Kister's, wife have sold him the idea that he can be a big shot.

Kister's lurid red-white-blue leaflet screams: "America will be a Red Soviet Republic within five years." The canard is credited to Stalin, and Kister got it from the minutes of a Communist "secret convention" to which only he had access. Kister poses as the White Knight who will save America from Communism. He then tells us that upon his discharge (he served as private for about a year) he found America "flooded with refugees," which provides him with the springboard for a tirade against Jews. He blames it all on the Jews and again poses as the savior of America. It's all a ready-made formula, and a way out for "solving" our postwar problems. The mob swallows the lie because it discourages the hard work of thinking. Hitler did the same thing.

Kister's come-on is the promise of a $2,500 bonus for each veteran. He is a piker compared to his friend Joseph McWilliams, who used to offer $7,800. It comes to the same thing. Neither offers a sound economic program to produce an honest dollar. Both use the lavish appeal to attract suckers.

Besides Gerald L. K. Smith, Kister's advisers include Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling of Chicago, who sees a Red behind every door and under every desk. Another backer is Carl H. Mote, Indianapolis business man who in his magazine wrote recently: "I am ashamed to be an American. . . . Properly considered, the war has fully demonstrated one thing,

(*Continued on page 67*)

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

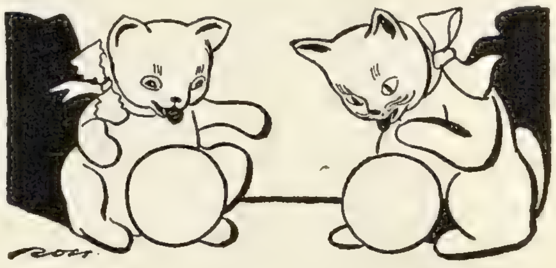
BEAUTIES OF NATURE: For the peace of mind it may bring to other cliff dwellers stuck in steaming cities, this morsel is hereby passed along. My four-year-old's pediatrician tells me he has fewer colds and other illnesses to combat each winter among his small-fry patients who had to stay in town all summer, than among those who were lucky enough to get away from it all. It seems those who enjoy a year-round diet of soot, urban germs, and carbon-monoxide gas get toughened or immunized to same, whereas those who go away for three months and return pink-cheeked and chubby are more sensitive to any unprincipled bug looking for a soft berth. I still think it would be admirable to go back to nature and stay there for the summer instead of two weeks stretched to seventeen days with the help of Labor Day. But I might add, and will, the city child has many distractions to compensate him for being short-changed in the realm of the bees and flowers. The young city slicker may enjoy a kaleidoscopic procession of oil trucks, buses, fire engines, genial traffic cops, ferry rides, trips to the zoo, and on rainy days, escalators, elevators, and paper cups of water at the ever-enchanting drinking fountains.

MINIATURE MODELS: It was fun to attend a new kind of fashion show the other day—all the clothes were modeled by young men from about three to ten years old. The smallest was convoyed by an attractive young woman, but most of the lads were on their own, and were pleasantly unaffected as they marched around the Colonnade Room in New York's Essex House. One brought his dog, who obligingly stood on his hind legs when a press photographer wanted to take a picture of master and pup. The clothes reflected the growing trend toward junior editions of Dad's leisure suits and sportswear. Aptly named "Chips," the fall suits, jackets, and slacks in sizes 4 to 12 were real chips off the old block and were masculine enough to suit both father and son. "Twigs" were the 2-to-6 sizes, and included a sturdy reversible jacket, plaid on one side, cotton gabardine on the other.

RUFFLED BY TRUFFLES: Many wares from foreign markets are now on hand. Among them are China green tea, West India lime juice, chutney from Bombay, Norwegian brisling sardines, and French *pâté de foie gras* with truffles. All of which makes the mouth water. But just give *me* the humble requisites of life in the kitchen. The sight of luxuries inflames the housewife who tramps miles in search of the ordinary necessities and finds none of them. You can't ply Baby with pâté of smoked rainbow trout when what he wants is a plain lamb chop.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TRUFFLES I'VE SEEN

I'd gladly do without the ruffles—
Imported liver paste with truffles,
Sardines from Norway, wine from
France,
And all such gorgeous elegance—
If I could find some grocer fellow
Who would supply my young with jello.
I'll hail the day with great relief
That brings us butter, oil, and beef.



TWO CENTS A MONTH: Made of a zinc alloy coated with baked enamel, two new fluorescent nursery lamps are unbreakable and chip-proof, according to the makers. (Gibson Products Company and Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.) The lamps are around five bucks each, available in two shapes—a bear and a kitten, each playing with a ball which is the fluorescent-light bulb. Both Teddy bear and kitten come in pink, blue, and ivory colors, and both designs use pastel yellow, coral, or blue bulbs. The manufacturers state they can be kept burning ten hours a night at a cost of only two cents a month. Child psychiatrists say it's O.K. to give Snooks a night light if he's unhappy in the dark.

and that is that the Germans are superior to Americans and English physically, intellectually, and morally." Chaplain of the so-called Christian Veterans of America is the Rev. Arthur W. Terminiello, an anti-Semitic Catholic priest from Alabama who is under suspension for refusal "to obey the orders of his Bishop to cease sending out literature which we feel is detrimental to the Church and the unity of our country." Terminiello was convicted in April for "creating a diversion tending to a breach of the peace" (rioting) following a meeting with Kister and Smith in Chicago, and fined $100. Smith was sentenced to sixty days in jail for contempt of court. As this is written their appeals are pending in the Chicago courts.

Secretary of Kister's outfit is George Vose. Vose was convicted before a general court-martial for "violating Article 84 of the Articles of War, specifically, selling army shirts; and of violating Article 96, AOW, specifically, selling passes to enlisted men." He was sentenced to six months at hard labor, but due to a leg injury was discharged before serving sentence. Army regulations do not regard petty racketeering as sufficient cause for dishonorable discharge.

POSING as a super-patriot and editing a veterans' magazine called National Defense is a former California congressman who was convicted of selling appointments to West Point. He is John H. Hoeppel. According to the record, he and his son were found guilty by a Washington jury on December 12, 1935, for conspiracy to sell a cadetship for $1,000. Hoeppel's magazine, which circulates among veterans, parallels the former Bund organ, Deutscher Weckhruf, for its Jew-baiting and its attacks on Congress. Here is a sample:

"From what is now taking place in the Congress, and from what has been taking place in Washington since 1933, it is a safe assumption that our Congress, knowingly or unknowingly, is composed of Zombies. They articulate and move about. They even legislate, but they are irresponsible for their actions because they are mentally dead. They are typical Zombies whose souls have been deadened."

Rankin is honored by Hoeppel as being the exception. Rankin "is the man of the hour, and it is men of his caliber, his ability who . . . will save our nation." Hoeppel proposes Rankin for President. As for "the CIO, the negroes [spelled with a small "n"], the Jews, and other minority groups, their selfish attitude must be held responsible if national collapse is ours," says Hoeppel, who also damns the American Legion as the "tool of Wall Street." Indeed, few in the United States seem to approach Hoeppel in honesty and love of country.

Another group making a bid for

Don't hesitate to speak frankly
to your daughter...

But be sure you, yourself, know the real truth about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

No loving mother should think of letting her daughter get married without first telling her how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most embarrassing deodorant problems.

And be sure to tell your daughter about this newer scientific method of douching with ZONITE—how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

Caution Your Daughter Against Weak, Homemade Mixtures

In this day of enlightenment — it's ridiculous to even think any well-informed and careful woman would use old-fashioned, ineffective or dangerous products for the douche.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle!

The first antiseptic-germicide in the world that was POWERFUL ENOUGH yet NON-POISONOUS, NON-IRRITATING, NON-BURNING. ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no creosote, no bichloride of mercury. Yet despite its great strength —you can use ZONITE as directed *as often as necessary* without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not *immediately* kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE kills every *reachable* germ *at once* and keeps them from multiplying yet it is SAFE even to the most delicate tissues. Buy a bottle of ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. L-86, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name____
Address______________________________________
City____________________ State_______________

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veteran recruits is the National Economic Council, Inc., in New York. Its director, Merwin K. Hart, spoke over Franco's propaganda radio. On his return here, he lauded the Falange and denounced democracy. He recommended Jane Anderson to Franco's propaganda office. After serving the Falange, Miss Anderson broadcast for Nazi Germany. She is now under indictment by the Department of Justice for treason. Hart sees no enemy on the home front but Communism. "Gentlemen of the Congress," he says, "you probably have little time left to save this Republic and the liberties of its citizens." He's been on that track for the last ten years!

Hart issued a plea to subscribers of his monthly alarm-bulletin: "Will each of you send us the name and address of some veteran of your acquaintance, of World War II, whom you think would be interested in learning something about what is going on in the world today? We will send this man our publication for a number of months."

Hart's interest in veterans is just beginning. He plans to launch, soon, an ambitious program to entice the unsuspecting ex-G.I. into the type of narrow, isolationist world which to most sensible people passed away with the atom bomb's fall on Hiroshima.

STILL another organization courting the ex-servicemen is the Ku Klux Klan. Press reports recently told of a letter on Klan stationery that was turned over to New York State's attorney general. According to the newspaper accounts, the Klan boasted in the letter that "forty-seven G.I.s have joined our Freeport (Long Island) unit and 1,761 have joined in Brooklyn since January 1, 1945, thanks to (Michael) Quill (president of the Transport Workers Union) and his Reds."

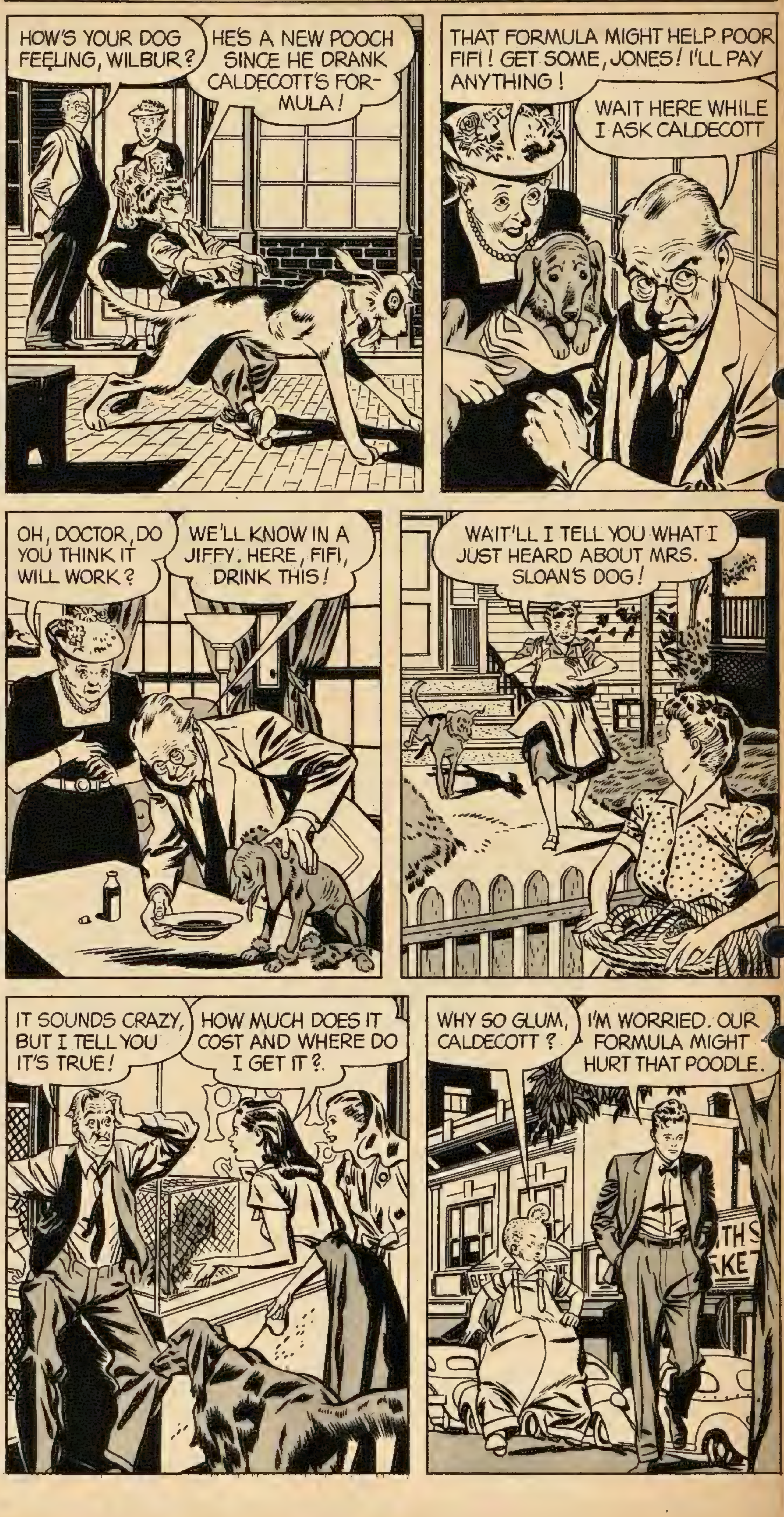
So far we have avoided the excesses to which some veterans were driven after the last war. On Armistice Day in 1919, unemployed veterans in Centralia, Washington, were egged on to rush the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World. The rioters emasculated an I.W.W. organizer, then they hanged him.

It was teamwork which won the war—the teamwork of millions of Americans of all faiths, creeds, and colors. They all fought for the ideals embodied in the Preamble. The teamwork which won the war must now be geared to win the peace, for one without the other is worthless.

Complacency is one luxury which vigilant, democratic veterans cannot afford. They must know that the psychological enemy of democracy firing paper bullets can be just as dangerous as the military enemy firing live bullets. Casualties in one instance are physical; in the other they are mental, and the mind of the veteran is the biggest prize of postwar America.

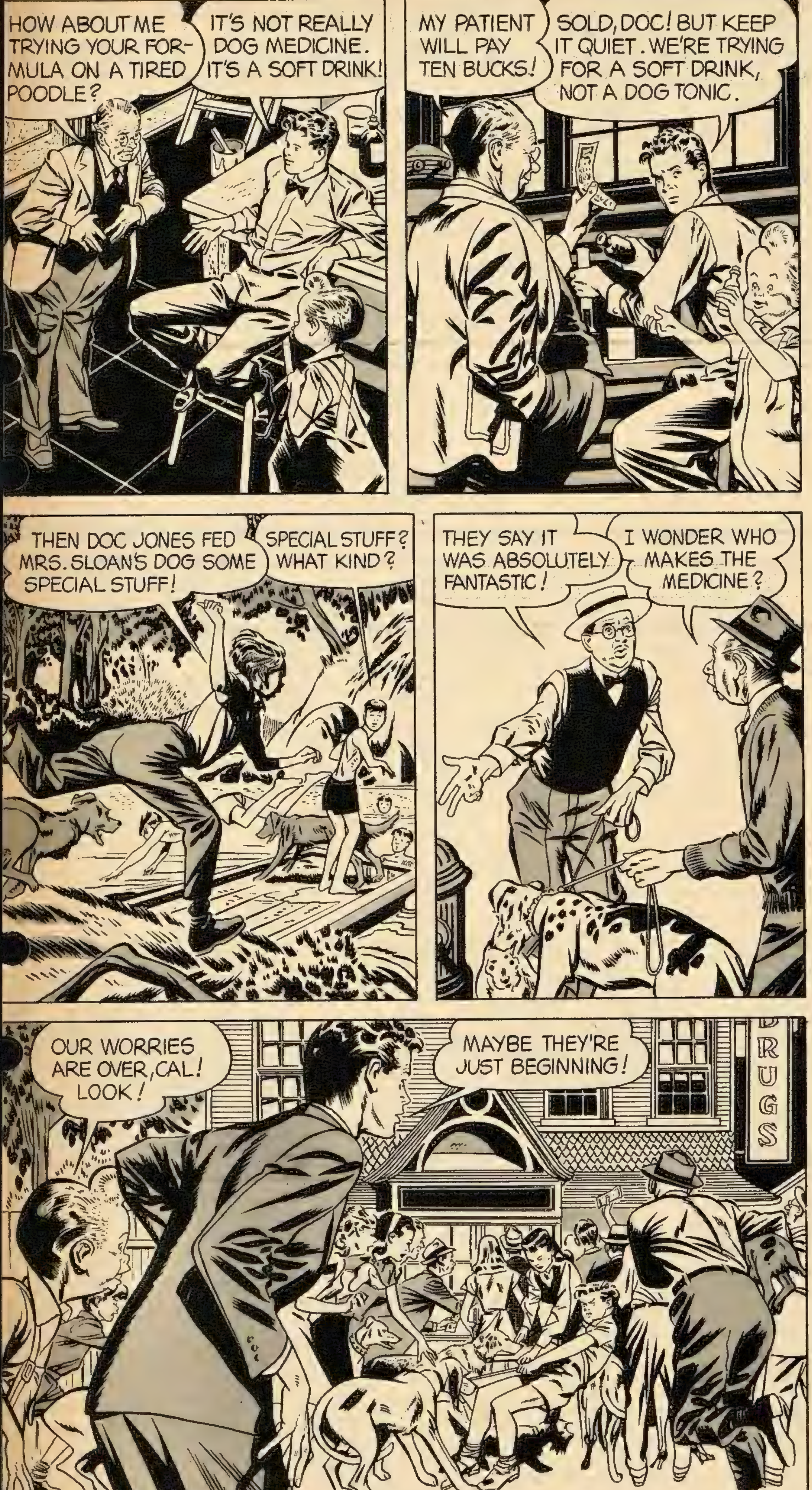
THE END

THE THROPP


HOW'S YOUR DOG FEELING, WILBUR?
HE'S A NEW POOCH SINCE HE DRANK CALDECOTT'S FORMULA!
THAT FORMULA MIGHT HELP POOR FIFI! GET SOME, JONES! I'LL PAY ANYTHING!
WAIT HERE WHILE I ASK CALDECOTT
OH, DOCTOR, DO YOU THINK IT WILL WORK?
WE'LL KNOW IN A JIFFY. HERE, FIFI, DRINK THIS!
WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT I JUST HEARD ABOUT MRS. SLOAN'S DOG!
IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I TELL YOU IT'S TRUE!
HOW MUCH DOES IT COST AND WHERE DO I GET IT?.
WHY SO GLUM, CALDECOTT?
I'M WORRIED. OUR FORMULA MIGHT HURT THAT POODLE.

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


HOW ABOUT ME TRYING YOUR FORMULA ON A TIRED POODLE?
IT'S NOT REALLY DOG MEDICINE. IT'S A SOFT DRINK!
MY PATIENT WILL PAY TEN BUCKS!
SOLD, DOC! BUT KEEP IT QUIET. WE'RE TRYING FOR A SOFT DRINK, NOT A DOG TONIC.
THEN DOC JONES FED MRS. SLOAN'S DOG SOME SPECIAL STUFF!
SPECIAL STUFF? WHAT KIND?
THEY SAY IT WAS ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC!
I WONDER WHO MAKES THE MEDICINE?
OUR WORRIES ARE OVER, CAL! LOOK!
MAYBE THEY'RE JUST BEGINNING!
DRUGS

Continued next week

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

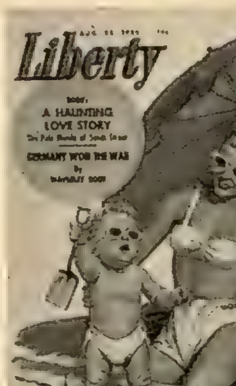
COUNTRY EDITOR

THREE years ago, Henry Beetle Hough wrote Country Editor, the story of the famous little newspaper he and his wife have edited for twenty-three years at Martha's Vineyard on Cape Cod. Ever since, visitors have been turning up at his home, five blocks from the post office, to see if what he says in the book is true. For example: "We live so far out that the red-winged blackbirds visit under our windows." After leaving Columbia University, Mr. Hough worked on newspapers in New York and Chicago, and once even got as far as South Africa. When he sold his first short story, he joined the American Rose Society, and now he buys more rosebushes with every new sale. AMATEUR ANGEL on page 30 is his latest.

UNDERCOVER CARLSON

THANKS to his own investigations of the pro-Fascist underworld, John Roy Carlson is probably, among certain groups, the most unpopular author in the country. In between investigations, however, he finds time to relax over his stamp collection, with his Rolleiflex camera and on the tennis court. During the war he was kept busy lecturing at orientation courses for the Army. And now, in this week's Liberty, he unmasks the STAR-SPANGLED SUCKER TRAPS, set by the subversives who are out "to get the veteran."

NEXT WEEK


Liberty
A HAUNTING LOVE STORY
GERMANY WON THE WAR

DID GERMANY WIN THE WAR? According to the German people, the final answer will come with the next one, which they expect to win beyond the shadow of a doubt. And here's why, says Waverley Root. . . . In DOES BASEBALL NEED A UNION? Stanley Frank looks behind the hollering to give the unvarnished truth about Bob Murphy and his American Baseball Guild. . . . Joseph Wechsberg goes into the fine art of spine-chilling to show you how Hollywood develops HORRORS! in mass production. . . . Edison Marshall begins a two-part adventure story, BLIND TRAIL IN BURMA—of an escaped prisoner, a beautiful girl and a sinister impersonation. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE PALE BLONDE OF SANDS STREET, by William Chapman White, is a haunting love story with a touch of the miraculous.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today—a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.

That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.

Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

★ ★ ★ ★

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—Leo

CAESAR AND

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

BRITAIN, making a mighty bid for the millions of average American moviegoers, leads with three aces—playwright George Bernard Shaw; his movie midwife, producer-director Gabriel Pascal; and actress Vivien Leigh. Their combined efforts, plus $5,200,000 from J. Arthur Rank, have resulted in Caesar and Cleopatra, the costliest movie ever released.

The picture, distributed through United Artists and adapted from the Shaw comedy by G. B. S. himself, tells in vivid Technicolor of the May-December relationship between the pre-Antony Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) and the post-Rubicon Caesar (Claude Rains).

Off on a Roman's holiday in Egypt, the middle-aged conqueror is fascinated by the elfinlike sixteen-year-old queen, uses his army to protect her throne, and tutors her in his specialty—the art of ruling. She laps up his advice, but refuses to think romantically about anyone who needs a toupé and the 45 B.C. variety of elevator shoes. What Cleo wants are men with "strong brown arms," and Caesar, sure that his pal Marc Antony will fill the bill, promises to send him as a replacement.

Shaw visited the set regularly and was so charmed by the leading lady that he added an extra titillating scene—the strikingly photogenic Leigh being prepared for her bath.

For Vivien Leigh, this movie comes to America at a dramatic moment. Her husband, Laurence Olivier, has been busy taking bows here (Henry V, the Old Vic Company) while she has been recuperating from the last traces of tuberculosis. She reportedly contracted the disease when German buzz bombs forced the Caesar and Cleopatra cast into damp air-raid shelters. Despite such handicaps, she turned in a first-rate performance, as did Rains, and, in supporting roles, Stewart Granger and Flora Robson.

London critics deplored this homemade epic on the grounds that it aped Hollywood at its most spectacular. Which is exactly why moviegoers weaned on Cecil B. DeMille should give it a warm reception.

INSIDE STUFF

A vast number of researchers, technicians, and Egyptologists worked for years to reproduce everything from the rings on Cleopatra's fingers to such Caesarian stomping grounds as the Alexandrian palace. Even during the war, some of the cast of 5,000 were taken to Egypt for location shots—along with a prefabricated Sphinx—used because the real one didn't look real enough!

Director Pascal insisted on this coals-to-Newcastle stunt for the simple reason that the Sphinx in the long-range desert scenes had to be an exact duplicate of the one photographed on the London sets. After being around for more than 3,000

The moody young queen gives one of Caesar's henchmen a taste of her temper.

CLEOPATRA

years, the ancient Egyptian model had naturally lost some of its original shape and so a plaster replica was sent to Cairo. This highly publicized move was one of the things that most appalled the English press, but the shipping costs, according to Pascal, were a modest £100 (roughly $500) and the least of his worries.

What really kept the director awake nights were shortages of labor and materials brought about by the war. The fact that Caesar and Cleopatra was in Technicolor made it all the more difficult because the tone and texture of costumes and props were so important.

Inasmuch as fabrics, way below peacetime par in quality, were rationed and dyes were few and far between, color technicians were forced to do tricky improvising. For example, some costumes were made of wine-colored woolen material for a group of Roman soldiers. However, when similar clothing was needed for later recruits, the only fabric available was cotton twill, which refused to dye in the ordinary manner and which had to be sprayed with aniline dyes. A still later legion had to be clothed in toweling. This, luckily, took the dyes.

Other technical puzzles solved by Pascal's crew: a daily paint job to touch up all outdoor sets which, as victims of the proverbially bad British weather, were constantly bleaching or cracking; an artificial sandstorm set in motion by the propellers of two R.A.F. planes; complicated astronomical calculations as to the authentic position of the stars and planets which shone down on Caesar and Cleopatra.

Caesar (Claude Rains) teaches Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) the fine art of ruling.

Alexandria is taken over by colorful Roman legions, commanded by Caesar.

Cleo, wrapped in a rug, pays a surprise visit.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DEAD OF NIGHT (Ealing Studios, released through Universal). An unusual psychological import from England, composed of four tales about the supernatural.

THE SEARCHING WIND (Paramount). Lillian Hellman's dramatic dose of recent history, with Robert Young as the diplomat who's indecisive about love and war.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE (Republic). The arty and interesting portrait of an insane ballet dancer which was written, produced, and directed by Ben Hecht.

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM (20th Century-Fox). Hoop-skirted Irene Dunne and Britisher Rex Harrison are off on a delightful Oriental outing.

NIGHT AND DAY (Warner Bros). The sparkling, tuneful life story of sophisticated song writer Cole Porter, starring Cary Grant and Alexis Smith.

HENRY V (Two Cities, released through United Artists). Laurence Olivier's unforgettable Technicolor version of one of Shakespeare's greatest war plays.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (Warner Bros). A remake of the Somerset Maugham story, with Eleanor Parker ably handling the role which made a star of Bette Davis.

CANYON PASSAGE (Universal). A Technicolored tribute to a bunch of pioneers, including Dana Andrews and Brian Donlevy, who settled down in Oregon.

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THE HITCHHIKING ELEPHANT

Continued from Page 29

Maxine suddenly threw herself forward, crashing out of the bushes, for the zigzagging small child zigged past the corner of the car, and zagged onto the highway. His mother had closed her eyes. She opened them to see Maxine bearing down upon her.

In repose Maxine, who was something of an outsize, even for an elephant, was impressive. Now, onrushing, trunk upraised, ears forward, she was, to use an old French phrase, *formidable*.

The girl screamed.

Maxine ignored her. Then the girl screamed again, because she saw the child on the road and the oil truck hurtling past.

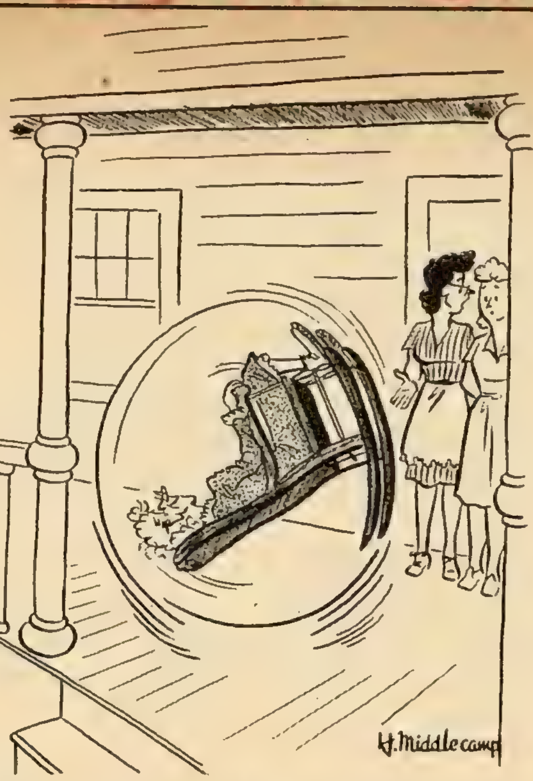
Probably Maxine would have been content merely to sweep the child to safety—she did just that, and held him, rocking him pleasurably to and fro—but his mother, in panic, snatched up a board and struck again and again at Maxine. The board broke in her hand, but not until a nail in the end of it had penetrated the tender underside of Maxine's trunk. Holding the baby, Maxine could do nothing to defend herself, so she moved away. The girl followed. She tore off one shoe and then the other and hurled them at Maxine. Such conduct, Maxine felt, was ungrateful; she moved off faster through the brush, holding the baby high. The girl struggled to follow her, but the oak was thick, it caught at her clothes, and she was easily outdistanced. Finally, disheveled and sobbing, she turned back to the highway for help.

The baby, through all this, after a sudden squall of surprise, had lain quiet in wonderment; now, joggled gently, he went to sleep. Really a good child, Maxine felt; all he needed was a nap. It was very pleasant to have a child around again. Maxine changed her course and set out swiftly but carefully for Navy Nook.

SEVERAL drivers thought the young woman was trying to kill herself and dodged her. The salesman who stopped thought her story that an elephant had stolen her baby was a plain indication of insanity. The farmer's wife thought she was drunk and hailed the first State Patrol officer she met and told him so.

Officer Slater was new on the job and new to that part of the country, but he was an ex-marine and was confident that he had the word on handling females who thought they were seeing elephants. He roared up to the battered Ford just behind the sailor, who had been given a lift by a mechanic from the filling station. The sailor, white-faced, held the girl, weeping and incoherent, in his arms; the mechanic was scratching his head.

"All right, Mac, what's the word?"



"After trying to get up courage for twenty-three years, she finally did it yesterday."

LIBERTY

The sailor seemed too dazed to answer.

"She says," the mechanic helped out, "that an elephant come out of the bushes and took the kid."

Delusions, Officer Slater thought, though she didn't look like the kind that would drink much. He listened to her story.

"But, Susie," the sailor urged, "it couldn't have been an elephant."

"Seems to me," the mechanic paused in his scratching, "I heard about an elephant somewhere around here. Feller's got one. Likely's broke loose and's gone on a rampage."

Susie went limp in her sailor's arms.

"Where's he at—this feller with the elephant?"

"I don't rightly know; I'm from over in Alabama myself. Maybe, if we go back to the station—"

WHEN Jabez came in the back way through the pecan grove with a fine mess of crabs, he found Mrs. Tilton resisting a state of excitement. He could tell from the way she called, "Jabez Tilton, you come right here!" not giving him time to wash his hands at the outside pump.

"It's Maxine," Mrs. Tilton said as he came up the steps. "She's got a baby."

That brought Jabez to a full stop.

"'Tain't possible," he finally got out. "Why, there hasn't been another elephant around here for—why, forever—"

"You hush. I don't mean *that*. I didn't say she'd had a baby. I said she's *got* a baby. Just an ordinary baby. About two years old. Look."

She led the dazed Jabez around the corner of the house. There, in the play pen, a baby was contentedly digging in the sand. Maxine, who had been standing with her trunk resting fondly on the pen, looked up as they approached. She beamed at them. This, she indicated, was like old times.

"She stole it," said Jabez hoarsely. "It's robbery. It's worse than that, it's kidnaping! Woman, what have you done!"

"Changed his pants and fed him some milk and graham crackers. He's a right nice baby."

Maxine eyed the baby dotingly, extended her trunk, and let it be pounded upon with a shovel.

"You're stark, staring crazy, the two of you. The police will be after us. They'll shoot her. Someone will come in here with a shotgun and kill her!"

"Why, Jabez Tilton! Everyone knows Maxine; they know she wouldn't hurt a flea! Someone may have left him here on their way to the village."

Jabez turned quickly.

"Where you going?"

"To call the newspaper, to call the radio station."

MRS. TILTON went and stood by Maxine. "I kind of hoped it was abandoned. You read about that in the papers. But you don't need to get upset. I called the sheriff."

Jabez said, "Humph!" and went off to clean crabs. Mrs. Tilton went around to the front porch. Art Bunnell, the sheriff, would be along soon to get the baby. She sighed.

But neither the pick-up truck that presently slammed to a stop in front of the gate, nor the motorcycle with it belonged to the sheriff, and when Mrs. Tilton saw the uniform of the State Police she became suddenly apprehensive. Jabez might be right; they might have guns.

Jabez was right. The officer drew his gun. A man in overalls got out of the truck with a shotgun; a sailor and a girl tumbled out after him. Mrs. Tilton hurried down to the gate. Fortunately the play pen was out of sight behind the house.

Unfortunately Maxine, hearing the noise and naturally curious, came around the corner of the house just as the visitors were opening the gate, and unfortunately Maxine did not care for guns. Before you could say Lindbergh law, Officer Slater's gun was out of his hand. Heaving that weapon into the rose garden, Maxine quickly advanced on the mechanic, who was trying to climb the gate and shoot at the same time. His gun went off. Jabez came running. From behind the house the baby set up a howl. The girl and the sailor dashed in that direction while Maxine yanked the mechanic off the fence, stood over him and handed his gun to Jabez as the person of authority.

"You durn fool," said Jabez. "You might have killed her."

"Whoa-heish," said Jabez, who sometimes addressed Maxine as though she were an ox.

Maxine obediently backed off. The mechanic scrambled to his feet.

"She—you're under arrest," said Officer Slater, "for harboring a vicious animal!"

"Don't be silly!" Mrs. Tilton had just now got her breath. "Maxine wouldn't hurt a flea! Guns make her nervous, that's all."

"We found him!" the sailor called. "He—he's all right."

"His own pants"—Mrs. Tilton excused herself—"I must see if they're dry."

"—and kidnaping." Officer Slater hewed to the line of business.

"I didn't take the kid," Jabez explained patiently. "Maxine found it somewhere. You can't arrest an elephant."

"She's your elephant, ain't she?" The mechanic had his voice back. "Why don't you keep her chained up? Has she got a license?"

"Button it," said Officer Slater. "I'll handle this." How, he wasn't exactly sure. The old man was right, you couldn't arrest an elephant. Officer Slater wished that he had his gun back, but he was darned if he was going to ask for it. He took a tentative step in the direction of the rose garden, but Maxine took a step too, and Officer Slater pretended that he had been reaching for his notebook.

"Name," he said, "home address, and place of business."

"Jabez Tilton. Navy Nook Tourist Court. Business? Same."

Officer Slater's pencil stopped. "Did you say tourist court?"

THEN a horn honked, a car stopped, and Sheriff Bunnell hoisted his two hundred pounds out of the car.

"What you got here? What goes on? Wreck? Jabez, you been playing Barney Oldfield again? Mrs. T. said something about a kid. Hi, Maxine, old gal, old gal."

He broke off a piece of candy bar from his pocket and tossed it to Maxine, who caught it expertly and held out her trunk for more.

"There, take it all. I'm too fat anyway. How's the fishing?"

"Look here—" began Slater.

"Look here"—with reinforcements, the mechanic was growing braver and braver—"that critter stole a kid and knocked me down and took my gun."

"I said button it." Officer Slater gave the mechanic a dark look. "No one was hurt—"

"H'm," said the sheriff. "Kidnaping, assault, and robbery. Looks pretty bad."

"Come to think of it," Jabez scowled, "he come in here with a gun and shot at her. What's that look like?"

"Trespassing," said the sheriff, "and hunting out of season. You got a license?"

"Why, no. It ain't even my gun. I took it from up at the filling station."

"So." The sheriff's words were grave and heavy. "You *took* the gun. Add robbery."

The mechanic was slow but he knew when things were going against him. He appealed to Slater.

"You said we might have to shoot it—her. They keep the gun there. 'Gainst hold-ups."

But Slater let him down. "Tarfu," he said. "All over nothing, as usual. They got their kid back, so what's the what-what? That gun wouldn't have dented her, and anybody can see she's gentle as a kitten." Bravely he took a step toward Maxine, and that creature, softened by kind words, or possibly the candy bar, only winked at him.

"And 'tain't trespassing," disgustedly the mechanic went to his own defense, "to come into a public place. A tourist camp's a public place."

"Nope," said Jabez. "Not when it's closed, it ain't."

"You mean," now the drawn shades, the shut doors, the quiet and general air of disuse around the cabins had finally made its impression on Slater, "that all these cabins are empty?"

"Every last mother's son of 'em. Going to stay that way, too."

They were interrupted by a sudden burst of laughter from the house, and turning, saw a cozy scene. The girl Susie, in Mrs. Tilton's rocker, was rocking the baby, Mrs. Tilton was passing a plate of cookies, while the sailor, in the porch swing, was drinking what appeared to be a bottle of Jabez's beer.

Slowly the sheriff licked his lips. "Likely," he said, "we ought to go and talk this thing over, so long as this is private property."

Mrs. Tilton welcomed them all cordially. (Maxine, watching, thought she almost overdid it.) "Come right in," she said, "now that you've got everything all settled. This is Mr. and Mrs. Walter Krebs, and the baby's name is Bill. This is my husband, and Sheriff Bunnell, and you know this nice officer, and—"

"Grow's the name," said the mechanic. "Joe Grow."

"Sit down, all of you," Mrs. Tilton buzzed on. "My, we did have a time, didn't we? But everything's all straightened out now, and no hard feelings, I hope."

Officer Slater beamingly said, "No, siree," and Joe managed a smile.

"Of course it was dreadful for the Krebses, not *knowing* Maxine—"

"—that she's gentle as a kitten," Joe put in.

Mrs. Tilton wasn't quite sure whether this was sarcasm or not, but she let it go. "Jabez, Mr. Krebs has got a job with the power company, a right good job—he was an electrician's mate—first class, didn't you say?—and they've been here two days, and they had to sleep in the car—"

"No," said Jabez, getting up.

He walked on through the house, and his "No" hung in silence behind him. Slater's smile faded, Joe glumly began to scratch his ear, Susie stopped rocking, and Walter Krebs set his bottle of beer quietly on the floor and started to rise.

Mrs. Tilton, motioning him back,

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broke the silence. "I'll handle *him,*" she said. "He's just upset about the goings-on. He's *very* fond of Maxine, you know."

When Jabez came back with the beer, the sheriff was glibly talking. Officer Slater offered the information that there were a lot of accidents these days, what with the old crates people were trying to drive.

Joe said, "You're telling *me!*"

They were still talking to fill the silence of Jabez's "No," and Jabez felt it. He wondered irritably why the whole porch seemed aligned against him. Who were these Krebses that everyone should all at once take their side? Art Bunnell knew that he'd worked hard and hadn't had any fishing for three—nearly four years. This Slater had been drawn off on a wild-goose chase because they thought they'd lost their kid, when the fact of the case was that Maxine had it safe and sound. Grow ought to be back changing tires; but no, he was running around the country shooting harmless elephants. A fine thing!

"No!" said Jabez.

"Why, Jabez Tilton! What an attitude!" (This could only be Mrs. Tilton.) "Where is your milk of human kindness? Where is your patriotism?"

"Yeh—" It was a murmur all over the porch.

"Why, all over the country they are asking folks to take veterans' families into a room, into a basement! And you! There you sit, with ten cabins with stoves and iceboxes empty! All because you want to go fishing!"

JABEZ almost choked on a swallow of beer. "You—you—" he spluttered. "*You* were the one who wanted to rest, who was sick of tending cabins, who wanted to crochet and—and take naps!"

"What if I did? I've done it and now I'm tired of it. I'm tired of sitting alone here all day while you go fishing!"

"You've got Maxine," said Jabez reasonably, "for company."

"She's tired of it too," Mrs. Tilton snapped. "That's why she's off, getting into trouble."

"Maxine get into trouble? Woman, how long have you known that elephant? Has she ever got into any trouble that was of her own doing?" He glowered darkly at the Krebses. "They wouldn't stay here, even if we took them in; they'd be scared of Maxine; they'd be thinking she'd do harm to the baby, her that wouldn't—"

"—hurt a flea," the gathering whispered with him.

"As a true thing," Susie Krebs' voice rang out, "it was my fault."

The porch was silent.

"If I hadn't thrown things at her and run at her, she probably wouldn't have run off with the baby."

Jabez gave Mrs. Tilton a glance that said, "There, see what I told you?"

"I guess—she may—have saved his life."

"She's a smart elephant," said Jabez. "Tell me about it."

"I went to sleep, just for a minute, because I was so tired—"

"You poor thing!" Mrs. Tilton glared at Jabez.

"And when I opened my eyes, she was dashing at him, and she picked him up, and there was a truck coming—"

"I tell you," Jabez turned to the sheriff, "that's a smart elephant. Why, you remember the time she saved that flyer—"

"That's not the point," Mrs. Tilton cut him off. "The point is this poor girl has no place to live. She has to try to live in an automobile, just because you're a selfish, lazy old man."

"Why doesn't she tell the whole story?" Jabez roared. "Why doesn't she say Maxine saved the kid's life, instead of coming around here with shotguns?"

"You mean you'll let them stay?"

Jabez looked around the porch; they all seemed to be hanging on his answer.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Jabez.

The girl Susie began to cry, a silly thing to do now, Jabez thought. The rest were about him, slapping him on the back.

Slater was saying, "My wife and two kids in a hotel room! Boy, when they get the word!"

"—was a Seabee," said Joe, "and my wife's going to have a baby, and we're livin' with the folks—"

"—coming over to see you anyhow," said Bunnell. "My boy's back and he and the little lady—"

Jabez was aghast. The dam had burst, the levee broken. Gone was his fishing, his peaceful vacation. Mrs. Tilton was nodding and smiling as though everything was settled. There was no help there. Jabez walked to the edge of the porch to collect his thoughts and came face to face with Maxine. She, too, had a pleased air, and in her trunk she bore an old red baby's rattle.

"You, too," Jabez asked, "in spite of all they done to you?"

Someone came up beside Jabez: the girl Susie, with the baby.

The baby said, "Yah-yah-yah," and put out his hands, but it was Susie who courageously took the rattle.

"Nice Maxine," she said. "Why, she wouldn't hurt a flea!"

With uplifted trunk Maxine saluted her.

"Women!" said Jabez.

MRS. TILTON had to retrieve Officer Slater's gun, because Maxine was not allowed in the rose garden, but Maxine opened the main gate for the men and closed it carefully behind them.

After that, she took a little walk to relax after the excitement. She did not go far, because she had the feeling that there would be more excitement to come back to.

THE END

MORE MEAT—IF WE WANT IT

Continued from Page 13

growing progressively worse, every possible facility for feed production must be utilized.

The only possible facilities capable of quick expansion are the distilling and brewing industries. Yet government orders prohibit brewers from producing enough beer to supply, in effect, more than 50 per cent of possible sales. This move is supposedly politically popular, but with the world so desperately hungry, it doesn't make sense. The process of brewing adds to the nutritive content of the grain used. The grain is not destroyed; it comes out of the vat a better feed product than when it went in. Here are the figures: In 1945 the brewing industry used 2,000,000 tons of grains and grain products. That same year they returned to the farms, in the form of by-product feed, the equivalent in food value of 2,160,000 tons of raw grains, or considerably more than they took off the farms. This year, under the curtailment, the brewers will be *prevented* from supplying farms with 1,500,000,000 pounds of livestock feed. And yet, hungry people say, every pound counts.

THE distilleries of the country use no wheat and are not processing a single kernel of corn normally used for human consumption. Still, without doing so, they can produce equally startling results if given an order to go all out. Based on the results of wartime feeding experiments, they estimate that they can add an extra two and one half pounds of beef or pork to our supply for every gallon of spirits produced. These pounds, 500,000,000 of them—which we will not get if present government orders stand—would be a free gift from science.

The purpose of the grain-restriction order is supposedly to feed starving people. But if we order our distilleries to operate at capacity, we can get half a billion free-for-nothing pounds of meat. Under present conditions, in face of such facts, it is the spirits that become the by-product. Not one bushel of the grain distilleries would use would be taken from grain we are shipping abroad to relieve suffering people!

The great bulk of our grain crop will be fed to our livestock population anyway. The animals are in existence. They have to eat. Our livestock, ourselves, and the people abroad will be the gainers if the proper portion of this grain crop is first put through the distilling or brewing processes.

Though the machinery used by distilleries in extracting livestock-feed supplements is complicated and expensive, the process itself, stripped of complex terminology, is simple enough. After the alcohol is distilled from the fermented mash, the remaining portion consists of 7 per cent solids and the rest water. This residue is called stillage. The coarse solids are screened out, pressed into cake form, and practically all the remaining water is squeezed out of them. The cake is then thoroughly dried, providing one invaluable feed substance known as distiller's light dried grains.

The watery portion which passes through the screens and presses is given an evaporation treatment until it becomes a syrup which, when dried, becomes a second feed supplement, distiller's solubles. Sometimes the syrup is combined with the pressed cake and dried to produce the third of the extraordinary new feeds known as distiller's dark dried grains. Each of these products has different vitamin and protein contents and is used for different animal-feeding purposes.

MODERN knowledge of the magic contained in these distillery-produced feeds has developed during five years of tests by college agricultural stations and state farm bureaus. Farmers living near distilleries have known for generations that wet stillage was as good as corn for their cattle and much cheaper. Until recently, however, no controlled check was made to determine the proper balance between distillery by-products and other feed. And no satisfactory method had been developed for processing the wet and unmanageable stillage so that it could be conveniently distributed in a more concentrated form anywhere in the world.

Exhaustive and painstaking tests have now proved that one pound of high-protein dried distiller's grains is equal, in providing a balanced ration for beef steers, to as much as 3.7 pounds of natural or undistilled corn. As any chemist knows, distilling takes only the starch out of the grain. All the protein, fat, oil, and fiber remain and by some mysterious chemical process are greatly enriched. And to this marked improvement of existing substances are added invaluable vitamins and minerals from the yeast used in fermentation.

At an experimental farm in Oldham, Kentucky, sixty steers and thirty pigs were made subjects of a test feeding. Half of these steers—the control group, scientists call them—were fed a diet of corn with the usual hay for roughage. Half the pigs were "feeders"; that is, they got their food from the steers' residue. During a period of 112 days this group of steers gained an average of 160 pounds per 1,000 bushels of corn. The pigs gained 140 pounds each.

For the other thirty steers and fifteen feeder pigs, 20 per cent of the corn used was processed through a distillery outfitted with modern by-product equipment. The dried grains from this distillation were mixed with straight corn and fed as a balanced ration for the same length feeding period. For each 1,000 bushels of corn consumed in this manner, this group of steers gained 1,350 more pounds than the control lot—the equivalent of one additional fat steer!

As the feeder hogs made as much gain as in the control group, the gain in steer weight was pure velvet. Also, less roughage was used. Further, the meat quality was improved, so obviously, in fact, that a movement has started to standardize meat fattened on distiller's supplements and call it, appropriately enough, Bourbon Beef.

Although cost may not be important in feeding hungry people, the final pay-off is, as always, on dollars. At current grain prices, the second lot of steers—the ones fed the ration balanced with distiller's by-products—not only gained far more weight, *but each pound of the total gain cost about three cents less to produce.*

Reducing these figures to a cash-register basis, a farmer feeding this second lot would have been richer by some $470 than a farmer fattening the control group. Farmers growing their own feed would get a different total, but the ratio between cost and profit would remain the same.

Swine respond, too. A balanced ration of corn and distiller's solubles fed to hogs increased the number of pigs produced by each sow as much as 67 per cent. Young pigs normally suffer a high mortality rate, but corn and solubles in balanced sow rations increased the number of pigs successfully weaned in one test from 13 to 48 per cent. From the time of weaning to market, hogs similarly fed have weighed thirty-four pounds more per animal than others on regular rations. And each of them required fifty pounds less feed per animal to achieve this remarkable weight.

Such astonishing results in the weight and number of marketable pigs are capable of tremendous effect on our national pork supply. Projecting these weight increases to national proportions to include the entire marketable crop of hogs, which is around 60,000,000, would mean, for example, more than

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After an unusually poor performance at an opening night, the leading actor was bragging to a critic:

"Boy, I made a real hit last night! In fact, I had 'em glued to their seats."

The critic arched an eyebrow. "Clever of you."

—*John Newton Baker.*

1,000,000 additional *tons* of pork, with a saving of 60,000,000 bushels of grain!

Although a near record of more than 27,500,000 dairy cattle is now in production, there is a shortage of milk, butter, and butterfat. R. L. Duncan, manager of a Louisville milk producers' co-operative, conservatively estimates that if sufficient proteins were available, most dairy farmers could increase milk and butterfat production by 25 per cent. Harry Truax of the Indiana Farm Bureau Cooperative says that balancing the ration of dairy cattle can increase milk production by as much as 50 per cent in many herds. According to Cornell University, distiller's dried grains are the best source of proteins and vitamins of any feed supplement.

THE need for dried skim milk for feeding the world's starvelings is critical. But because no substitute is available, millions of pounds of this product are being fed to our livestock. Properly apportioned, 30,000,000 pounds of distiller's solubles—adequately supplied with minerals and abundantly rich in riboflavin—would make available for human beings now destined to die the hunger death, the 25,000,000 pounds of dried skim milk which our livestock will consume this year.

The tremendous quantities of distiller's by-products required to achieve maximum livestock production cannot be realized unless the industry operates under forced draft. Instead of curtailing them, distillers should be encouraged to produce to the maximum in order to create now the 500,000,000 pounds of meat that hungry people crave.

The reasons for denying the United States and the world this extra food are complicated, but they are not economic, industrial, or scientific. They are, it seems obvious, political. The Department of Agriculture now states in its literature that distiller's by-products are a valuable and important source of livestock-feed supplement. The Department is also aware that it is the only source capable of immediate expansion to meet the present crisis.

But the Department of Agriculture isn't going on the rostrum for these dried grains. That would mean tackling a fighter like the Anti-Saloon League, which sees in wheat-hungry Europe a chance to confuse the real issue with shouts of "Bread or booze?"

THE END

NEGRO DOCTOR DOWN SOUTH

Continued from Page 25

a lift to a pretty young white woman and her little girl. "Our prettiest baby," Mrs. Kennedy said. "Mont delivered her, too."

The Beaufort County Hospital, where Dr. Kennedy is on the staff, was our last stop. It is a one-story brick building, very new and clean. Mrs. Kennedy could not keep the pride out of her voice when she spoke of it. "Everybody in Beaufort worked so hard to get it. We organized a Negro Women's Auxiliary like the white women's, and we've been busy ever since raising money for first one thing and then another."

We stopped to chat with the head nurse in the office, who discussed with Mrs. Kennedy the difficulty of getting Negro nurses for the hospital. At present the Negro patients are in a part of the white wing, but when the hospital is fully staffed both wings will be open.

Dr. Kennedy has both white and Negro patients in the hospital, and he uses the facilities and equipment of the hospital with the full co-operation of the rest of the staff.

"I did have a little trouble with one doctor," Dr. Kennedy said, when I saw him later at his office. "He was new here, and he insisted on calling me 'Kennedy,' without any handle. I don't care for myself, but I believe my profession demands respect, and that it is up to me to try to be a doctor first and a Negro second. The rest of the staff, including the woman pediatrician, agreed with me. So now he greets me with an exaggerated bow." Dr. Kennedy laughed.

"This is my dispensary," he said, opening a door into another room in his office building. "I fill my own prescriptions, mainly because a piece of paper means nothing to some of my patients. If they don't get a bottle of medicine to take home, they figure they are not being treated. The medicine is my way of competing with the voodoo doctors."

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LIBERTY

He explained that "If you get sick and go to a voodoo doctor, he will tell you that somebody has 'laid his hand' on you; you've been 'fixed.' Then he will make up a charm of various things: roots, feathers, toenail parings, dried frogs, anything. He always puts it in a little red bag—flannel is best—and then in another bag. He tells you to wear it or keep it in your bed. He charges you all the traffic will bear."

DR. KENNEDY says many people believe in voodooism, especially people from the farther islands. "If I don't get them well mighty fast, they will leave me and go to the voodoo man," he said. "Of course you know plenty of illness is psychosomatic anyway, half emotional. A person who is sick in his mind can often be cured by a charm, if he believes in it. Of course if they keep getting worse and think they're dying, they may come back to me again. But they still think somebody has laid a hand on them.

"Once when I was just starting out," he said, "I tried a little voodoo myself. I had a woman patient suffering from asthma with emotional complications behind it. I tried several things, but she insisted that she had been 'fixed.' She thought she had something in her throat.

"Before she came for her next appointment, I took a catheter tube and painted it, striped it green and black. When she got there, I took a tongue depressor and stuck it down her throat and rammed it around a little. When she got through gagging and taking on, I pointed to the basin at her feet and there was that painted tube. She thought it was a little snake.

" 'I knew it!' she screamed. 'I knew it was in my throat. Now I'm cured!'

"She was, too. Of course I haven't tried anything like that again. I was full of devilment in those days."

Dr. Kennedy works hard, but he tries to have time for a leisurely noonday dinner and a little rest afterward. He likes to cook, and occasionally makes a delicious gumbo of shrimp, crab, tomato, okra, onion, corn, and a little ham. "You've got to put in ham," he said, "or it doesn't taste right."

He owns a motorboat and likes to get away fishing occasionally. He has bought a strip of beach front some distance from town and put up a cottage. He plays cards on Saturday night with a few friends, professional and business men of his own race, but he does not have much time for social affairs. "Jennie is the one," he said. "She has committee meetings, book clubs, and benefits, something nearly every day."

The Kennedys, who have no chil-

Returned 5/1/47

dren, live in a neat but unpretentious bungalow, with roses in the front yard and chickens in the back. Their home is furnished in good taste, and classics like Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass are mixed with the best sellers on their bookshelves.

Dr. Kennedy was born in 1899, when his father, the first Negro to pass a Civil Service examination in medicine, was a government employee upon the Indian Reservation. They lived just across the border in Mexico.

His father came from Orangeburg County, South Carolina, and his mother, who had been a public-school teacher in Washington, D. C., came from Virginia. Dr. Kennedy the elder was educated at Claflin College in Orangeburg and then at Leonard Medical College, Shaw University, in Raleigh, North Carolina. Dr. Montgomery Kennedy also began his education at Claflin, after a number of childhood years in Beaufort.

He went on from Claflin to Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, only to enlist in the Army at the time of the first World War.

"I was about to be expelled for some foolishness of mine," he grinned, "so I enlisted in a hurry."

He was overseas with the Fifteenth Infantry from New York, the 369th Regiment, and was finally put on detached service in the Intelligence Corps in Nantes, France, where he remained until the armistice.

"THEY were willing to let bygones be bygones at Lincoln so I could get my degree," Dr. Kennedy said. "There are so many more Negroes who want medical training than there are opportunities. Very few medical colleges will take Negroes, and there are only two Negro medical schools, Howard and Meharry. I got into Meharry mainly because my father was a doctor.

"I spent four years there and then interned two years at the city hospital at Kansas City. Then I set up practice in Richmond, Indiana; but my mother, whose health was very poor, soon persuaded me to come back to Beaufort and go into practice with my father. We worked together until he died, five years ago. That's just about the whole story," he said, smiling. "I like Beaufort; I've always been happy here. We both were raised here. I don't believe I could get Jennie to leave."

The fact is that Mrs. Kennedy sounds like a one-woman chamber of commerce. Anything to beautify the city or improve it has her interest. Her great regret is that most of the educated young Negroes leave for the cities as fast as they can.

Dr. Kennedy agrees with his wife. "My advice to the educated Negro," he said, "is to go South or to stay there. A lot of them can't see it. They all flock to the big cities and barely make out, when they could make a good living down South and could do a lot for their race at the same time. We need more professional men, especially doctors and teachers, all through the South. We certainly need a Negro dentist in Beaufort."

The Kennedys are extremely critical of Negroes in the public eye, and admire only those who, regardless of personal success, set what they consider good examples for all young people to copy.

They were delighted that the D.A.R. invited the Tuskegee singers to Constitution Hall, but saw no reason why Hazel Scott or any other "swing" player should be invited there.

They disliked Strange Fruit, the best seller about love between Negro and white.

"Such a book confuses the issue," the doctor said. "A self-respecting Negro does not want to turn his back upon his own race; he wants to lift his race up. The few Negroes who marry whites do it through a feeling of inferiority, I think. Most Negroes, educated or ignorant, do not want to push in where they are not wanted.

"THERE is too much sentimentality and emotionalism among some who claim to be friends of the Negro. All we want or need is a chance to help ourselves; more opportunity for education; not so much discrimination in jobs. We hate the Jim Crow law, not so much because we want to mingle with whites, but because the separate schools and transportation and housing are so often the leavings, even when they cost as much as the best."

I tried to get from Dr. Kennedy his idea of how he came to have so many white patients, but he really does not know. He feels that there is nothing unusual about him. His colleagues and patients think otherwise. Besides being unusually competent as a doctor, he and his wife are both such pleasant people, with no feelings of inferiority and at the same time no attitudes of aggressiveness, that it is hardly surprising to find them very successful in their dealings with both races.

"One thing I wish you'd put in," the doctor said with a twinkle. "I'm a little tired of being quaint and picturesque. You know people come to the sea islands and want to take pictures of the islanders in their turbans, barefooted, and all that.

"It's the same with spirituals. I like them; I'm proud of the way my people sing them. But, by golly, that doesn't mean that every time I meet somebody I expect to jump up and sing a spiritual! Like a performing poodle. No, sir!"

"We're really just people," Mrs. Kennedy said wistfully.

"That's all. Just human beings, trying to get along," the doctor smiled as we shook hands. "Nothing special about us, I'm afraid, that you can write up for your magazine."

THE END

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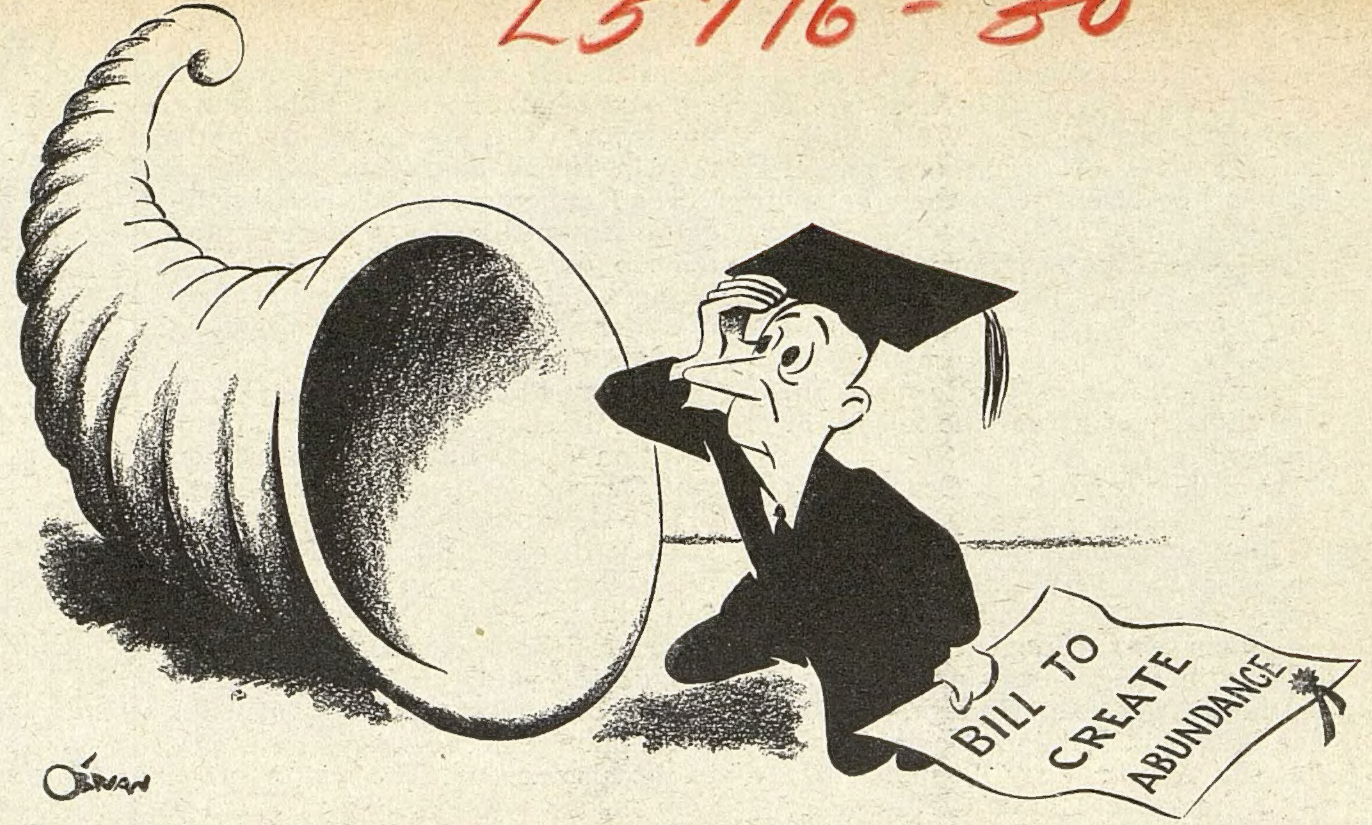


PROSPERITY BY LEGISLATION

THOSE who ponder the physical sciences have long recognized that the laws which govern the universe are immutable and their operation cannot be changed by man no matter how clever he thinks he is. The laws of economics are likewise immutable, a fact which men have often rediscovered but never, it seems, learned. There are those who still believe we can assure ourselves of prosperity and a higher standard of living by passing laws to bring this about; that by legislating low prices and high wages we somehow or other create more abundance.

The catch is that legislation creates nothing. Of itself it cannot make available one additional grain of wheat or el of cloth. The material things men live by are produced only through initiative and effort. Laws which impede these functions detract from our abundance instead of adding to it. Higher wages must be earned by increased production or else in the end they will buy no more than lower wages did before.

Our experience with price control serves to high-light these truths once again, though, as usual, many people refuse to accept truth that is in conflict with their pet theories. Nevertheless it is the truth that upward pressure on prices comes from inadequate supply or expanded demand or a combination of both. Which is more responsible in any given instance can be decided only through the operation of a free market. People will then buy the things which are worth more to them than their money. They will refuse to buy the things which are not. The immutable laws of economics will place everything in the market place in exactly the proper relationship with every other thing.

In seeking to legislate prosperity, we have been artificially expanding demand by holding prices down; at the same time we have increased purchasing power by raising wages, thus making production more expensive. Inevitably such activity tends to prevent the production of the abundance which alone can make low prices possible. Price control itself tends to prolong the conditions which make price control seem desirable.

In the recent arguments about price-control extension, much use was made of charts and statistics comparing the action of prices in the period which followed World War I with those of the present period.

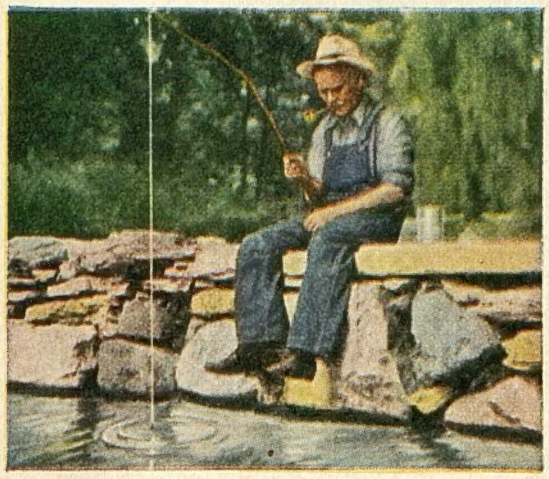
The charts show that prices rose rapidly in 1919-20 to much higher levels than they have risen this time. However, prices since World War II ended have risen steadily in spite of price control. It is quite possible that even if controls continued, prices would go as high or higher than they did after World War I but take a much longer time to get there. Readjustment would be all the more difficult for having been longer delayed.

In the last analysis, economic factors obeying immutable laws must adjust themselves to each other in any kind of society, controlled or free. Prices will stabilize, either officially or on the black market, at the exact point where people get sufficient value for their money to induce them to part with it. The sooner we arrive at that point, the sooner future orderly economic progress becomes possible.

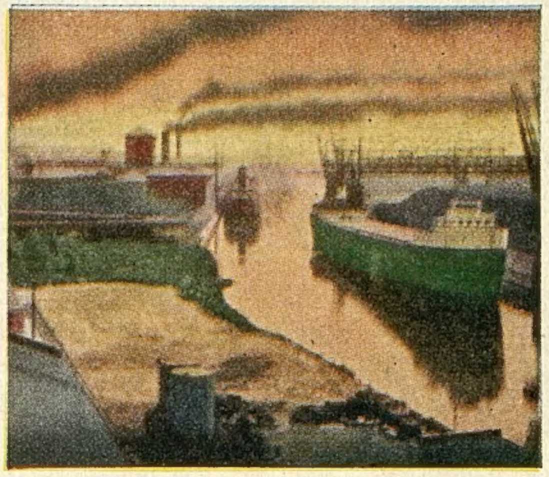
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

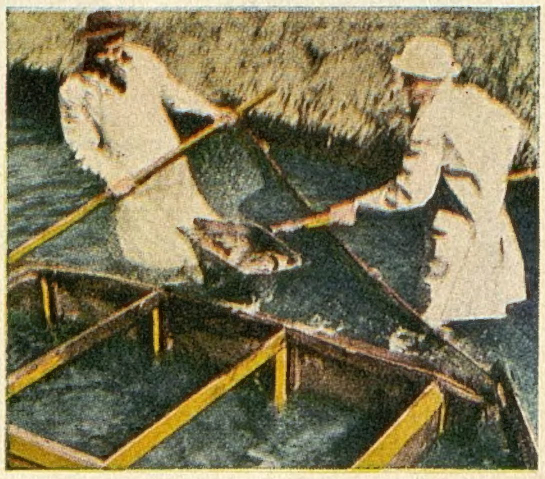
Better fishing is coming your way



1870 **Good freshwater fishing** is coming closer and closer to your door. If plans now afoot succeed, fishing spots should soon be as plentiful for you as they were for your grandfather 'way back in 1870—when Corby's was a 12 year-old Canadian name.



1910 **Your dad** saw U.S. fish life at its lowest point. Stream pollution by factories and cities, along with indiscriminate fishing by trap line and net, had reduced good fishing to a relatively rare sport as Corby's reached its 52nd year of Canadian fame.



1920 **Steps were taken** by state and Federal authorities to save fishing as a national pastime. Catches were limited and fish hatcheries were built for re-stocking streams and lakes. Fishing started its comeback as Corby's became a 62 year-old Canadian tradition.

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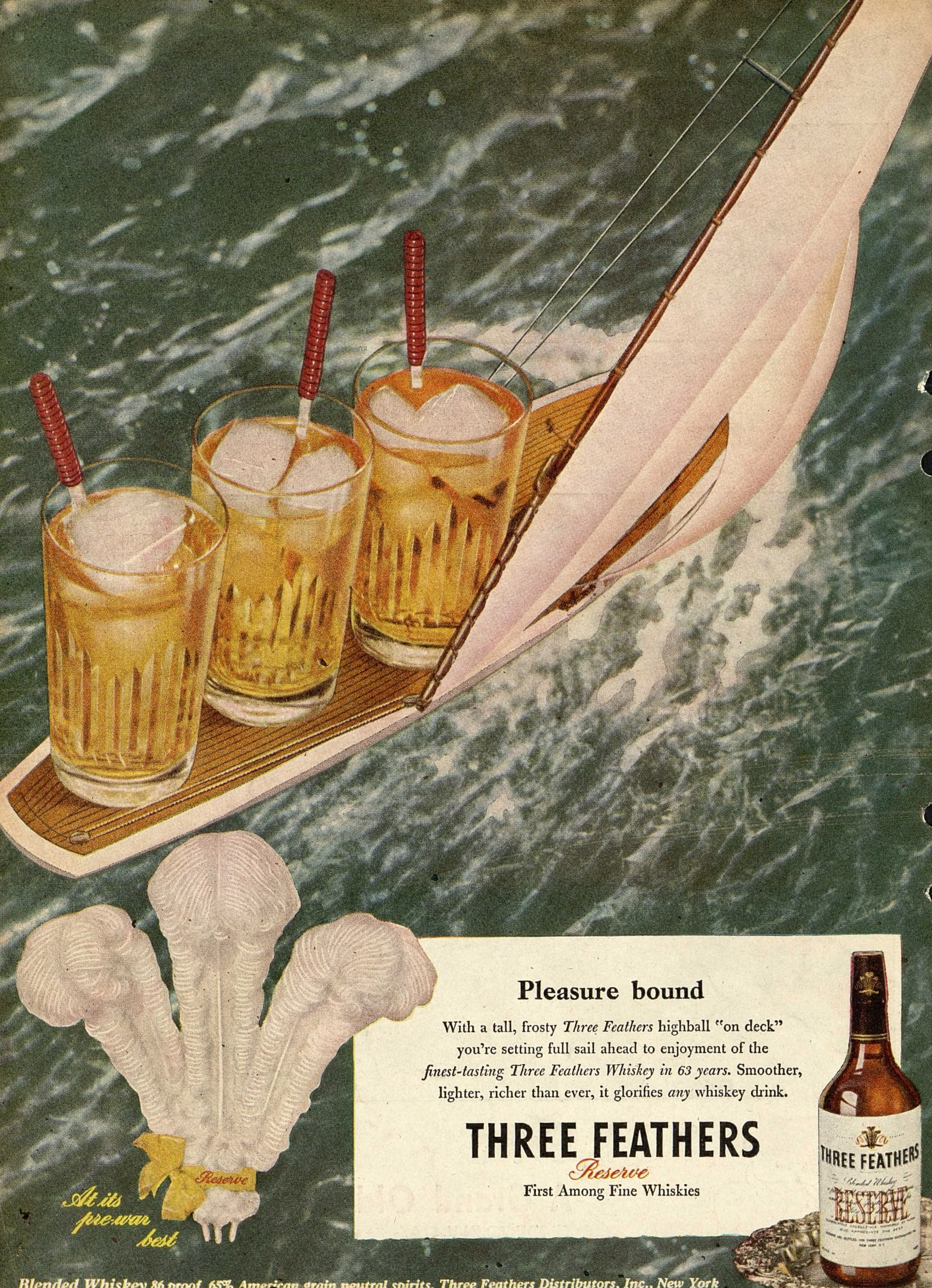
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